

St. Margaret's Magazine.



VOL. I

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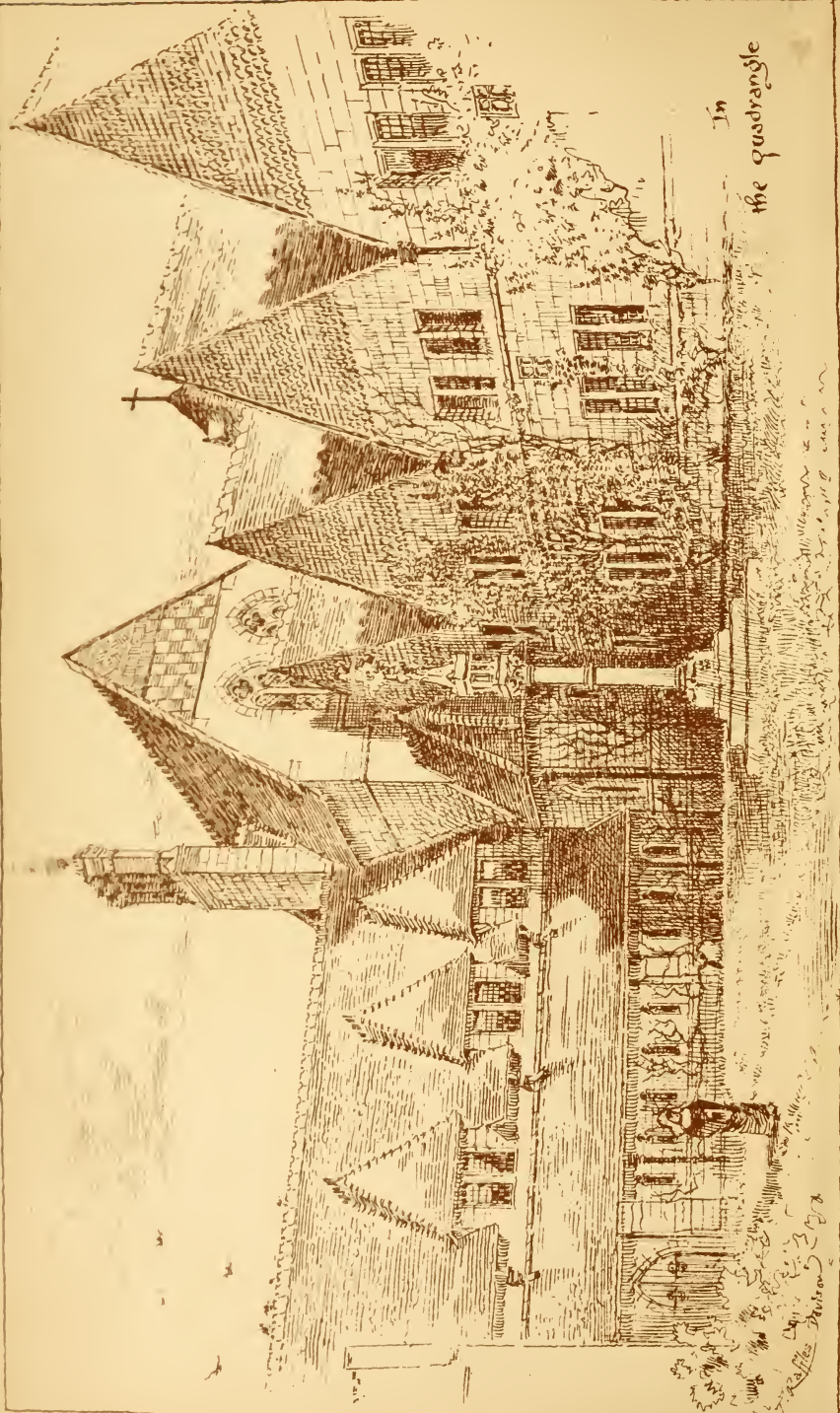
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St. Margaret's Magazine.

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VOLUME I.

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*This Sermon was inadvertently inserted, having already appeared in print.

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Introduction.

ST. MARGARET'S MAGAZINE

Was in contemplation at least twenty years ago, but never really came into existence. It was to form a vehicle for publishing some of our Founder's writings, left in our hands, and was also intended to keep our friends duly informed as to our doings. But we shrank from bringing ourselves forward in this way, and the idea was left in abeyance.

Now, however, our Associates and other supporters call on us to let them know more about us, and to give them that information more regularly and systematically ; and we feel it fair to them that we should do so.

We retain our original two-fold object. To accounts of our past and present works we add a memoir of Dr. Neale, drawn chiefly from his own journals and letters, selections from his unpublished sermons and poems, and other papers of interest.

St. Margaret's,

East Grinstead,

St. Margaret's Day, 1887.

St. Margaret's Sisterhood.

FOUNDED by the Rev. J. M. Neale, in 1854, for the especial purpose of nursing the sick poor in their own homes, this Sisterhood has now added to that primary object many others, as follow :—

At *St. Margaret's, East Grinstead* (the mother house) : Orphanage for girls (begun 1857), now containing about eighty children in training for service or other occupations. Industrial school for elder girls (1873), numbering 19. St. Agnes' School for daughters of professional men (1862), numbering 67. Workroom for embroidery and artistic needlework ; Bakery for Altar bread. Parish visiting : Night schools and Guilds for men and boys, young women, girls, and little children.

The London depôt for Church embroidery and other needlework, and Altar bread, is *St. Katharine's*, 32, Queen Square, W.C.

The parochial Missions at present in hand are *St. Margaret's Mission*, 1, North Church Street, *Cardiff*. Here Sisters undertake Mission work in all its details in *St. Mary's* parish. They have three Sunday schools, two day schools under Government inspection, four Mothers' Meetings, Clothing Club, Lending Library, Bible and Needlework Classes. They visit the poor, nurse poor and rich, assist the clergy in preparing women and girls for the Sacraments. The Guild of *St. Michael and All Angels*, for girls and young women, now numbers 80 members, besides probationers and honorary members. This work was begun in 1873. In connexion with this Mission, a House of Mercy was started five years ago at Roath, a suburb of *Cardiff*, with a population of 30,000, and rapidly increasing.

St. Thomas's Mission, 14, Golden Square, London, W. Work of various kinds has been carried on for the last seven years in the parish of *St. Thomas, Regent Street*, which has no day schools, no parish buildings, no wealthy resident attendants at the church,

no almshouses, no funds for parochial purposes other than those supplied by the offertory.

St. Margaret's Mission, 66a, Waterloo Road, Manchester. Those Sisters who had worked since 1881 for the Rev. S. F. Green, at Miles Platting, removed into *St. Alban's, Manchester*, by the kind invitation of the Rev. W. J. Knox Little, then vicar of that parish ; and there they still work, as well as in the adjoining parish of *St. Saviour's*.

Fresh ground has recently been broken at *Merthyr Tydfil*, where two Sisters are endeavouring to assist the rector in restoring the Church to her proper place in the people's minds and hearts. Their address is St. Tydfil's Mission, Merthyr Tydfil.

Several other works are directed and carried out by the Sisters which are not in the hands of St. Margaret's, but of committees, &c. Such are, first of all, *Newport Market Refuge* and *Industrial Boys' School* ; then, an Orphanage at St. Saviour's, *Hitchin* ; St. Katherine's Hospital for Advanced Consumption, *Ventnor* ; &c., &c.

Branch Houses, under their several Superiors, and working independently, though holding to the same rule, and affiliated to the Mother House, have been established at Aberdeen (1864), in Haggerston (1868), at Boston, U.S. (1873).

An Unpublished Sermon of the Founder.

S. LUKE II. 22.

“And when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the LORD.”

[*Preached on Candlemas Day, 1858.*]

AND oh how happy, as that good man said, the soul of whom it can be told that the days of her purification are accomplished! For then nothing remains but that she should be taken to the Heavenly Jerusalem and presented to the dear LORD Whom she has followed all the time of her pilgrimage.

“*When the days of her purification were accomplished.*” And the first thing to notice is this: that your dear LORD appoints you, not only the time, but the means of purification. Living together as you do, engaged in the same work, endeavouring to serve the same Prince—with this one thing for the aim of all of you: to crucify the old man and utterly to abolish the whole body of sin—yet still what different paths He appoints for you! If He allows temptations to beset you, they are the means by which He would purify you; if He seems for awhile to leave you—if you have that coldness and dryness and listlessness which even the greatest Saints have so often mourned over—so it is with that; if He gives you a season in which He seems more than ordinarily near to you, then, by His very manifestations of Himself to you, what does He mean but that you should be more like Him? But for the most part, dearest Sisters, the being made pure is a process of pain—the very word *accomplish* tells you as much. We do not accomplish a pleasure, but a task. That the first and most direct means of thus drawing nigh is painful; that Confession, however often practised, goes sorely against flesh and blood,—you need not be told that. But so does the continual struggle to keep unworthy thoughts—especially thoughts unworthy of the profession of a Sister—out of the dedicated temples of your souls. They will intrude sometimes: will intrude in the Oratory, will intrude even in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. And then is the moment to struggle that the will may not consent to

them ; that, if they will come, they shall be hated and loathed, not for one moment acquiesced in, not the shadow of consent given to them.

The days of more especial purification are at hand. It is my earnest prayer for you that you may enter them as Sisters ought. I have no fear that there will be any want of external self-denial—I know that this will be carried on up to your power and beyond your power. But only remember that fasting, prayers, Sacraments are of no avail—are utterly, totally, miserably worthless—without love. As it has been very well said, “Love by itself can save without Sacraments ; but Sacraments never, without love.” Here, dearest Sisters, is what we all have to keep in mind : that the end and aim of a Religious House like this is not to do a certain amount of good in the world around you as its final object ; that the position and character of a Sister is not assumed merely to be able to work better for Christ, to bring in more souls to Him, to minister more effectually to pain and sorrow. No ! The end and object of your existence is this : to offer a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice to our dear LORD. Yourselves first ; but, with yourselves, all you have and all you can do. Your vow of chastity, for example, was not taken because, setting you free from the cares and business of this world, it left you more uninterrupted time to bestow on His service ; but because, in and by itself raising you to a higher life, it also made you meet sacrifices for Him.

Your aim, dear Sisters, is far, far higher than merely to do better than which any Christian might do tolerably well. That, also, that is a part of the advantage of such a Sisterhood—it is *the* part which will most strike the better portion of the world. But the Sacramental view of the subject—that the world cannot understand. That all these are the days of your purification—days in which, as yet shut out from His presence Who is the Life itself, you can only long for it—this is my joy for you all : this you know that in following, you have not followed cunningly-devised fables.

And notice this : “When the *days* of her purification were accomplished.” I have told you before now, that time spent well

or happily in God's service, is reckoned by the HOLY GHOST, in days ; time of sorrow, or affliction, or sin, in months. So then, these days in which that slow process of purification is carrying on are yet enlightened by the Sun of Righteousness. Go against flesh and blood, that purification may—terribly repugnant to nature sometimes it must be—but, would you, for any happiness of this world that could be proposed to you, be without it? O my Sisters, I am sure you would not! Every effort, however painful, must be dear; every tearing away any natural wish, if in one sense it brings misery, in another it brings that "Peace which passeth all understanding"! Well and wisely has the Church held before us to-day the marvellous connection between purity and light. The Feast of the Purification must always be Candlemas Day. If Mary is purified in the Temple, the Son of Mary shall be declared a Light to lighten the Gentiles. It is the same thing through all our Christian life. The more pure a conscience, the sharper sighted it is to see the least touch of defilement. The ermine, that is snow-white itself, and lives in vast and untrodden snow plains, dies, they say, of grief if its fur is once soiled. Oh that you all, the true ermines, may grow more and more impatient of the slightest touch or taint of sin—miserable till it is washed away—willing to bear or do anything so it may be cleansed in that fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness!

There is nothing more striking in the life of a Priest than this: to watch, as months roll on, the increasing minuteness of the faults which the confession of every true-hearted child lays before him. Things that were at first entirely passed over come to be mentioned as not quite right, come to be lamented as very wrong, come to be hated and loathed, and rooted out at whatever cost. Think each of you for herself, if there were not faults, two or three years ago, which scarcely troubled you, and from which you would now fly as from the face of a lion? That is because the days of your purification are not being accomplished in vain. No better sign than this: a sign that ought to make the heart that is conscious of it leap for joy.

Well: "*When* the days of her purification were accomplished." "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the

evening." "The battle increased that day, and the king of Israel was stayed up in his chariot against the Syrians, and died at even." The LORD bore the burden and heat of the day for three long hours on the Cross ; but the night came, and His work was done. And so here. It is a "long little while," as S. Bonaventura cried out. It seems endless, the looking forward to so many battles one after the other to be fought ; it seems fearful, the prospect of so many mountains, one towering behind the other, to be climbed ; but the end will come, and not only will come, but will not be delayed one unnecessary moment. The four hundred and thirty years came to a conclusion : and what then ? "It came to pass, the self-same night, that the LORD did bring forth the children of Israel by their armies." No ! the Bridegroom will not allow His Bride to suffer one unnecessary pain, to shed one useless tear. His Love will purify the gold and silver, it is true : but let the last flake of dross depart, and then the work of the furnace is done. That is a dear thought : that He thus sympathises, that He thus looks on, that He, Whose own time on the Cross was not protracted after His work there was done, will shorten, as far as ever may be possible, the sufferings of His dear followers.

Nevertheless, my Sisters, suffer you must for a while ; even the Apostle, in wishing the best of blessings to his beloved children, has no help for it ; "The GOD of all grace, *after ye have suffered awhile*, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you."

And then : "They brought Him to Jerusalem, to present Him to the LORD." And who is that *they* ? What fancy of ours can imagine the happy company who will be waiting, dearest Sisters, if you only persevere to the end, to bear you to that Heavenly Temple ? The Guardian Angel who has been the never-failing companion of your earthly pilgrimage, who has so often rejoiced in your victories, who has so often grieved in your dangers, but who now sees the victory assured, and the very name and remembrance of dangers over for ever. They, who in the days of their flesh, ran the same race, were bound by the same bonds of love, aspired to the same dignity with yourselves : those once trembling and mourning, now happy and exultant Sisters, with whom you will dwell for ever : *they*, knowing what the days of purification

were, to congratulate you on their accomplishment ; they, knowing what the Land of the Living is, to welcome you to its entrance. O happy coming to a happy land ! “I was glad when *they* said unto me, We will go into the House of the LORD !”

Oh dear Sisters, this is your comfort. Some day you will be brought from the exile to the home ; some day, from beholding the LORD under the form of Bread and Wine, to the vision of the King in His Beauty ; some day, from the land of Moab and the tents of Kedar, to the Temple of the Living GOD in the New Jerusalem !

John Mason Neale.

A MEMOIR.

It is now more than twenty years since our Father and Founder, the Rev. John Mason Neale, was taken to his rest. His literary executor, the Rev. Joseph Haskoll, then immediately began to collect the materials for a memoir. But he himself died shortly afterwards, and the duty of editing Dr. Neale's works and compiling his biography devolved on the Sisters. The former part of the task is now nearly completed, though with much imperfection; but the latter has been delayed by various causes. The accessible material seemed insufficient, and so did the capacity of the present compiler; besides which ill-health and engrossing work of other kinds entirely forbade all progress for many years.

However, some memorial of our Founder must be placed within reach of his spiritual children, and especially of those who never knew him in this life; and though we cannot do what we would, we will now try to do what we can, if it please God long enough to spare us who do know him.

Except where a few words of introduction and connection may be required, Dr. Neale and his friends shall simply speak for themselves, and the biography will be formed from the journals and letters which have been placed in our hands. It must be fragmentary, and it is unskilfully put together. Better scholars could have made of the work a deeply interesting chapter of the Catholic revival (perhaps they will do so some day when its history comes to be written). But others' pens would not have been feathered with love, like ours, and for that one reason it seems fit that we should ourselves take the task in hand.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

(1818-1836.)

About the end of the last century there lived in St. Paul's Churchyard a worthy couple named Neale, of whom little is

known, except that they were apparently very earnest followers of the early Evangelical leaders, and that they were the grandparents of our Founder.

Their son, Cornelius, grew up with a refined and cultured intellect, and manifested great talents as well as diligence during his career at college. He left Cambridge in 1812 as Senior Wrangler, Chancellor's Medallist, and gainer of Dr. Smith's first mathematical prize. He married Susanna, eldest daughter of Dr. John Mason Good, well known in his day, not only as an able physician, but as a versatile and thoughtful writer on many subjects, a skilful linguist, an accurate translator, and an elegant and facile versifier. Mrs. Neale was remarkable for energy and vigour of mind, and for strongly-marked religious principles, the Evangelical tone which she shared with her husband being in her case distinctly tinged with Calvinism. Their only son, John Mason Neale, was born Jan. 24, 1818, at 40, Lamb's Conduit Street. He was not their only child. There were also three daughters born to them—Susanna, Cornelia, and Elizabeth.

Cornelius Neale did not enter Holy Orders till the spring of 1822. His health had always been fragile; and in the following year he died of consumption, induced by his constant visits to the dank, damp houses of his village poor. His whole heart was in his ministry, but he unconsciously described his own case when, without idea of his impending death, he took for the text of his last sermon, "To me to live is CHRIST, and to die is gain." A few days after, mortal disease declared itself, and, though with a natural struggle, he yielded his dear work and his dearest wife and children into the hands of God.

Mr. Neale's death took place when his little boy was only five years old. So intense and deep was the child's love for his father, that at a distance of nearly forty years he could recall to mind the misery with which, at the time of his father's death, he lay awake on his little bed and felt as if it would be impossible to go on living.

But the child's mind had been opened even thus early, under his training, to the love of Scripture and of its mystical inter-

pretations which were in later life among Dr. Neale's chief characteristics.

Soon after her husband's death, at which time the family was residing at Chiswick, Mrs. Neale removed with her children to Shepperton, and placed little Mason under the charge of the Rev. W. Russell, rector of that place. He proved a good and congenial friend; and the connection between teacher and pupil soon ripened into a lifelong friendship. It was considered necessary for Mrs. Neale's health that she should very frequently change her dwelling-place, and she left Shepperton in 1829; but an affectionate correspondence was always kept up, and, to the end of Dr. Neale's life, he made a point of going to see his old friend on his birthday, if anyhow possible. The elder outlived the younger.

Mrs. Neale shall now speak for herself as to her desires and views concerning her son:—

Mrs. Neale to the Rev. W. Russell, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I hope by this time you have been able to determine whether your inclinations and engagements will allow of taking my dear boy under your daily care and general superintendence, especially in those things which a woman is incompetent to teach. You are now acquainted with what were his father's views and what are mine for him—to bring him up in such a manner as shall be most for the glory of GOD, and, which is but the same thing, most for the child's present and future happiness.

I greatly fear everything like a modern education for a boy—as totally subversive of that “fear of the LORD which is the beginning of wisdom,” and that “holiness without which no man shall see the LORD.”

Lord Macaulay's childhood and Dr. Neale's seem to have been wonderfully similar in surroundings, habits, tastes and training, and especially as to their sister-friends and their habits of composition. The vivid picture of Macaulay's early years, as given by Trevelyan, really should be read by anyone who wishes to see

a faithful portraiture (some few touches excepted) of a childhood similar to Dr. Neale's.

Of course he and his sisters kept a Family Magazine, to which they diligently contributed their own compositions. At ten years old he composed a tragedy, for which he had prepared himself by reading all the tragedies of Seneca. After leaving Shepperton his education was carried on sometimes at school, sometimes at home. He was at Blackheath School, and some time afterwards at Sherborne. Here are some extracts from the letters written to Mr. Russell during his boyhood :—

John Mason Neale to the Rev. W. Russell, April, 1825.

(Æt. 8.)

MY DEAR MR. RUSSELL,—

Mamma has been to see the Diorama. She has bought such pictures as Mrs. Russell has got. I can construe “*propria cuncta*,” notes, etc. The text last Sunday was taken from Is. 51-15. 1st head, the broken-hearted under a sense of sin; 2nd, the broken-hearted under a sense of affliction. . . . I have been to see a printing-press. There was a roller, hollow, and on it was put the paper, and there was a great iron square, which came in every time the roller turned, and on the square was the printing, well-inked, and the paper went upon it, and so it was printed. I had my name printed. “*Utinam quod videram te.*” I have been repeating (this morning) the whole multiplication table to Susanna. Miss Pearce brought me a pretty book called “*The Week's Vacation.*” It is about beasts, fishes, birds, corn, stars, planets, comets, products, and it is a very pretty book, and it has a few pictures. Cornelia read five pages this morning. We have learnt 132 words in French. I read to Miss Pearce a book called “*Travels in Southern Asia*” when I like. I have learnt eleven conjugations in French. Grand-papa means to get an empty thermometer and fill it that I may know how 'tis done.

Your affectionate boy,

JOHN MASON NEALE.

Blackheath, 24 *Aug.*, 1829.(*Æt.* 11.)

MY VERY DEAR MR. RUSSELL,—

Thank you for the very pretty Greek Testament and the letters and the prayers you were so kind as to give me. We have learnt a verse out of the Greek Testament every day out of Philippians. We have not been able to do anything else because the books are not unpacked. I have been reading Mr. Scott's life since we have been here. The country is very beautiful about here. I am sure you would admire it. Samuel and I went to Woolwich the other day. The cliffs by the river were exceedingly fine, and we called upon Dr. Gregory. We went to Dartmouth Chapel yesterday to hear Mr. Sheppard. He preached in the morning from Psalm cx. 2, and in the evening from 2 Pet. iii. 9. The service in the evening begins at half-past six, so sisters could not go, and Mama read one of Dr. Doddridge's sermons in the afternoon.

Mama has given me a nice little watch which goes pretty well. Samuel and I are reading Bossuet's Universal History. About a mile and a half from here is a great cavern, which you pay six-pence a-piece for seeing, where Jack Cade, who lived in the reign of Henry VI., and a great many robbers, have kept their spoils. . . . We have a field at the back of the house with about a dozen tiny trees stuck into some tiny beds, and a great adder haunting the bottom.

Blackheath Park, *Jan.* 24th, 1831.

(*Æt.* 13.)

MY VERY DEAR MR. RUSSELL,—

I hope that I shall have a letter from you to-day; but I thought that I would not wait for it, lest I should not have time afterwards. . . . Mama has given me a beautiful little "Leighton's Holy Life," printed in silver on purple leaves.

Jan. 25th.

Thank you for the very nice book you sent me. Grandmama could not come yesterday, but she sent me Mr. Wilson's

"Evidences of Christianity," and Mr. Bridges gave me a book called "Jewish Records," and Samuel (who desires to be remembered to you) "Watts on the Improvement of the Mind." Mr. Fenn came in the evening and gave me Walker's "Christian."

It was my first birthday you were not with me.

March 22, 1832.

(Æt. 14.)

Now I have got a nice piece of news to tell you. We are to have a "Musæ Proprietariensis" in which all our best performances are to be written out. However, instead of hearing any other new thing, you must please to take a little piece of Sedulius, with my translation of it—

"Omnipotens æterne Deus, spes unica mundi," &c.

"Eternal God, the only hope of Adam's ruined race,
Who rear'st the heaven's huge pillars up, reveal to us Thy grace,
Thou that restrain'st the roaring sea by bands of feeble sand,
Who meas'rest out the night and day with Thy Almighty Hand;
'Tis Thou that numb'rest all the stars, 'tis by Thy power they shine,
And every shining lamp appears a proof of skill Divine.

And so on to the end of 70 lines.

Oct. 6th, 1832.

Have you ever read Warton's "History of English Poetry"? We have had it as a present to our School, and I have nearly finished reading it through. It is very interesting. He begins from the last period of the English language, which he divides into three portions. the Gothic, the Norman, and the Saxon. Of the first he says that there is no fragment remaining except a few sentences from Cædmon. The second he takes no notice of. The third he begins with. The first part is rather dull, as it contains only an account of the Saints' lives in metre, which are very long and tedious. Then follows Chaucer and Lydgate, and after that the most interesting part, containing Wyatt, Surrey, Heywood, Sackville, Hall. Here he leaves off, for he grew tired of the work. We have had many other books bought for, or

sent as presents to, the school. There are a fine old "Gessner," Johnson's Dictionary, Schlegel and Johnson's "Shakespeare," in 16 vols. So that our library now looks quite a different thing. . . .

. . . I suppose the weather has changed at Shepperton, as it did here, wherefore you must accept the following lines on Winter—

The fern now withers in the miry fields,
 The moors assume a barren mossy hue,
 Banks, sides of hills, grow white and bare: the wind
 Makes the red weed to waver on the dike.
 From crags and foreheads of the yellow rocks
 Hang spear-like icicles: the ground is grey,
 The woods are stripped, fierce Boreas blows his horn
 So loud, the deer withdraw into the glade,
 The cataracts roar down the bare, bleak hills,
 The small birds flocking to the thorny briars
 Shun the tempestuous blast, and change their notes.
 The lime-tree whistles to the sounding wind.
 Now wearily the labourers return
 Through the moist fen. The shepherds and the sheep
 Lurk by the hanging banks o'erspread with broom.
 That horned bird, the night owl, from her cave
 Shrieks horribly with crooked bill alone.
 Sometimes the wild geese loud with screaming cries
 Fly over the city, through the silent night.
 Loud o'er the down upon the barn's thatched roof
 The jackdaws caw. The pale moon disappears,
 Then comes the morning, livid, hoary, wan,
 And overwhelmed with vapours and with cloud.
 The dewdrops are congeal'd upon the trees,
 The hailstones deadly cold drop on the thatch.

If you like these I will send you those on Summer, which are longer, next time I write, which will be as soon as I have a letter from you. . . . Mama thought you would like to see my verses to Susannah on her birthday. So here they follow—

The pilgrim oft at fall of day
 Upon some mountain's brow
 Leans on his staff to re-survey
 The road that's past below.

While on he looks he does not grieve,
 Though snares around be cast,
 And fain the future would believe
 More pleasant than the past.
 Thus on the journey of our life,
 Each birthday is a hill
 From whence the past we may survey,
 And yet look forward still.
 To-day you gain another mount,
 Twice six already past,
 And in your future journey may
 No snares or toils be cast.
 And may the last on earth you pass
 Be to you far the best,
 Then without sorrow leave the earth,
 And enter into rest.

Bath, Oct. 15th, 1833.

(Æt. 15.)

Now I must tell you the history of my coming here. It threatened very much for rain in the morning, but when I came to the coach I found that all the places were taken as far as Frome, which is 22 miles from the school and 15 from Bath (the field way); the coach goes round a way that is 27 miles from the school, and they told me that if I could contrive to get there as soon as the coach I could go in it to Bath. Well, I ran all the way, and when I came to Frome the coach had been gone five minutes, so I ran up a hill and overtook it a mile out of Frome, and then the seat was so wet I had to stand up all the way, so I never sat down till after six! . . . You know the largest of the bells in England is the Great Tom of Lincoln, then the Great Tom of Oxford, and then the Great Tom of Sherborne. It is a magnificent bell. It has *Sancta Maria, ora pro mihi, miserrimo peccatori. A. Dm. MCCCXXXXXI*. It makes a tremendous noise. Near Sherborne is Auburn (called Osborne), the scene of Goldsmith's Deserted Village. . . . I have hurt my knee so much I cannot walk.

For a short time after leaving Sherborne he was at school at Farnham, where he first imbibed what were then called Tractarian ideas. So far his education had been desultory ; but he had always had an insatiable appetite for reading, which, combined with an extraordinary memory, gradually stored his mind with an immense mass of knowledge. In his case the child was truly “father of the man” ; and these extracts from his early letters contain many little foreshadowings of his future life ; this, indeed, is the only cause for reproducing them.

(To be continued.)

Our Sister Harriett.

MANY of our Sisters have been removed from us by death, and their memory lives only in the hearts of those to whom they were dear. But in the case of the last who was taken to Paradise, her work and herself both seem to call for some further memorial.

Sister Harriett was born in 1835, fourth of the seven daughters of a Cheshire clergyman, and she was the mainstay both of elder and younger. They all looked up to her, because she was so strong and true. While quite a little girl, her mother always said that she was the one to be especially trusted out of sight, because she was sure not to get into mischief. When at the death of her father, which happened when she was about sixteen, arrangements were made for educating those children who were not yet grown up, Harriett was the one chosen for a large clergy daughters' school, because it was judged that she had most strength of character, and was least likely to be led astray by any ill example such as might be found amidst so great a number of girls. This judgment was unexpectedly justified by her conduct soon after, when some rebellious spirits raised a really formidable mutiny against the head of the school. Harriett's loyalty and steadfastness were of inestimable value in assisting that good lady to weather the storm, and a lifelong attachment sprang up between them.

About this time the family removed to Manchester, and were among the earliest friends of St. Alban's, before the present beautiful church was even imagined, and when the quaint, out-of-the-way, tumble-down schoolroom in Strangeways drew together a little Catholic flock of worshippers, under the Rev. J. E. Sedgwick. But although Harriett gave her help in Manchester when it was possible, circumstances led her to reside chiefly in Wigan for some years; and when our Sisters were working there in All Saints' parish, she took charge of their middle-class school, and continued it for some time after they had left. Although she and others of her family had been more and less closely connected

with St. Margaret's for at least five and twenty years, and although the idea of a Sister's life had long been before her mind, so many duties appeared to intervene, so many persons wanted her and her help, that she did not join the Sisterhood till 1879.

Some people think that middle-aged or elderly women cannot turn into good Sisters. It depends on their characters and dispositions. If they are single-hearted, docile, and humble, they may prove admirable Sisters, and their knowledge and experience of life in the world may prove of exceeding great value. Without those three characteristics, indeed, it is useless for them to try.

Sister Harriett certainly was not young when she came to us ; and as certainly has proved an excellent Sister. Immediately after her Profession, she went to Miles Platting. The Rev. S. F. Green, anxious for the welfare of his parish, and set aside from personal labour in it, had been seeking Sisters to work under the Curate-in-charge. Sister Harriett and her companion Sister went to Lancaster Gaol, and took their directions from Mr. Green before engaging in the work, and afterwards visited him there at intervals, on one occasion receiving from him a large amount of money for parish purposes, which had been sent him by his sympathisers, instead of Christmas cards. Soon after her arrival she gave the following account of the place and people :—

“The glimpse we have had, since coming here, of the effect of Mr. Green's labour in this parish, makes us feel how very solid his work has been. We are particularly struck with the quiet, humble manner of the congregation. No excitement ; no empty ritual. With one voice they respond heartily ; the chanting and singing, though led by a choir, are thoroughly congregational. For a town church it is remarkably clean, and looks well cared for. The Offertory, of which the greater part is in copper, keeps the church out of debt, and supplies a little money for the most necessitous of the aged sick. How funds are to be found for carrying on our work in the Parish, remains to be seen.

“We have received for the sick, and from those who we know can ill afford to give, small offerings, varying in amount from a halfpenny to a shilling. There is not one wealthy person in the

congregation, nor is there in the whole parish a house large enough for the Curate-in-charge to live in. The bulk of the population is composed of factory hands, and the richest members of it are small, struggling tradesmen. The people have given us the hearty welcome which Lancashire people know how to give. Many have come up to shake hands, and to bid our work God-speed.

“There is much indeed to be done. We are almost daily called to visit the sick, and find them in a state of utter destitution, especially as regards clothing and bedding. Many are still almost heathens, and need the simplest individual teaching ; and this is what Mr. Green appears to have given, and so to have gathered his flock into the Church one by one. It is most touching to hear these speak of him. Not the material good he did them, but his leading them to higher and better things is their one theme. There are now about fifty communicants among the women of the working class, besides a very good number of men and of young people. On the School Anniversary, last Sunday, there were seventy or eighty communicants at the 7.30 service.

“We started a Mothers’ Meeting, which is already attended by about forty women, all anxious to come, and most attentive to the instructions given. Some among the congregation, who value their blessings, get others together to learn the same good things. One has a class for ragged boys who had previously ‘gone nowhere.’ Another has a Bible Class for young men ; another has a class of girls who attend no Church nor Sunday School for want of clothes ; but beyond these, there is a vast number not yet reached, for whom we must labour too. There are Guilds for men and boys and young women, which seem to be doing their work earnestly.

“Yesterday, at the funeral of a very poor woman, the young men of the Guild who could get from their work acted as bearers. There was a choir of six or seven, and quite a large number of people in the Church, to which the body was taken for the first part of the service, before going to the Cemetery.”

When the living of Miles Platting passed into other hands, Canon Knox Little invited the Sisters to the Parish of St. Alban's, Manchester, of which he was then Rector, and Sister Harriett

took charge of this work till the time of her death. She was often ailing, and, in the beginning of this year, had been disabled for some time. She was very anxious indeed to come home to St. Margaret's, and a Sister was sent to fetch her. She came as a convalescent, looking forward to renewed strength and further labours. An eminent London physician, who was called in, declared that the hand of death was upon her. It was a great shock to everyone. To herself the news came as a surprise, but with the simple straightforwardness that had always characterized her, she put her affairs, earthly and spiritual, in order, and waited in most lovely humility and trustfulness for her LORD's call. It came very soon, on Tuesday, March 8th, and her funeral took place on the very day week after she had arrived at home.

The key-note of Sister Harriett's character was faithfulness, but her one expressed regret for the past was that she had not been more faithful.

Breaking up New Ground in South Wales.

ON May 3rd, 1886, we made our start for Merthyr Tydfil, where we were to begin Mission work. There was something very cheering in the beautiful country passed between Cardiff and Merthyr, which those who know the Welsh hills and streams can appreciate. We were none the less pleased to arrive at a pleasant house, which some of the Sisters from St. Margaret's Mission at Cardiff had prepared for us, and where they were ready to welcome us.*

Rather an amusing incident happened the first evening, which brought home to us the fact that we were no longer in England. The departing Sisters had to be accompanied to the station, and in returning, the Merthyr Sister lost her way. A friendly woman offered to guide, but accidentally turned in a wrong direction. Merthyr abounds with barefooted children who show the most lively interest in, and friendliness towards, any stranger. Such an unwonted appearance as that of a Sister caused quite a sensation, and she soon found herself and her guide so surrounded that it was difficult to get on. As most of these ragged urchins proffered suggestions as to the best route, and she knew not which of the many to adopt, she took refuge in a shop, and having obtained the desired information, turned to come out. No words could describe the ludicrous appearance of the sea of faces watching for her return. The crowd of children literally reached across the street, and the greater number of them trooped after the Sister to St. Tydfil's Mission House. The companion whom she had left at home opened the door, and was equally struck with the novelty of the escort. Many of these children have since become well known to us.

St. Tydfil's Mission is just opposite St. Tydfil's Church, the tall

* "This abode," says the Parish Magazine, "has been the scene of many vicissitudes from time to time. At one period it was used by the Merthyr Chartists as their place of meeting, and the large upper room on the first floor was the lodge where they used to discuss the five points by which the nation was to be governed, and at a later period it was used by the 'Latter Day Saints.'"

tower of which is a conspicuous object from all parts of the town. The house is convenient in itself, and well placed for work ; being at the older and poorer end of Merthyr.

Anyone who knows Wales understands the great hold Dissent has gained over the more religiously inclined among the poor, owing to the Church's long neglect of them, and Merthyr is a strong instance of this. Chapels abound, and we find almost incredible examples of ignorance as to what the Church is or teaches, yet it is strange to notice how many Welsh customs shew traces of Catholic teaching ; for instance, a man in a passion will be told, "Cross yourself" by his companion, who would be aghast if his injunction was complied with. To them the expression simply means, "Compose yourself." Again, while many of the people have never heard of praying for the departed, it is the custom to hold prayer meetings in the presence of the dead some time before the funeral ; in which the prayers are not only for the living.

The Rector has five Churches under his care :—(1) The Parish Church, St. Tydfil's ; (2) St. David's ; (3) St. Tydfil's Well ; (4) Merthyr Vale ; (5) Treharris.

1.—The Parish Church is indescribable, and its restoration is the work which the Rector is now bent on accomplishing. The pews are high and, for the great part, square, and where they are of a different shape, kneeling is impossible. Looking from the gallery, the chancel is invisible, owing to the smallness of the chancel arch. The Services are entirely in Welsh, to suit the congregation, which consists mostly of old Welsh people. The singing is national, so opinion is divided as to its beauty.

2.—St. David's is a much more modern Church, and here the Services are in English. In consequence of English being so much taught in the Schools, this Church is better attended than St. Tydfil's.

3.—St. Tydfil's Well is a small Mission Church.

4.—Merthyr Vale lies a few miles further down the valley.

5.—Treharris, another outlying district, has been rapidly increasing for some years, and until lately has been entirely

neglected. Now a priest is resident there, and a temporary Church is arranged.

During the six months that the Rev. D. Lewis had been Rector of Merthyr before our arrival, a Guild for women and girls had been formed, the Rules of which were left at first somewhat indefinite. It was under the care of a lady, whose help in all Church work is as ready as it is practical and good. Since then, one of the Sisters has undertaken the Guild, and the Rules have been drawn up with more precision. About forty women and girls are connected with it now in different ways.

As soon as we began visiting the poor we were appalled by the number of unbaptized people and children—so that seemed the point to attack first. In many instances we were met with, “It is not the custom in South Wales to baptize,” in a great many more, callousness and indifference were the true hindrances, and in a few there were prejudices to be overcome. From the first we started daily classes, arranged according to age, for the instruction of those willing to be baptized. We found many children who could not say the Lord’s Prayer, and hardly any, adults or children, knew even the first sentence of the Creed; it seems that some Baptists did not teach the Lord’s Prayer, understanding it to have been for the Apostles’ use only. Whole families have since been baptized; some of the women have come of their own accord to speak about their children, and others have allowed theirs to “choose their own religion,” even at the tender age of six. The Baptisms in this first year have numbered over two hundred, and we are thankful that we have, so far, lost sight of very few among those baptized.

It was a real help to the older Catechumens and Confirmation candidates to have a kind of retreat, conducted by Father Benson, just before the Confirmation last November. He takes a keen interest in Wales, and especially in Merthyr; and the people were attracted and impressed by his preaching.

The women have been so much left to themselves, that ordinary visiting was looked upon as wonderful kindness, and a Mothers’ Meeting was an unheard-of and much-enjoyed novelty. The first of these caused quite an excitement, only to be eclipsed by our

Christmas tea, which was the first "holiday" one or two of the Mothers had had for twenty years ! Some of these women now help us in several ways.

The Ragged Sunday School has been a real pleasure to us. It was not altogether a new work ; in past years it numbered three hundred children, but the Superintendent left some time ago, and the numbers having dwindled to fourteen, including teachers, it was closed a few months before we came. It is intended for the poorer children : in Wales it is usual for all to attend Sunday School, no matter what their social position. The children have been good and easy to manage in school ; their wandering habits have been our greatest difficulty, as the Welsh youth have a way of trying for teas all round, which, in a land of many Chapels, interferes with regular attendance.

We have been much struck with the friendliness of the Welsh people generally. We had anticipated having to live down prejudice, and gradually make friends with them ; but from the first week we have met with uniform kindness from all classes, and can only recall two or three instances where our visits were unwelcome.

A Sketch of the Past and Present History of the Newport Market Refuge and Industrial School.

(BY AN OLD MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE.)

DURING the long cold winter of 1863-4, public opinion was much stirred by the miserable condition of the Homeless Poor in London. In theory every workhouse possessed a casual ward for the reception of these outcasts; but most of these wards existed only on paper. Night after night a long *queue* of wretched beings—men, women and children—were seen patiently waiting outside the closed door of the workhouse of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, which now forms a part of the National Gallery. When the door was opened the porter beckoned in as many as the limited capacity of the ward would hold, and then told the others to move on to the next parish. where no shelter existed. At that time the late Rev. J. C. Chambers, Vicar of St. Mary's, Soho, was carrying on a noble Home Mission Work in the vilest slums of Soho, and maintaining himself and a band of devoted Curates on the splendid endowment of £80 per annum! One of these gentlemen hired an upper room in Prince's Row, adjoining a humble Mission Station (which a short time previously had been a dilapidated public-house, in which some noted cracksmen, who had long evaded detection, had been apprehended), and nightly littered down on straw, and regaled with a crust of bread and a cup of cold water, six or seven of the most respectable of the poor men who were unable to obtain shelter elsewhere. When his purse became empty, Mr. Chambers called together five or six of his friends, told them what was being done, and before breaking up, on the evening of January the 12th, 1864, they adopted this humble Work, and sought to extend it. At a subsequent meeting, held at the House of Charity, Soho Square, several members of that excellent institution joined hands, and thus a link was formed in The Organization of Charity, which has never since been severed. Thus reinforced, the new Committee took heart, and hired the largest slaughter-house in Newport

Market, and adopted it as a Nightly Shelter for Homeless Men, Women and Children, who, after being carefully scrutinized and questioned, were admitted to the advantages of seven nights rough lodging, a homely supper and breakfast of six ounces of dry bread and a mug of coffee, and were thus stimulated to seek employment during the day. At the request of the Committee, the Sisterhood of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, undertook the charge of the Women's department; and GOD alone knows what a blessing and comfort their devoted ministrations have proved to many a lost and starving sufferer.

The work prospered, the press was friendly—for journalists, whose work is done mostly at night, were familiar with the misery we sought to palliate. The police visited us every night, and whilst none are more down upon habitual evil-doers, no heart is more compassionate towards real destitution than that of the experienced police-constable. Said one of these to me, "Why, Sir, that little Chaplain of yours is worth more than any six of us on this 'ere beat."

At the request of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone (who have been throughout staunch supporters of our work), we were interviewed by the Special Correspondent of *The Times*, and his description of the misery he witnessed was so graphically expressed that his "Bitter Cry" brought in the welcome sum of between two and three thousand pounds.

Thus fortified, we purchased the leasehold interests of our quaint and ramshackle tenements, with their interesting historical traditions. The women's ward had originally been a chapel; many of its pillars still existed. Here Oliver Cromwell billeted a squadron of his Ironsides, and their chargers were picketed in our men's ward.

Let us return to 1866. The Committee were much exercised by the number of destitute lads who came to the Refuge, some with parents, some without any guardianship. One night a constable brought in an intelligent and ugly boy, whom he had found crying bitterly on London Bridge. His father told him to wait there ten minutes until he should return—the boy was abandoned. The father paid us two or three subsequent visits; but, though a man of culture, he did not assist in his son's maintenance or

education. He was a countryman of mine : when a Scotchman goes to the bad he generally does so thoroughly. On another occasion poor Ned Drummond brought us a lad whose father had scored his chest with a red-hot poker ; the father was doing his eighteen months at Coldbath Fields for this exercise of paternal authority. We determined to start an Industrial School, and acquired the lease of an adjacent granary—a queer-looking tall building with a perfectly empty inside. Within this vacuum we built four stories, and a capital Industrial School it made. Our Medical Officer (Dr. Joseph Rogers) shook his head. “It is a very unhealthy place : the crown of the sewer is only two or three feet below your floors ; you must be very careful. Sprinkle your kitchen, sculleries, closets, &c., three or four times daily with carbolic acid—a wineglass-full to a quart of water.” From that day to this we have never had a single case of measles, though we have constantly had sixty boys in our Schools, coming and going from the poorest parts of London. I do not write boastfully ; we may have an outbreak of disease next week : nor do I attempt to press unduly cause and effect ; but whilst Sir William Gull, Miss Florence Nightingale, and other high authorities tell us that all zymotic disease is preventible, the fact I have stated is at least worthy of consideration by the medical profession, and by all parents and schoolmasters.

At last came a crash ; fourteen times had our queer old premises been scheduled by ambitious Companies and Sanitary Authorities, and we consoled ourselves by saying “threatened men live long,” when a summons came from the Metropolitan Board of Works. “We want your premises to build dwellings for working men, and you must move on.” We looked for suitable premises north, south, east, and west ; but, like Noah’s dove, we found no rest for the soles of our feet. At last, in despair, with ejection staring us in the face, we purchased the fag end of a lease of large premises in Long Acre, migrated there in the summer of 1882, and there carried on our labours under the greatest difficulties and discouragements. But how about a freehold ? We scoured Lambeth, Clerkenwell, Marylebone, &c., &c. Some of us talked of going into the country, but our Committee are all busy men—

have no time to travel to and fro ; and by doing so we should have sacrificed our supervision, the mainspring of success. A charitable institution is in many respects like a commercial enterprise—if you lose your connection you are done for. Our connection was a Central and West-end one. We live mainly on the support of those who have visited our work, and take a personal interest in it, so we felt it was necessary to keep within reach. After many failures in divers directions we at last secured from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners an 80 years' lease of an excellent plot of ground in Coburg Row, Westminster, close to the Police Station in Rochester Row, and immediately in rear of the Grenadier Guards' Hospital. For this we pay a ground rent of £180 per annum. Upon this site we have built excellent premises for 100 Industrial Boys, with a covered playground attached ; shelter for 30 male refugees, and for 27 women and children, with 5 cubicles for men of a better class, whom we receive under special arrangement with the Charity Organization Society, and 5 cubicles for women whom we admit temporarily, until permanent provision is made for them in Magdalenes and in other homes. I need hardly say that the structural parts of the Refuge and of the School are wholly and entirely separate.

The cost of our New Home, inclusive of building contract, architect's commission, fittings and furniture, will come to about £7,300 ; we had to spend about £600 in acquiring some leasehold interests ; and an interference with some neighbour's ancient lights cost us nearly £300. We have eschewed all æsthetic tendencies, ruthlessly cut off "streaky bacon" and red dressings, and our only ornament is our old name, proclaimed aloft on our new home. Mr. S. Salter, of 28, Woburn Place, is our architect ; Messrs. Higgs and Hill, of Lambeth, our builders. If you will be kind enough to visit and inspect the premises and know what a Refuge and an Industrial School should be like, I think you will feel your trouble repaid. Please do so. The place is very accessible—only three minutes' drive from the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street.

Per contra, our indefatigable chairman, Mr. W. Bayne Ranken, has for years past been nursing up a School Enlargement Fund.

Mrs. Gladstone made a special appeal for our new Building Fund, which realized £1,000 ; Miss Rawson (an old and true friend), in addition to other gifts. gave us £850. From the Metropolitan Board of Works we received £4,300 for the remaining term of our lease, and for our compulsory removal, but the cost of three moves within as many years has tried us sadly. Surely those householders who have undergone similar trying and costly experiences will help us now.

We have now 58 boys in our school ; help us to maintain 100. Formerly we took in Street Arabs, and the veriest ragamuffins ; now the State deals with that class. Our boys at the present time are chiefly the sons of widows, who are stitching off their finger ends to keep out of the workhouse ; some are illegitimate children with sad histories, perhaps the sons of officers who have not been heard of for 10 or 12 years. If you inspect our ranks, amidst the homely, honest, laughing faces of our boys, you will detect one here and there with a skin as delicate, and a look as gentle, as those of your own children. After the first good cry, when their mother leaves them, they settle down, and are as happy and bright as the rest of our lads. Some few have drunken and dissolute fathers or mothers ; some have both. A premium on vice, says the *Political Economist*. True ! but if instead of allowing them to grow up rogues and vagabonds like their parents, we train them up to fear God and honour the King, and to be useful and honest citizens, there is something also to be said from that point of view.

We have 200 old boys in 46 Regiments in Her Majesty's Service, including : 4 in the Royal Artillery ; 10 drummers in the Grenadier Guards ; and 20 in the Scots Guards ; 12 boys in a crack Kilted Regiment, who have acquired the dialect of a Highland Corps so glibly that you would think they had never seen a chimney pot or a cockney. The Commanding Officers and Bandmasters of these Regiments requisition us for fresh boys faster than we can supply them, so we may reasonably infer that their daily conduct is creditable to their old School. Our success with those who go out into ordinary service is not despicable.

One of the leading trades' masters in Old Bond Street has for many years had all his errand-boys from our School. Our tailors,

many of them fathers of families, when they come to our annual supper, put in an excellent appearance.

More especially would I notice the fact, that 74 of the boys have been prepared for baptism, 271 have been confirmed, and 269 made their first Communions from the School.

All suitable applicants are admitted to the benefits of the School ; whilst their training and education is founded on a sound religious basis, according to the principles of the Church of England.

I write with some experience of Charitable Work in London during the last quarter of a century ; but I have never served on a more punctual, attentive, and discriminating Committee. It is composed of several old soldiers, one or two ancient mariners, a learned canon (a great authority on educational matters), an occasional M.P., an eminent artist, a recorder, a rising barrister, one or two shrewd city men, several civil servants, two or three J.P.'s, and a sprinkling of amiable optimists, who cannot bear to have a boy punished.

“Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.” The result of our long and harmonious action has been helpful to ourselves, and, I believe, of advantage to those entrusted to our charge.

Do not allow an old and useful charity like this to languish for want of pecuniary support. You will say, “I am overwhelmed with similar appeals.” Amongst the many advantages arising from the increased and increasing interest taken in the welfare of the poor, there is this disadvantage, “that for one worker who will aid in propping up an existing institution, many will devote their energies to creating new Charities with fresh claims.” The benevolent are perplexed and worried ; the selfish make this an excuse for turning a deaf ear alike to all claims.

You are asked most earnestly to give your alms to this most approved and useful work ; which was never more in need of support than at the present moment.

Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received by Lieut.-Colonel Buchanan, Secretary, Newport Market Refuge and School, Coburg Row, Westminster, S.W. ; or by J. A. Shaw Stewart, Vice-Chairman, 71, Eaton Place, S.W. *Bankers* : Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph, & Co., 43, Charing Cross, S.W. *Dec.*, 1884.

Eastward Ho !

THREE Sisters from St. Margaret's hope to sail in October next to commence work under the Bishop and Archdeacon of Colombo, in Ceylon ; they are to be engaged in various forms of Mission work, beginning at once with the care of a small Home for girls ; this has been already started, and at present eighteen children are living there, superintended by a Matron. It is proposed to enlarge this, and in time to make it an Industrial Home, where native and half-caste girls may be trained for service. The Archdeacon writes : "The Sisters will find themselves in the midst of a vast population, and will have to make the work for themselves. My idea of their work, which must, however, gradually take shape, is this:—1. The management of the Girls' Home. 2. The teaching, at first, and then the superintendence of the Pettah Ragged School. 3. House to house visitation among the poor inhabitants of the Pettah, *i.e.*, poor quarter. 4. Gathering children and adults into classes for religious instruction. 5. Superintending and organizing Sunday Schools. 6. Care of the Church furniture, and efforts to make the Churches more worthy of the worship of GOD. 7. Playing organ or harmonium. 8. Begging funds for the support of the Home, etc. 9. Enlisting English and Burgher ladies as associates in work for the poor of the city.

"Colombo has considerably more than 100,000 inhabitants. It is a place of growing importance. As the port becomes better known, the business of the island is being drawn towards it. There is a considerable English-speaking population. The English themselves do not perhaps number more than 1,000 inhabitants, exclusive of the military, but there is a very large half-caste population called Burgher, and a considerable number of natives speak English.

"The natives are Singhalese and Tamil. The former are the proper inhabitants of the island, and are Buddhists, the latter are a more powerful and pushing race who have come over from South India. They are Sivites, or worshippers of Siva, the third person of the Hindu Triad. They have possession of the northern

and eastern parts of the island, and live in large numbers in Colombo. The Moors also speak Tamil, and a large part of the trade is in their hands. An excellent Tamil priest, the Rev. Coilpill Barnabas (Coilpill—child of the Church), from Kandy, visits the Tamil Christians in Colombo, and he will probably before long be resident there." The Bishop and Archdeacon both speak Singhalese and Tamil. The Sisters hope to learn something of the former language as soon as possible.

"The Church in Colombo has been disestablished, and so, as Cures fall in, there are no funds with which to pay the Clergy, and they are left dependent upon the precarious subscriptions of the people. St. Paul's (Portuguese), All Saints' (Singhalese), St. Thomas' (Tamil), Colombo, as well as Morotuwa, the largest Singhalese parish in the island, have all been thrown upon their own resources. In many of the parishes the people have come forward generously, and made great efforts to raise subscriptions towards continuing Church work, but some places are too poor to do this. The coffee has of late years been a failure, and though we hope that the tea plantations may in time succeed and redeem the fortunes of the colony, it must be many years before we can hope to do without help from England; this has been given largely in the past, and we feel that in the future we may again count on the sympathy and prayers of friends at home."

It may perhaps be taken as a happy omen, that the Sister in charge of this mission entered Christ Church, Albany Street, where a farewell service was being held before Archdeacon Matthews' return to Ceylon, at the moment when he was returning thanks to God for having given him Sisters to work with. Will you not pray that hereafter he may have equal cause to give thanks for success granted them by God in this new and untried field of labour?

DONATIONS FOR COLOMBO WORK.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Raine	10	0	0
Sir Bernhard Samuelson, M.P. ...	5	0	0

				£	s.	d.
R. Stroud, Esq.	5	5	0
Rev. H. Athill	1	1	0
Mrs. Goldsworthy	1	0	0
Miss Gainsford	1	0	0
Miss Beatrice Flint	0	5	0
M. H.	5	0	0
Miss Turner	1	0	0
Miss Lemprière	0	5	0
Mrs. Gray	1	0	0
Mrs. Spencer	1	1	0

St. Margaret's of Scotland, Aberdeen.

OUR readers will perhaps be interested in a short account of this, the first daughter-house of St. Margaret's.

In the beginning of 1862, at the request of the Rev. John Comper, then Incumbent of St. John's, Aberdeen, a Sister was sent from East Grinstead to work among the poor of his congregation. This was the first introduction since the Reformation of Sisters' work into the Scottish Church, which then was only beginning to recover from the effects of the penal laws passed after the ruin of the Jacobite cause, to which many of her clergy had devoted themselves. Aberdeen itself is ever memorable as the city in which three Bishops of that then persecuted and down-trodden Church met in secret, spite of heavy penalties hanging over them, and consecrated the first Bishop for our sister Church in America, A.D. 1786.

For the first six months Mr. Comper's house was the Sister's home. Then a flat was taken where one or two more workers joined her. The Church in Scotland being worked on the congregational, and not the parochial system, there was no limited district assigned to the Sisters, and during the year that they were in Affleck Street a large field of work opened out to them at the other end of the town, in the Gallowgate, a street so teeming with poverty and vice that it was scarcely considered safe for a lady to go through it alone, even in the daytime. An Associate who owned some property there generously offered the Sisters a good-sized house rent free, near the middle of the Gallowgate; and into this they moved in June, 1864, from which time dates the existence of St. Margaret's of Scotland as a Branch House. There were two rooms on the ground floor, one of which was divided into oratory, sacristy, passage, and coal cellar, the other into kitchen and refectory, but the latter portion was so dark and close that it was soon ceased to be used for that purpose, and the Sisters had their meals in the common room on the second floor. One room on the first floor was used as the Mission Room, in which short services for the shoeless and bonnetless denizens of

the Gallowgate were held on Sundays, and night schools for boys and girls on the other nights in the week. There was also a Mission Day School and Sunday School, and besides these, other classes were frequently going on.

The numbers so increased that before long the Mission Room was overcrowded, and in 1867 some rooms were hired close by, and fitted up as a Mission Chapel and Day School, this arrangement continuing for two or three years. There was a good-sized garden attached to the house occupied by the Sisters. In the kitchen-garden, June, 1870, was laid the first stone of the Church of St. Margaret of Scotland, the friend who had lent the house having kindly given the ground as a site for the new Church. It was completed and opened by November of the same year, the Nave being used as a day school through the week.

Up to this time Mr. Comper had continued to hold the incumbency of St. John's, and to carry on the work of that as well as of the Mission. Now, however, the latter had increased so much that he found it impossible to do both, and accordingly he resigned St. John's, and devoted himself to the Mission.

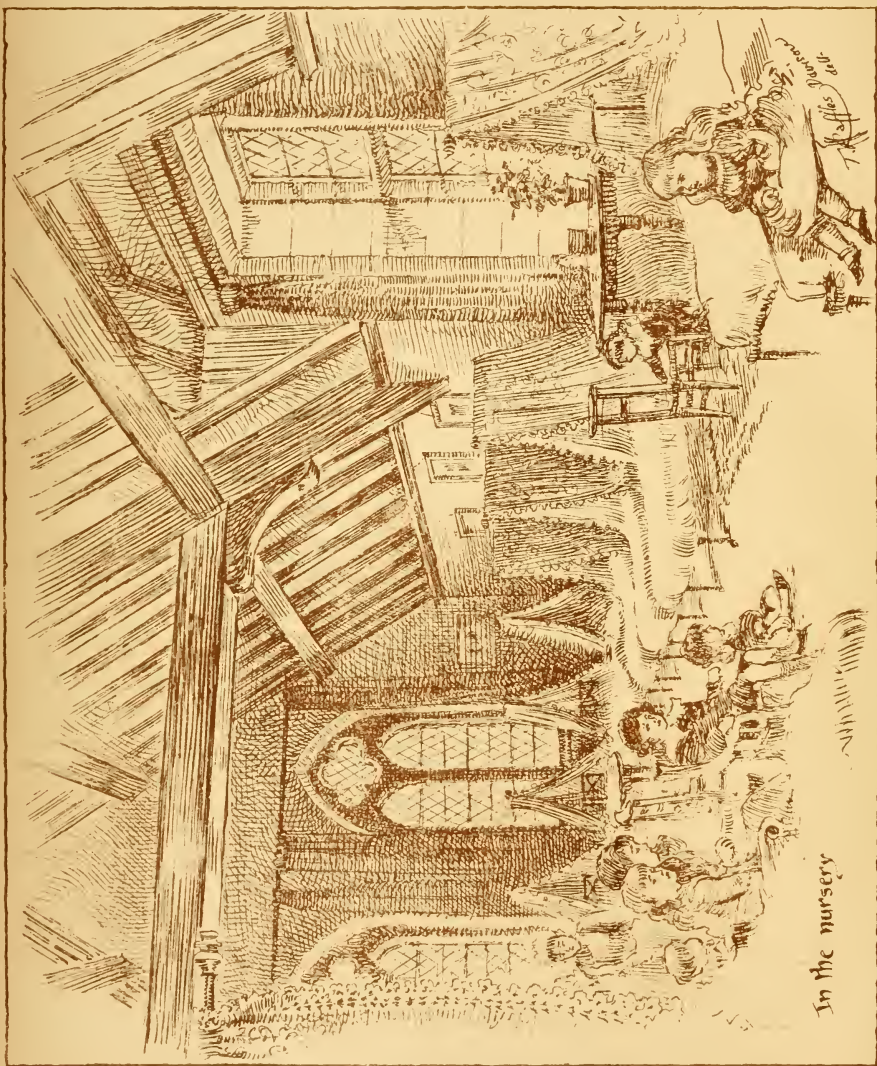
The Sisters had long felt in their work the need of a Convalescent Home, where some of the sick poor might have the fresh air and good food which were unattainable in their own homes; and for two summers a small cottage was taken at Cults, where some ten or twelve patients were received in the course of each season. The next year the attempt was made on a larger scale, and a house taken for a year at Seafield, two miles and a half from Aberdeen. Experience had only proved more strongly the usefulness of the Convalescent Home, but the expense of the two houses, and the division of numbers, were felt to be serious drawbacks. However, just at this time two houses were offered for sale within an easy distance from the Gallowgate. They were situated on a hill, with a beautiful view of the sea, and enjoying its healthful breezes. A purchase fund was commenced at once, which enabled the Sisters to secure possession, though it was some years before the whole sum was paid off. In June, 1874, they moved into this new Home, where they have dwelt ever since, using the old house in the Gallowgate for Mission purposes, classes, &c.

A few years ago, through the kindness of a friend, who gave £500 for the purpose, a very good School was built for the Mission, capable of holding about 300 children ; and this is now under the charge of a certificated Sister, with another as Assistant Mistress, and several teachers and pupil teachers.

There is also a large sewing class held once a week in St. Margaret's school-room, attended by over a hundred girls, many of whom have consequently been confirmed, and become regular in their attendance at Church.

In 1879 a Sister was asked for to assist in the Mission work of St. Andrew's, Aberdeen ; and in 1881 two were sent, for the same purpose, to Holy Trinity, Stirling.

The last work started in connection with St. Margaret's of Scotland is St. Martha's Home for working girls, of which we will give some account in a future number.



In the nursery

To our Friends and Associates, greeting.

You have often kindly told us that you would like to know something of what we are doing, and of what our particular needs are for the time being ; and we fear that our slackness in responding may have savoured of ungraciousness. But we really have always felt very grateful for the kind interest you have taken in us, for the material help that many of you have so faithfully afforded, and for the prayers which some of you have been offering through these thirty years past. Our silence has arisen from a rooted dislike of talking about ourselves. Now, however, as you still wish it, we will do so, and trust you will have patience if you find us only too garrulous.

At home, at St. Margaret's, that is, we are going on much as usual, except that our good Chaplain is still abroad for his health.

A Memorial Window, the gift of a member of the Community, has just been added to the Chapel. It is the design and workmanship of Messrs. Bell & Beckham, of 98, Great Russell Street, and the first of a series of eight. These windows will give the colour which some think is needed in the Chapel ; and it is hoped that in course of time others may be moved to give the remaining seven. We give the scheme of the representations. The windows are long and narrow, and are each divided into three subjects.

I.—*Type*—(1) *Hannah's Magnificat*, showing Hannah bringing the little Samuel to present him to the LORD, with her offering of the ephah of flour and the bottle of wine.

Antitype—(2) *Mary's Magnificat*, after her salutation to Elizabeth.

Procession—(3) First, Mary with the Holy Child, and the Nine Orders of Angels.

II.—*Type*—Child King Joash in the Temple.

Antitype—Presentation of CHRIST in the Temple (or the Finding in the Temple).

Procession—Patriarchs, Prophets, &c.

III.—*Type*—The Anointing of David by Samuel.

Antitype—Baptism of Christ.

Procession—Apostles : SS. Peter, John, James, Paul.

IV.—*Type*—Sacrifice of Melchisedec.

Antitype—Institution of the Holy Eucharist.

Procession—Martyrs : St. Margaret, &c.

V.—*Type*—Isaac bearing the wood for his sacrifice, and Abraham.

Antitype—CHRIST bearing His Cross.

Procession—Doctors, &c.

VI.—*Type*—Spies with grapes.

Antitype—Crucifixion.

Procession—Virgins.

VII.—*Type*—Samson carrying the gates of Gaza.

Antitype—CHRIST harrowing Hell.

Procession—Religious Orders.

VIII.—*Type*—Investiture of Joseph.

Antitype—The Ascension.

Procession—Penitents.

We have been sending out collecting cards for the Orphanage, the results of which will be found at the end of the Magazine. It would be a very pleasant and useful thing if some of our good friends would weave daisy chains for us (daisies are St. Margaret's flowers, of course). Could not you gather together parties of little girls, to work for our orphans, to send them little gifts, or collect money for them? A nice Daisy Chain of this kind, attached to each one of our different Houses, would be very helpful and refreshing; it is so very nice to have children caring for us. Do, dear friends, see what you can do to develop this idea.

The Merthyr and Ceylon Sisters have written their own accounts of their work, present and prospective. Cardiff will, we hope, give a large and interesting budget next time. Fourteen years' work ought to furnish plenty to say. At present, they have only time to give a bare list of their works (see p. 5); and their needs, which are as follow :—

“Funds; food; clothing, old and new, but especially old, of every sort and description; coal; wine, &c., for the sick; Christ-

mas gifts of warm clothing, for women and children ; maternity bags ; scrap books ; books for lending library ; pictures for the schools ; old linen ; Altar linen ; Altar flowers ; ladies to undertake Church embroidery ; subscribers. (Offeratories small ; subscribers few ; poor, and wants very numerous.)"

It may be said briefly that each one of our other Missions wants all these items, too.

At Manchester, the work is going on steadily and engrossingly. Sister Harriett, for whom her people there are sorrowing, had been anxious to provide a humble little home for the better sort of old persons, to save them from ending their days in the workhouse. The need for something of the kind was very obvious, both at Miles Platting and St. Alban's, and her plan was simple and practicable. Her friends are very desirous to combine a memorial of Sister Harriett with that of the Queen's Jubilee, by opening a little Home for aged poor this year in Cheetwood, near St. Alban's Church : the age of admission to be 68, unless in cases of disabling infirmity. Anyone willing to help in this project is requested to write to the Sister-in-Charge, 66a, Waterloo Road, Manchester.

Our Sisters at St. Katharine's have next something to say. Their life is a great contrast to that of the Mission Sisters, and is as retired and quiet as Londoners *can* make their life, that is, very quiet indeed. They are now very busy about a great frontal for St. Paul's Cathedral, which will probably be on view later in the year. The subject of the design is St. Paul, under three different aspects : Persecutor, Preacher, Seer.

There are twenty working girls now in the house ; and ten or twelve outsiders, chiefly ladies, who eke out their scanty incomes by embroidering. The house has now been open some sixteen years, and while it is always difficult to make both ends meet with regard to current expenses, the furniture does not grow newer, neither does it multiply, to meet the needs of an increasing household. Will some kind friend take the hint, and supply these ever-increasing wants ? Anything, from a coal-scuttle to a set of bedroom fittings, will be useful, and used ; to say nothing of orders for needlework, which are always so acceptable. The Sister-in-charge furnishes price lists of her various kinds of work.

Newport Market Refuge speaks for itself—or at least Mr. Shaw Stewart speaks for it—in the interesting paper we have printed elsewhere. Pray take up its cause. It is a Charity so well tried, so much needed, and so sadly crippled by reason of the new and more fashionable methods of dispensing alms. It is not our own institution ; but we have always worked in it, and do grieve to see it neglected, while its efficiency is greater than ever before, and while it is so very much needed, both as a free school for destitute boys, and a refuge for the houseless poor.

About the beginning of this year, St. Margaret's received the gift of a small house at Kingsand, just within the borders of Cornwall, in the next bay to Plymouth. We are about to begin work there, and you shall hear more about it next time. It is a most lovely place. Almost immediately after the deed of gift was completed, ensued the death of the donor, an old associate of ours, the Rev. Richard Ley.

During the last year the Sisters have been nursing at East Grinstead, Limsfield, Bognor, Godstone, Cardiff, Ormskirk, Maida Hill, Fletching, Marlborough, Amblecote, Chiddingstone, Ely, Bath, Forest Row, Alverstoke, Withyham, Wednesbury, Ventnor, Alcester, Windsor, St. Leonards, Hartfield, Hordle, Freshwater, Heathfield, Littlehampton, Cobham, London, Newbury, Norwood, Hurstpierpoint, Uppingham, Hever, Blindley Heath, St. Ives, Shoreham, Lindfield, Horsham, Clapham, Lingfield, Henfield, Clevedon, Hayward's Heath, Grange Road, Roughayhurst, Crawley, Swanage, Lichfield, Lambeth, Pixton Hill, Uckfield, Hever, Groombridge, St. Alban's.

We ask your prayers especially—

For our Chaplain, that he may be restored to health and strength ;

For the Sisters about to sail for the Mission at Colombo ;

For the Retreats about to be given to the Associates and to the Sisters ;

For the whole Community, and for every member of the same :
that GOD may be glorified, and His will accomplished.

Song of Deborah and Barak.

(A Metrical Paraphrase based on a critical version of Judges V.)

FOR the leading of Israel's chieftainry,
For the folk that gave themselves willingly,
Unto the LORD all blessing be.

Give ear, ye princes, hear, ye kings,
Hark to my voice as praise it sings ;
I, even I, His praise will tell—
Bless the LORD GOD of Israel.

When out of Seir, Thou, LORD, hadst gone,
From Edom's field when Thou marchedst on,
Then quaked the earth, the heavens were bowed,
Down with its waters dropped the cloud,
Before Thy face the mounts flowed down,
Even as yon Sinai bent his crown
In the like way before Thy face,
JEHOVAH, GOD of Israel's race.

In Shamgar's time, in Jael's days,
Deserted lay the public ways ;
Men fared by secret paths alone,
Rulers in Israel were there none ;
Yea, they had come to utter close,
Until the time when it befel
That I, even Deborah, arose,
A mother rose in Israel.
What time new gods the people chose,
War at their gates was waged by foes,
Was there shield seen, or spear as well,
With forty thousand Israel ?

With Israel's captains is my heart,
With them that, on the people's part,
Made of themselves free offering ;
To GOD the LORD your praises sing !

Sing praises, all of you that ride
Upon white asses, that bestride
Their saddle-cloths, and all beside
That fare on foot, praise GOD your King !
With noise of singers by each well
GOD's righteous actions shall they tell,
His righteous rule in Israel,
His people in their gates shall dwell.

Wake, Deborah, awake, awake,
To uttered song thyself betake,
Son of Abinoam, Barak, rise,
And captive lead thy captured prize.

A remnant came of noble stem,
Of commons came a few with them,
To shield me from the mighty foe,
With GOD amongst their ranks, they go.
First Ephraim took the downward road,
Who dwells where Amalek erst abode ;
And after thee came mustering in
The neighbour ranks of Benjamin.
Machir gave chieftains of the land,
Zebulon sent forth them whose hand
Wieldeth the baton of command.
Ready, with Deborah, for the war,
Gather the chiefs of Issachar ;
And Issachar, as Barak leads,
Fleet-footed to the valley speeds.

Where Reuben's watercourses roll,
High were resolves that filled the soul ;
Why didst thou by the sheepfolds bide,
To list the pipe thy flocks beside ?
Where Reuben's water-courses roll,
Great were the doubts that vexed the soul.
O'er Jordan Gilead was fain
To rest ; and why would Dan remain

Amidst his ships? By seaport gate
Beside his creeks still Asher sate.

Nought recked Zebulon for his life,
But risked it to the death in strife ;
So Naphtali, who took his stand
On the high places of the land.

The kings came on in allied might,
The kings of Canaan, to the fight
At Taanach, by Megiddo's brook ;
No spoil of silver thence they took !
The stars fought with them from the sky,
With Sisera, in their paths on high.
The river Kishon swept them down—
Kishon, that flood of old renown—
(March thou, my soul, in might along),
Then stamped the horses' hoofs aloud,
Through the wild plungings of the proud,
Through the wild plungings of the strong.

"Curse Meroz"—thus God's angel spake—
"Curse sorely for its people's sake,
Who would not come to help the LORD,
To help against the mighty horde."

Blest o'er all women shall be Jael,
(Wife of the Kenite Heber she),
Blest over all in tents that be ;
Milk gave she, when he water sought,
Curds in a lordly dish she brought ;
She put her hand unto the nail,
Her right the workmen's hammer caught,
And with the hammer smote she well,
Smote Sisera, smote his head amain,
Struck and pierced through his temples twain.
Down at her feet he bowed, he fell,
He bowed, fell, at her feet lay prone,
And where he bowed, dead fell he down.

From window Sisera's mother's gaze
Is bent, through lattice crieth she :
"What now his chariot thus delays ?
Why lag his wheels so tardily ?"
Her ladies wise made answer then
(Yet speaks she to herself again),
"Have they not shared the prey they've ta'en ?
To every man a maid or twain,
For Sisera himself a prize
Of divers-hued embroideries,
Embroideries of needles' toil,
Wrought on both sides in varied wise,
And from the captives' necks made spoil ?"

So let Thy foes, LORD. perish quite,
But let them who in Him delight
Be as the sun going forth in might.

R. F. L.

NOTE.

SOME water-colour drawings by Francis Nicholson (1753-1844), a co-founder of the Society of Painters in Water-colours, 1805, are at St. Margaret's for sale, and can be seen there at any time. They are interesting specimens of the early school, have been well preserved, and were mostly painted about the year 1825.

ENTRANCE TO S. MARGARET'S ORPHANAGE



Hymn.

(Hitherto Unpublished.)

October 15th, 1853.

J. M. NEALE.

THOU, Who, come to save Thy people,
Journeying on through this world's wild,
In the fulness of the ages
Born of Mary undefiled,
Hallowedst infancy and childhood,
Infant Thou, Thyself, and Child :

Look on these, Thy living temples,
Not adorned with gems and gold,
But by Thy most Holy Spirit,
Dwelling there to tend and mould ;
These, the sheep of Thine own pasture :
These, the lambs of Thine own fold.

Here, within this house, for ever
Let Thy loving wisdom be :
This and other generations
Here Thy tender mercy see ;
Since for these, Thine own, we rear it,
We have raised it unto Thee.

Grant them strength, before they enter
On the slippery paths of youth :
Grant them courage, ere assaulted
By a world that hates the truth :
Guard them from the raging lion,
And the serpent's poisonous tooth.

Grant them vigour while they labour
In the ceaseless battle pressed :
Grant them, when the fight is over,
To obtain eternal rest ;
There to seek Thee, there to find Thee,
As their portion ever blest.

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One :
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

John Mason Neale.

A MEMOIR.—(*Continued.*)

One or two more extracts from his school letters, and then we shall follow our Founder to Cambridge.

TO A YOUNGER SISTER.

Farnham, *Feb. 7th*, 1835.

My dear ———,

Susanna has given you her motto—I will give you mine :

“The game is got with little joy
That’s got with little seeking ;
And if in parting were no grief,
Where were the joy of meeting ?”

Well, since I wrote I have been very much pleased with Waverley. “What, has he got no book better than that to read? Well, I wonder Mr. Sankey allows it!” No, Waverley is a beautiful hill between here and Elsted, and I will now tell you of my walk there to-day. I set off (by myself this time) and walked along the Guildford road for about two miles and a half, and then turned off to the right, and after mistaking my way once, I got to Seele, a little village, the curacy of which Mr. Russell had, together with Elsted. It is an odd and very little Church, on the side of a hill, and put me a little in mind of Swainswick. I wanted to have seen the clerk and asked him if he remembered Mr. Russell (twenty years ago now), but he lived a mile over the hills. Well, I asked how far it was to Elsted? Three and a half miles. How far from there to Farnham? Three miles. That will do, I thought; it wants ten minutes to three. So I set off, and a beautiful walk it was, but almost without a path; very hilly, the sand over my shoes, and a way I knew nothing of, so it was not to be wondered at that I got wrong. I got to Hampton Lodge, where Mr. Long lives (the Radical candidate for Surrey), which is in the parish of Puttenham, joining on to Godalming. I cut across the path and got into the road again, which now, if possible, got worse than before. However, about a quarter past three I got to the bridge,

which is beautiful indeed. The side next me was covered with mistletoe, and the Wey here being very shallow, becomes as broad nearly as the Thames at Shepperton—not quite—and falls over some ledges of rock. Passing over there I came to the village, which consists of two streets. I took the one which led away from the Church, where I wanted to go. However, I got there at ten minutes to four; it is like Seele Church, only larger. Then, coming down the hill, I got to the village about four. How far to Farnham? Five miles. Five miles? Yes. I asked another man if it was. Yes, it was. Well, I thought, I will be back in time to-day, so, setting off to run, I came to a place where the road was nothing but a watercourse; but fortunately there was a path, which, however, soon ended in two lanes, half water and half mud, and there was a farmhouse opposite. So I went up to the door, but found it had the key on the outside. So I called at the gate of the farmyard, but there was no one to hear except a cow, who left off eating to stare. I never felt so completely lost. It was getting dark, it was raining a little, I was five miles from home, and knew not a step of the way, and no one to tell me. Just as I was in despair the door of the house opened, and two girls made their appearance, who shewed me a way through the garden past the watercourse. So I set off to run again, but was soon stopped by such a sandy hill that I could hardly tell whether I should ever be able to get up at all, and then a long road by a wood of firs, above which I saw Crooksbury Hill between me and Farnham. One more sandy hill and one steep descent, and I got to the foot of it. It was duskish, and the red grey light among so many stems, and the roaring of the wind in the branches, and the great number of stems, yet all so immovable, and no other sound, except a water-mill in the valley and now and then a robin chirping, was very fine. Passing through Waverley I tried to run, but my feet were so sore, and it so bewilders the eyes constantly looking down to pick your path, that when I got to Farnham I could hardly distinguish anything, and missed my way in the churchyard. However, I got back to Mr. Sankey's ten minutes after five; but as, fortunately, dinner was not ready, I was in capital time.

I have been talking of nothing but myself all this time ; however, I hope you will not think my adventures uninteresting. I should like to shew you how beautiful this place is, and that you should go out with me sometimes. I have begun a thing which is called the "Contest of the Months," and which will be a description of how these places look in the different months, with their palaces, &c. Here follow two speeches out of it (for it is a dialogue between the fairies). Pray tell me how dear Mama likes them. If she does not, I shall leave them off, though I have rather an affection for them.

Oberon.—"How calm, how rev'rend rise these forest stems,
 Whose dark red twilight scarce admits a ray,
 Save where, on some green blade or mossy stump,
 An eye of gold is strewn. They stand around us,
 Motionless armies, fixed multitudes ;
 Fix'd, but not silent, for the branchy ocean
 In one deep, low monotony of sound,
 Ne'er changing, never wearying, as the rush
 Of distant host is heard ; while the great Sun,
 Perch'd in the intricate branches, seems a crest
 Of glory on the summit ; hills and vales,
 Or blue in distance, or with red heath cloth'd,
 Through which the green paths wind their tortuous way,
 All float in the thin vest of silver haze !
 This forest, rising up the mountain side,
 Skirting its awful head, where in green strength
 Abrupt it fails, seems as the wave that rolls
 Rising upon the shingly steep, and laves
 Its very summit, but no further goes !
 These solid walls of green, as they run down
 By rocks and caverns to the green vale's jaws,
 Are fittest for our court."

Titania.—" 'Tis pleasant now,
 When hoary Winter throws one arm, bespangled
 With gems of frost, around young Spring, who half
 Shrinks from his touch, and half with pleasure viewing
 His form, now milder, from her flowery store
 Hangs her pale snowdrop on his icy neck."

. . . Mama wants to know about my class. On Sunday I had it, or rather not it, but one belonging to James, the Bishop's

butler. I could not tell what they could do, nor did I know when I went that I should have any, so I had not the B[ible] Teacher. First, to see how they read and understood, I gave them the Second and Third of St. Matthew, and, finding they did not know much about John the Baptist, I made them read the account of his death. Well, then I began to comprehend matters a little, so I gave them Daniel and the lions, which they did not know about, to read, and asked them a great many questions about it. It did very well, except that the "Medes and Persians" came so many times over, which they always would read Pharisees. . . . In the afternoon there were so few that I sat by Hamilton and heard him. "Now, boys, I shall be so happy to answer any questions. What, have none got any to ask? None at all?" "Please, sir, would you take some of our potatoes, for mother says she has got some nice ones?" . . . Mayow reads Mrs. Sherwood's stories on the C[hurch] C[atechis]m, but I really think that till they know some of the Bible stories well, they should not hear any others, which it stands to reason cannot be so interesting. As to being on the Commandments, so are all the histories in the Bible. Joseph's would do for some. I shall have some of those texts printed in red ink, which they are all very anxious to get, and as many of them as they like to learn in the week out of their own Bibles (for I shall mark them), so many red ones they shall have on Sunday. I know it would be better for them to learn something straight through, but one must begin gently. If I get them to learn at all, for I have no power to command it (no class but Harrison's does it), it will be something. And I shall make them read the stories out of Genesis in the morning, with the questions out of the B[ible] Teacher, and in the afternoon out of the New Testament, and I must write some questions for that. You have no idea how difficult it is to ask questions extempore which shall not be too difficult or else leading. There is a book to the New Testament, but I don't like it much. For instance, there are questions like these:—St. Mark xvi. 1. "Now when it began to dawn towards day." Now the question is, "To what did it begin to dawn?" Now, besides that being a leading question, to what else could it begin to dawn?

I am afraid, as Susanna says, I have written very much like a sermon ; so I will not put any more about it, except that I felt very foolish when I was left with my class alone at first.

To the same.

Bevan has just finished a letter, and has been complaining of the difficulty and disagreeableness of letter writing, adding, "I make my letters do for a long time." How people can be so I cannot imagine ; for most certainly, next to writing verses, it is my most pleasant time.

AT COLLEGE.

(1836—1841.)

ABOUT the beginning of 1836, previous to entering at College, Mr. Neale went to study under the Rev. Dr. Challis, Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, and at that time residing at Papworth S. Everard, a village near Cambridge, of which he was incumbent. Harvey Goodwin, afterwards Dean of Ely and Bishop of Carlisle, was his fellow pupil. After a few weeks the household removed to the Observatory at Cambridge, where Mr. Neale remained till he went into residence at Trinity. But Professor Challis ceased to teach, and studies were continued under Mr. Shilleto.

To quote the words of a friend :—"In October, 1836, he went into residence at Trinity College, obtained a Scholarship, and was soon marked out as the cleverest man of his year. But neither his father's powers, nor his teacher's instructions, ever influenced him so as to give him the slightest taste for mathematics. He had through life a rooted dislike to that study, and he was wont to say that the most dismal mode of existence conceivable to him was that of a mathematical coach at Cambridge. This dislike proved disastrous to his hopes of graduating with distinction, for the iron rule which compelled all candidates for the Classical tripos to take mathematical honours first, resulted in his being unable to secure the prize, which was universally adjudged to him by those who knew his powers. Thus he did not graduate till 1840. The next year the rule, long seen to be absurd, was finally abandoned.

“Mr. Neale did not fail, however, to achieve some collegiate distinction. He won the Member's Prize in 1838, and was appointed Fellow and Tutor of Downing soon after taking his degree.” He retained that post about eighteen months.

But we are anticipating, and must go back to the year 1836, and to Mason Neale's entrance at the University. Full of life and enthusiasm, impulsive, excitable, and ardent, he yet carried with him a talisman which kept his college life singularly pure, and acted indeed on all his subsequent career; and that was a true and earnest love.

Before going to Cambridge, the first great interest of his life had entered into it, and the story was thus told to Mr. Russell a few months later:—

Feb. 29th, 1836. Papworth S. Everard (æ. 18).

. . . . You perhaps noticed that my journal, which I sent you soon after I came here, ended very suddenly. I will now go on and tell you what was happening:—One reason that I have written so seldom since October was because it is so disagreeable in writing to be forced to keep back anything that you are thinking a good deal of. I do not intend this letter to tell you what I am doing now: *that* you shall have very soon—but only as an answer to your letter. To begin, then, from the beginning. When Mr. —— was at Kilburn, one evening he was talking about verses, and he laughed and said he should like to see an account of his whole family put into verse. Next day, —— asked me if I would do it, and as I thought it would give me an opportunity of telling her what I have wished for a long time to tell her, I promised—but they were not finished by the time I came here, so that a few days after I sent them. They compared each of the family to some flower, and if you wish to see ——'s character, here it is:—

“And next I beheld a Moss Rose
That awoke in the breath of July,
Whose leaves, the more op'd, more disclose
What at first might escape from the eye.
Not a flow'ret so speedily shrinks,
By the cold breath of winter so mov'd,
Not a flow'ret the soft dew that drinks
Smiles sweeter if cherish'd and lov'd.

Its green folds of moss that embower,
 Retiring at first, the fair bloom :
 An emblem, methinks, is that flower :
 And ask'st thou, dear —, of whom ?
 Who so silently careful to watch
 The thought spoken but by the eye,
 The first wish of sickness to catch,
 And softly that wish to supply ?
 So gentle, so ready to smile
 With the gay, with the mourners to grieve ?
 Might others be happy the while,
 So willing her own joys to leave ? ”

And at the end came this verse—

“ Yet one flow'r, if I might, I would sow
 With the rest, in that garden so fair—
 Thou, —, canst bid it to blow—
 May I plant the Forget-me-not there ? ”

Well, these verses were despatched up to London. . . .
 Mama wrote almost directly, and I will show you her letter some day ; I also wrote to —'s father, and his answer—I cannot describe it better than by saying it was such an one as I should have expected from you, had you been in his place, and you know what my expectations in that case would have been. . . .
 You say you shall be glad if you guessed right, if only it does not make me idle. I will copy you out the last sentence of —'s letter :—‘ Once again, before I close this letter, may I add, that if ever you have wished for my regard, you will show it by your unwearied industry and perseverance, now and when at College.’
 Do you think I shall be idle after *that* ? ”

For some years, at this period of his life, he kept a copious letter-journal, addressed to one from whom he had no concealments ; a journal such as few young men at College could have written. Some extracts from its less private passages give a pretty good idea of him as he was then :—

Papworth S. Everard, 17th Feb., 1836.—I met with a sentence at tea-time which, if true, is one of the most discouraging I ever saw—“ It is a common saying that no man knows how much he can do till he tries ; but it would be far truer to say, no man

knows how little he can do till he tries." I wonder which of these two will be my case at Cambridge.

In consequence of the delay of furnishing the Observatory, we shall not be there next Sunday, so that I had not to bid my class good bye to-day. I shall be very sorry to leave it, though I have not had it half a year. I seem quite to love that class. It will be very interesting if ever I should pay Papworth S. Everard a visit some five or six years hence, to find out how they have turned out. A visit like that would, I think, be a good subject for a poem, and, if I mistake not, several of Crabbe's tales are written on a supposition of that kind, and called the "Farewell and Return."

(This visit did actually take place about fifteen years afterwards, and he thus tells the story of it in "Sunday Afternoons at an Orphanage.")

"I remember some twenty years ago, before I went to the University, that I used to take a class of girls—there were just as many of them, my children, as there are of you who are with me now—every Sunday, in the little Church of the village where I was living. When I left that place it so happened I never went there again till fifteen years after, and then, as you may well fancy, I enquired very anxiously as to what had become of my dear little class. As I told you, there were eight. Two of them, I found, were in service, and going on very well; three of them I saw with happy little families about them; one, the very one that I always thought and hoped the best of, had been taken to God shortly after I left; one I saw in the last stage of consumption, and I hope she is now happy; and one, by far the cleverest of the whole set, had fallen into sin, and no one could tell me what had become of her. So that was the history of those eight girls.")

March 27th.—I should tell you that I heard from B. Jowett to-day, and he tells me of four very clever men coming up to Trinity in October. Let them come, I will do my best.

March 29th.—I am trying to get into the way of reading at a standing desk, which I hope I may be able to manage, but you have no idea how tiring I find it at present.

(This was his constant habit in later life.)

April 15th.—I went to Shilleto's this morning, but did nothing in the way of reading with him. He only asked me as to what I had been doing, and settled with me to come at seven on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; so that obliges me to be up early.

April 18th.—I could sit with Shilleto from morning to night. It is impossible to conceive anything of the sort more delightful. He liked the Greek verses very much. The advantage is the being able to compare them with his, as he never sets his men any piece from Shakespeare that he has not turned himself.

(Although he had already began to enter into the spirit of the Catholic revival, this did not hinder him from feeling an enthusiastic reverence for the venerable old man, Joseph Simeon, whose sermons he attended, and of whose last hours he gives some curious details.)

Oct. 20th.—Poor Mr. Simeon, I am afraid, is dying. Mr. Carus watches over him as if he were really, as he is fond of calling himself, his son.

Nov. 6th.—I think you would like to hear what Mr. Carus has been telling us, in his rooms, about Mr. Simeon. I do think at this moment Mr. Simeon must be the happiest man in the world! I will give you Mr. Carus's own words:—

“I went in to him after chapel this morning, and he was then lying with his eyes closed. I thought he was asleep, but after standing there a little while he put out his hand to me. I said, ‘The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind.’ He said nothing. I said again, ‘They washed their robes, dear sir, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb; *therefore* they are before the throne of God.’ ‘I have, I have!’ he said, ‘I have washed my robes in the Blood of the Lamb; they are clean, quite clean—I know it.’ He shut his eyes for a few minutes, and when he again opened them I said, ‘Well, dear sir, you will soon comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye may—’ he tried to raise himself, and said, after his quick manner, ‘Stop! stop! you don’t understand a bit about that text; don’t go on with it—

I won't hear it—I shall understand it soon !' After a little while he said, 'Forty years ago I blessed God because I met one man in the street who spoke to me, and oh, what a change there is now !' I mentioned some other text to him ; he was then so faint that he could hardly speak, but he whispered, 'I think—death—silence.' He had often spoken to me on this subject before, and I knew what he meant—he always expressed a wish to be alone when he died, not praying, but meditating, and not even to be interrupted with texts of the Bible. 'Well, then, sir,' I said, 'we will not pray for you, we will only praise God.' At that he seemed to be very much pleased. Then he employed himself in giving away sundry little presents, such as his gold-headed cane, and so forth ; and then he said, 'There's one bottle of wine, a very precious wine, the *Lachryma Christi*, in my bin ; bring that to me and raise me up. Now may God's mercy continue to me the same firm trust as I now have in the tears Christ shed for me (referring to the *Lachryma Christi*), I want nothing more. I can only use the language of my namesake, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart according to Thy Word."'" He has not said anything since, but lies meditating. I could tell you nothing that you would listen to after this, so good-night.

Nov. 13th.—When I came in I heard that Mr. Simeon was gone. He died at ten minutes past two, and I, as you may easily conceive, have thought of little else all day since. I have not yet heard any particulars. So the day he has been preparing for fifty-six years has come at last. Oh, what a meeting he and Henry Martyn must have had ! All the pleasure of thinking of that would be taken away by that horrible thought that friends will not know each other in another world. I cannot think how anyone can believe it. Poor Mr. Simeon ; I cannot tell you how much I am grieved for his loss. I should think there was a great deal of sorrow to-night in Cambridge. I was going to say, "What a glorious night for him !" but there is no night there.

Nov. 20th.—To-day Trinity Church was a most striking sight : the deepest mourning everywhere, not silk, but crape, and the crowded state of every part, the altar and the ante part being

overflowing. Though I was a quarter of an hour before time, I did not get a foot into the real Church, and had to stand all the time, as three or four hundred more had. Numbers had to go away. A beautiful sermon by Dr. Dealtry, from "Them that honour Me I will honour."

At all the Churches in Cambridge a funeral sermon was preached, excepting All Saints'.

Dec. 4th.—Harvey Goodwin really makes me quite ashamed of myself. Every Sunday, for four hours, does he teach in that Barnwell School, amidst the noise and confusion of a hundred and fifty boys, in a room not thirty feet square, and the natural consequence is that he is knocked up almost every Sunday evening.

Jan. 16th.—At length I have completed a task which, at its commencement, seemed to me somewhat gigantic. To make you understand, I should tell you that Plautus consists of twenty Plays. I began to read them Nov. 14th, but had only accomplished four by my coming here (home for Christmas). The remaining sixteen, consisting of 17,425 lines, I accomplished to-day, to my no small joy. But I am sorry to see that the number of lines I have each week read has suffered a continual decrease since I came back. The numbers were, 9,986—9,530—8,512—5,870—5,277. This may partly be accounted for by increased difficulties, but, I fear, not altogether.

March 4th, 5th.—I never miss a whole day (in writing the journal) without thinking what a very stirring sermon one thereby preaches to oneself on the insignificance of one's own history. We pass over unnoticed those poor twenty-four hours, and yet they had their little joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, and contained in themselves a little epitome of life. And just so it will pass; granting that our warmest wishes are fulfilled, we know well enough that when some journaliser, taken up with his own cares and joys, shall have entered an account of March 5th, 1939, there will long enough have been erected—I hope in some quiet village church—a tablet "To the memory of the Rev. J. M. Neale, ——— years rector? of this parish, and of ———, his wife," and so on. You will say I am seized with a fit of melancholy. Oh no, and these thoughts do not make me so; but they do make

me long, and sometimes more ardently than I can express, that before that time comes I may have done something which may exempt that tablet from being carelessly passed by. If it be wrong to have this "Panting after Immortality," I must confess myself very, very guilty.

April 1st.—It has struck me that, in the different styles of architecture, we may perhaps find an analogy with the different stages of popular feeling in England. The Norman, heavy, dark, and gloomy, corresponds well enough to the absence of liberty which characterizes the reigns of our kings, till John. Then the Early English has certainly a resemblance to the far more cheerful and free views introduced by Magna Charta. Still, though there is great beauty in the parts, there is a want of amalgamation and unity in the whole, which, however, we find in the Decorated, the most perfect style, which answers to what was perhaps the happiest age of England, Edward the Third's. Gradually the Commons asserted their own rights, and broke through the symmetry of the government, and behold, at the same time, the Perpendicular mullions cut the beautiful tracery, before unbroken, to pieces. I am disposed to think there is something more than fancy in that.

Oct. 1.—(Concerning the funeral of an uncle at Kensal Green.)
Went in three carriages. Wrote, as we went, the ballad—

Oh ! give me back the days of old ! Oh ! give me back one hour !
To make us feel the Holy Church o'er death hath might and power.
Take hence the heathen trappings, take hence the Pagan show,
The mimicry, the heartlessness, the unbelief of woe ;
The nodding plumes, the painted staves, the mutes in black array,
That get their hard-won earnings by so much grief per day ;
The steeds, and scarves, and crowds that gaze with half-suspended breath,
As if, of all things terrible, most terrible was death ;
And let us know to what we go, and wherefore we must weep,
Or o'er the Christian's hopeful rest, or everlasting sleep.

Lay in the dead man's hand the Cross—the Cross upon his breast,
Because beneath the shadow of the Cross he went to rest ;
And let the Cross go on before—the Crucified was first
To go before the people and their chains of death to burst ;
And be the widow's heart made glad with charitable dole,
And pray with calm, yet earnest faith, for the departed soul ;

And be the De Profundis said for one of Christ's own fold,
And—for a prisoner is set free—the bells be rung, not tolled.
When face to face we stand with death, thus Holy Church records,
He is our slave, and we, through Her, his masters and his lords.

Deck the High Altar for the Mass ! Let tapers guard the herse !
For Christ, the Light that lighteneth all, to blessing turns our curse ;
And be Nicæa's Creed intoned, and be the Gospel read,
In calm, low voice, for preaching can profit not the dead.
Then forth with banner, cross, and psalm, and chant, and hymn, and prayer,
And look not on the coffin—for our brother is not there ;
His soul, we trust assuredly, is safe on Abraham's breast,
And, midst Christ's many faithful, his body shall have rest.
When earth, its cares and turmoils, and many sorrows cease—
By all Thy woes, by all Thy joys, Lord Jesu, grant them peace.

(About this time Mr. Neale took great interest in phrenology, and the phrenologist's description, which we find written out at length, certainly tallies, in many points with the truth.)

Shall I tell you Mr. Bunny's character of me? I think I will.

"This individual," he says, "has the intellectual and moral faculties preponderating over the animal. Of the latter the affections are stronger than the passions ; but when under excitement he would be very violent, and lose his better judgment. He is too apt to concentrate his thoughts within himself, to think without acting. It is an unfortunate construction that Locality and Inhabitiveness are both very large ; that is, that while exceedingly attached to home, he is also very fond of travelling. Of exercises, rowing would be his favourite, but he would in this have to practise keeping time. In the second division Imagination takes the lead, and Language, which should be cultivated ; it is intellectual rather than verbal ; that is, he can acquire a language with ease, but would be at a loss for words to express his own ideas. He would be exceedingly nervous at the beginning of any examination, and when it was really begun would be as cool as any man. He is very apt to draw hasty conclusions, and, though soon convinced in his own mind, is very slow to own his conviction. He is exceedingly reserved to strangers, and is very slow in making friends. The organ most deficient is Analogy ; this he must cultivate, or he will find that his hasty conclusions, and saying

without any caution what he thinks, will cause him much trouble. He is very fond of music, more especially as connected with poetry, but does not understand it, though his touch would be good. On the whole, those faculties which act upon ideas are much stronger than those which act upon things, which last, especially Individuality, which is very deficient, should be well exercised. He would be able to imitate and distinguish style, but would fail in verbal imitation. Order needs very much exercise, though less, as before, in ideas than in things.

To conclude. This head is one which has more good and more bad points than most : with this consolation—that the bad consist more in the disuse of what is good, and not in any very strong propensity to what is bad. So that by correcting these deficiencies, one of the chief of which is carelessness, there is every promise of great excellency.”

Riding, boating, athletic games, had no charms for this young collegian. Books were his passion ; he read at meals, he read walking, he read driving, and what he read he forgot not. He now, and always, read everything that came to hand, but took especial delight in poetry, biography, and history. His life was not altogether sedentary. Long country walks with a book or a friend were delightful to him, and he had already thrown himself enthusiastically into the study since called Ecclesiology, but which was then in a nameless and embryo state. The ecclesiastical buildings scattered over the country in various stages of neglect and decay, had for him an irresistible fascination, and his greatest delight lay in making expeditions to the neighbouring villages, and noting all the peculiarities of their old churches. And while he was thus unconsciously preparing to become a great ecclesiastical antiquary, so, likewise, he was beginning those other studies of patristic and mediæval literature, in which also he was to rise to so great excellence.

It might not unnaturally have been expected that a mind to which religion had been chiefly presented under a very strict and austere aspect, would have thrown aside its trammels on entering the new and freer life of the University. Not so ; he gradually cast away one Protestant tenet after another, but embraced more

and more fully the faith and practice of the Catholic Church, as they unfolded themselves to his view and commended themselves to his ardent love. His mind was indeed essentially religious. Soon after his arrival at College, we find him arranging with a dear friend at a distance to read and pray over the same passages of Scripture daily, at the same hour.

A little society was formed among the men of his year, for religious improvement. They used to meet in each other's rooms by turns. Amongst other things, they practised themselves in writing skeletons of sermons from given texts, and, to avoid undue prolixity, they limited their space to the size of a visiting card.

A translation from Sedulius, of which the first few lines were given in our last number, and some other verses also, were published in 1833 and 1834 ; but, with these exceptions, his first published production would seem to be a translation of St. Bernard on Psalm xci., which appeared in the "Voice of the Church" (p. 439, Vol. I.), 1839 or 1840. This work also contains some of his earliest versions of hymns from the Roman and Parisian Breviaries, most of which were afterwards revised and re-published. But he had previously resolved to write an account of the Latin sacred poets of the middle ages ; with a view to which, he patiently went through every volume of the kind that was to be found in Trinity College Library. His notes shew what an immense labour that must have been.

In the year 1839 a work of great importance and wide extent was begun. A writer in the "Saturday Review" of Dec. 12th, 1885, has so well described the rise and progress of the "Cambridge Camden Society," that we cannot now do better than quote his words :—

"It was a bold enterprise on the part of two undergraduates of Trinity College, Cambridge—John Mason Neale, in his third year, and Benjamin Webb, a freshman—to undertake at the far-off date of 1839, to re-construct the visible worship and church architecture of England. Confessedly, their movement was an offshoot of what was still literally Tractarianism at Oxford, for the Tracts were still continuing to come out, but they took up the revival at the point at which the Oxford leaders left it weakest. Their

college tutor, Archdeacon Thorp, welcomed the bold suggestion with good-humoured encouragement ; and a small knot of fellow-workmen was soon collected, including, among others, the present Bishop of Carlisle, the late Archdeacon Freeman, Professor F. A. Paley, Precentor Venables, and Mr. Beresford-Hope, while, among seniors, Dr. Mill gave the aid of his great name ; and a Society was formed, called—why, it might be difficult to say—the ‘Cambridge Camden Society.’ In this case, as in so many others, the start was three-quarters of the battle, and for a term of years covering two generations of undergraduate life the Camden Society was a noteworthy element in Cambridge life—active, self-assured, and, it must be owned, not overburdened with deference for academic authority, and accordingly duly resented in turn by old-fashioned Dons. The Society set up a magazine called the ‘Ecclesiologist,’ thereby successfully introducing a new group of words into the language, and very soon fell foul of a church built with generous intentions, but woeful results, in a suburb of Cambridge ; and then the storm burst on it. And yet, even at that time, the attempt to twist architectural criticism into personal malice was too flimsy for success, so the pioneers of a new science went on combining architecture, art, and ritual, till, in 1841, they had a rare chance of practically distinguishing themselves. The famous old Norman round Church of St. Sepulchre, Cambridge, partly fell down, and the Cambridge Camden Society undertook the restoration. For the time of day the work was capitally done ; but the result was a somewhat famous lawsuit, which declared an immovable stone altar to be inadmissible in the Church of England. Meanwhile, the school of architects which the Society set itself to train were potent missionaries all over the world. At last Cambridge had become no fitting habitat, and in 1846 the Cambridge Camden Society was moved to London, where it changed its name to the Ecclesiological Society, and opened its Committee to the co-operation of Oxford men, such as the Rev. William Scott, and Sir Stephen Glynne. Mr. Webb continued as its Secretary all the while, and down to its collapse in 1868 ;” and Dr. Neale’s connection with it continued till his death.

Sermon.

(Hitherto Unpublished.)

GENESIS II. 9.

"The Tree of Life in the midst of the Garden."

WOULD you think that this were a fitter text for some high festival than for that Sunday by which, as by a solemn portal, we begin to go down into the valley of the shadow of death? Would you think it meeter for a bright noontide of spring, than for the gloomy daybreak of a January morning? At first sight, yes—and yet even now, perhaps, we have a deeper right to it—perhaps at the opening of Septuagesima we have a dearer claim in it. Oh, dear Sisters, what a time this ought to be for all of us! Look along and forward, through the coming ten weeks, and what have we not to do before we can arrive at that Easter Day which, like a mountain touched and gilded by the True Sun of Righteousness, glitters afar off in its unapproachable splendour! How many a true-hearted self-examination must we all have passed through! How much deep, earnest repentance must we all have known! How much prayer, prayer, I hope, such as we never sent up to God before, must have been breathed forth by us to the Lord and Sanctifier of Lent!

Dearest Sisters, now at least, now, for His love, Who was Himself tempted in the desert, for His love, Who would have each of you travel through the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved, for His love, Who, having found that pearl of great price, the human soul, in the field of this world, went and sold all that He had, and bought that field, let us be in earnest! Oh, how much hitherto we have trifled! how much we have *played* at being His followers! how feeble and unstable we have been! If He would but endue us with one particle of that earnestness which led Him to the Cross! If He, that wept such bitter tears over Jerusalem, would but give us the grace of tears for ourselves! Think of the glorious Lents which his true-hearted servants have kept, not only in Religious houses and in the Religious Life, but in the bustle and turmoil of the world, in the very heat and heart of business, aye, even in the Palace and on the Throne! My own Sisters, do

not let us be the last—not quite the last—in this race. Do not let it be how little we can spend or be spent, how little exertion will do, how small self-denial will be accepted. God loveth a *cheerful* giver. We shall be separated widely enough, but the race is one. You, my two dearest Sisters, who will be called to a more active life—we here : the same Lord in those far-off villages with you, the same Lord in this dear little Oratory with us. Only let us do our very best, His Holy Ghost giving us both to will and to do, and then, O happy Lent that can see us, though so separated, yet so joined !

The Tree of Life in the midst of the Paradise. A lovely thought indeed, that garden, the like to which was never seen in a fallen world. Those trees, pleasant to the sight and good for food ; those twilights, when the Lord God could walk among the trees of the garden in the cool of the day ; the lion dwelling with the lamb ; the calf lying down with the bear ; peace everywhere—perfection of peace, perfection of beauty, perfection of life ! It lasts but a very little while : those happy, happy scenes fade away ; Paradise becomes a name and a tradition ; instead of it we have the earth corrupt before God, the earth filled with wickedness, all flesh corrupting its way—giants with their monstrous deeds of iniquity—and then the flood. And when do we hear of that happy and longlost land again ? when is the Paradise of pleasure next given to us to view, if distantly, yet most certainly ? Where ? From that watch tower where God Himself hung in agony, where God Himself was forsaken, where God Himself was athirst, where God Himself, in—shall I call them the last words of His misery or the first of His glory ?—said, “It is finished.” To earthly eyes a dying malefactor shall speak, a dying malefactor be spoken to ; the spot, the very mansion of death, the place of a skull ; crowded with scorners, echoing with the mockery of blasphemers ; no sorrow like that sorrow, no loneliness like that loneliness, no shame like that shame ; there and then it is that we catch that most joyful word—Paradise ! “Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.”

That teaches us then, dearest Sisters, where we also may expect its vision. It cannot be seen from the low earthliness of this

world and its pleasures. He who first saw it saw it from the Cross, and from our cross only can we expect its view also. So take courage, whatever be the next pain, or labour, or difficulty, or danger you have to bear, this may be the watch tower which is set up to shew you the fair land of all your hopes, the dear land of all your love. This may be the mountain whence, and whence only, you can attain to the eternal bounds of those everlasting hills that circle the Heavenly Jerusalem. Never so celestial a vision was vouchsafed but to as hard a bed.

The Tree of Life also in the midst of the Garden. And first we think of that true Tree of Life, the ever-blessed, ever-flourishing Cross. O, true Tree of Life, that once so dry and sapless, has since blossomed throughout all the world, and filled it with fragrance, and flowers, and fruits ! O, healing Tree, that hast cured so many and such deep wounds of sin, such in-bred, inveterate temptations, such eating cancers of wicked desires ! O, victorious Tree, that hast witnessed such heroic sufferings of the martyrs, that, once made purple by the Blood of their Chief and Prince, has ever since been the trophy and the trust of His valiant soldiers ! towards which they have set their dying eyes ; to which they have breathed forth their dying words, on which they have stayed their dying fears ! O, beautiful Tree, the protection and delight of that lovely choir of the Virgins ! from which all their purity, from which all their love—purity, oh how snow-white ; love, oh how fervent ! O, faithful Tree, in which all the promises were fulfilled, every pledge was redeemed, the everlasting covenant ratified, the bridal troth of Christ and the Church given and received ! O, blessed Tree, all *my* hope, all *my* salvation, all *my* desire for myself and for my beloved Sisters ! The only refuge we desire from the enemy, the only hiding-place we seek from the storm, the only bridge we long for across the fearful gulf of dissolution ! Tree of Life, indeed ! but how in the midst of the garden ?

Well, and it is a garden still, the Church Militant ; it is a garden still—every House in the Church where the religious life is led. I might speak to you of those gardens, indeed, which were the parents of whole religious orders ; once so lovely, so flourishing, sending up the incense of such a multitude of flowers to God.

True, worldliness, like a bitter, nipping wind, soon passed over them ; sloth, and self-indulgence, and effeminacy withered them ; but while they lasted in the first fervour of their love, surely they taught us how near earth may be to Heaven. But I am thinking my Sisters, of this garden of which each of you ought to be the lilies ; this garden which, as you know, occupies so much of my thoughts, and hopes, and prayers, and affections : lest there should be any blight of worldly cares or anxieties ; lest there should be any stain of earthly impurity ; lest there should be any frost of coldness and unlovingness ; lest, above all, there should be any worm at the root, of allowed sin. Well then, and here is the ornament of that garden still : “The Tree of Life also in the midst of the Garden.” The essence of everything you take in hand here is the doctrine of the Cross. It is not as a plaything that it stamps everything in this Oratory, that it looks down on your ordinary life in your Common Room, that it hangs on your breasts. Ah, dear Sisters, there could be no more terrible witness, mute though it be, in the Day of Judgment, if any of you should ever rebel against the Cross of the Lord, and be faithless to the Lord of the Cross, than these plain, simple, black crosses, your companions in every scene, at every season.

That dear guardian Angel, who knows your inmost wishes and thoughts, how must it seem to him, should he ever see the Cross hanging as the external sign that marks a heart bent on following its own desires, not the law of the Crucified ? the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace that is far, far away. Indeed, my Sisters, over and over again when I have given you the Corn of the Mighty, and the Wine that blossoms into Virgins—and you have stretched forth your hands, like Thomas, to receive the Body and Blood of your Lord and your God, I have felt how solemn a sight that must be to the Angels who are with us during the tremendous Sacrifice. Your dress marks you out as belonging, devoted, plighted to the Crucified ; your cross attests that you profess to carry it all the days of your life, as He up Mount Calvary : you are in the act of receiving Him to Whom you are thus vowed—and oh, my Sisters, what if there should be one thought, which is not His, *allowed* a home in your heart ?

What if one wish or hope that fixes on anything but Him should occupy His temple? These thoughts are enough to make you tremble. "So terrible is the sight, that, as Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake." Only then, He that hung on the Cross is He that sits on the Throne; He that suffered is He that intercedes; He that will judge is He that sympathizes; He that is to be the exceeding great Reward is also the invincible Shield.

For, lastly, look at that verse in yet another sense, "The Tree of Life also in the midst of the Garden." Think of that Garden, where the flowers never fade, where there is no frost to nip, no sultry sun to wither—where, as the ancient hymn says,

"Where no cloud, nor passing vapour,
Dims the brightness of the air,
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there."

And who there is the Tree of Life? Who but that dear and adorable Lord Who gives us all we have received, and to Whom you would desire to return all that He has given? David thus teaches you of the Son of David: "Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly. He shall be like a tree planted by the water side:" the Tree of Life and Salvation and Immortality, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. Yes: the Cross must be in the midst of every earthly garden, but the King of the Cross is the glory of the celestial Paradise. "O Tree of Life in the midst of that Garden," so says St. Bonaventura, "Let these Thy chosen sit down under Thy shadow with great delight, finding Thy leaves their medicine against the diseases of sin: Thy fruits their nourishment through the desert of this world, Thy balm their healing ointment against the wounds of Satan. Shelter them from the storm, for they are in trouble: defend them from the heat, for they are weary: yield those twelve manner of fruits that they must eat in the way till all sorrows be dispelled, all sicknesses healed, all fears soothed, all tears wiped away, in the streets of the Golden City, in the Country of the Beatific Vision."

And now &c.

J. M. NEALE.

Lent.

Fenelon.

O LORD, this is a season of abstinence and privation. It is vain to fast from the food that supports the body, except we fast likewise from all that serves as food to self-love. Grant me, therefore, O Bridegroom of souls, that spiritual virginity, that purity of heart, that detachment from created things, that sobriety whereof Thine Apostle speaks, using, but not abusing : for need, not for indulgence. O blessed fast, wherein the soul fasts wholly, and keeps all the senses barred from superfluity ! O holy abstinence, wherein the soul, satisfied with the will of God, never feeds on self-will ! Like Christ, it hath other meat. Give to me, Lord, that supersubstantial bread, which shall for ever allay my heart's hunger, which appeases all longings, which is the true manna.

O Lord, at this holy season let there be silence between me and all created things. Let my soul be fed in silence, by fasting from all vain words. Let me be fed by Thee alone, and by the Cross of Thy Son Jesus.

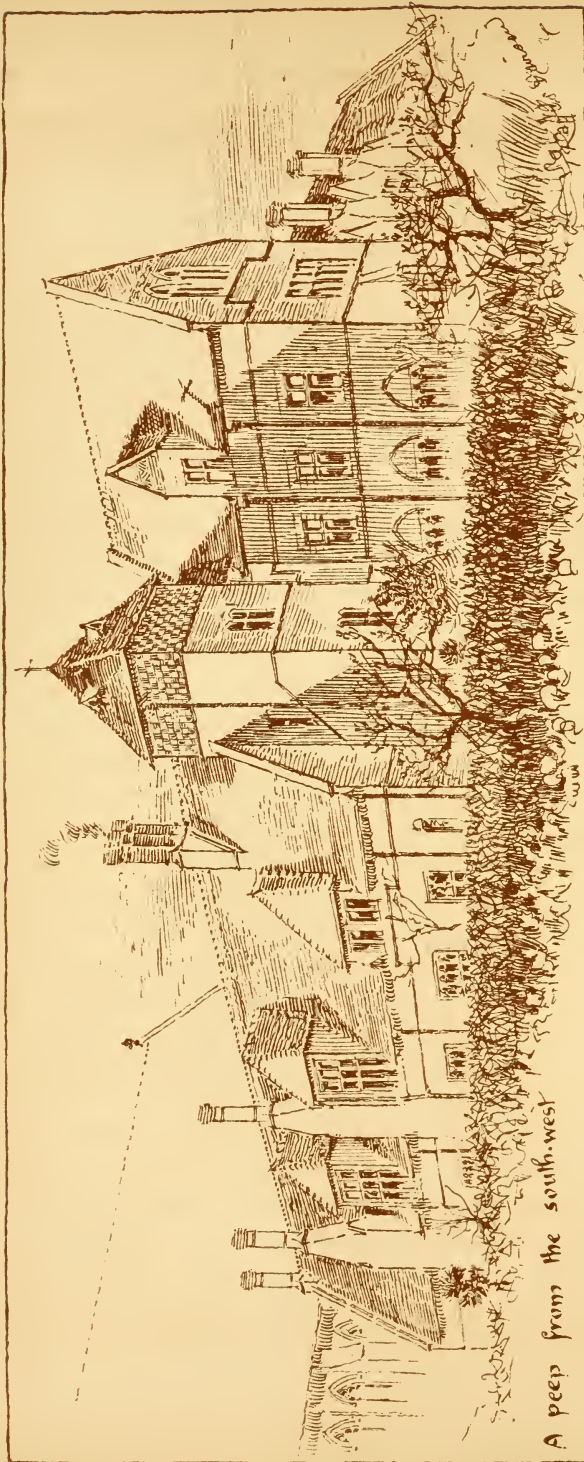
But, Lord, must I be in continual fear lest this internal fast be broken by any comfort that I may receive from without ? O no, my God, Thou wouldst not desire such constraint and uneasiness. Thy Spirit is the Spirit of love and liberty, not of fear and bondage.

I will give up all that Thou hast not ordered concerning my condition ; all that I find too distracting ; all that those who lead me to Thee think I ought to cut off, and all that Thou dost Thyself cut off by the events of Thy Providence. All these privations I will peacefully endure. And this moreover will I add : in innocent and necessary conversations I will cut off what Thou inwardly shewest me to be self-seeking, and I will do that gladly. But then, O Lord, I know Thou wouldst have the heart that loves Thee to be at liberty. I will be trustful, like a child playing in its mother's arms ; I will rejoice in the Lord ; I will try to rejoice others ; I will pour out my heart fearlessly among the children of God. I desire nothing but candour, innocence, joy of the Holy Ghost. Put far from me, O Lord, that dreary, fearful caution that gnaws the heart, and ever holds scales in hand

to weigh atoms withal, for fear of breaking this interior fast. It is an insult against Thee not to act with more simplicity ; such rigour is unworthy of Thy Fatherly love. Thou dost will to be loved alone, and concerning this Thou art a jealous God ; but when we do love Thee, Thou leavest love to act freely, and Thou knowest well what proceeds from thence.

I will fast, then, O my God, from every will but Thine : but I will fast for love, in the freedom and abundance of my heart. Woe to the narrow-minded soul, which is ever fearing : and fears so continually that it has no time to love and to run freely after its Bridegroom !

O how entire is the fast which Thou dost impose upon the soul, while yet Thou constrainest it not ! Nothing is left to the heart except the Beloved : and oftentimes the Beloved Himself is hidden, leaving the soul faint and ready to die for want of support. This is the great fast, wherein man sees his own utter poverty, and feels a fearful overpowering void ; wherein God Himself seems to fail him, that the last fibres of natural life may be torn out. O great fast of pure faith ; who shall understand thee ? Where is the soul brave enough to fulfil thee ? This is the sacrifice of those who worship in spirit and in truth. Lord, grant it may be mine.



A peep from the south-west

St. Margaret's Day at St. Margaret's, East Grinstead.

BY AN OUTSIDER.

WHEN it was hinted to me that some account of the great day of the year at St. Margaret's from my pen would not be unacceptable, I hastened to declare my readiness to accept the honourable office of chronicler, but not without the expression of surprise that I should have been chosen. I was told that just because I was an "outsider," and not specially attached to the ideas which dominate the St. Margaret's Sisterhood, my utterances would have a peculiar value. It would be easy, they said, to get a friend who knew St. Margaret's well, to draw up an elaborate account of the day's proceedings, and to give statistics of unimpeachable accuracy. But that was not what was wanted. Someone having no direct connection with the Convent was required, who would give his own impressions of the day and of the work. That is what I am going to try to do.

The 20th of July was a lovely day. The buildings of the Convent looked their best. The growth of creepers, and the lapse of even the few years that have passed since their erection, are beginning to take off the newness that rather clashes with the devotional and venerable aspect that such a building should present. It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of Street's masterpiece, for I am prepared fully to adopt the often-expressed opinion that the great architect never turned out finer work than this. The two main points of beauty are, to my mind, the quadrangle and the Chapel. The effect of grandeur which the architect's skill has produced in a comparatively small building is very striking, and most impressive. The newly-inserted window, offered by a member of the Community, gives an indication of what the Chapel will be when the other windows have, in course of years, been filled with stained glass.

The building is admirably suited for a great function, and High Mass was never celebrated in our Communion with greater dignity than on St. Margaret's Day, 1887. The Chapel, it is

needless to say, was crowded. A number of white-robed priests occupied seats on the north side of the chancel, and the ceremony of the Celebration was marked by a dignity and precision not always observable on such occasions. The sermon by the Rev. H. W. Hitchcock was beautiful and appropriate, and the musical arrangements were simple, but good. The offertory amounted to over £400, including certain sums collected by orphanage cards. Let me here remind my readers that this Convent and its great numerous works of charity are largely dependent on voluntary contributions.

The procession through the quadrangle into Chapel was one of the most striking features of the day. Nearly the whole establishment, including orphans, scholars, and sisters, choir and lay, took part in it, and as it wound among the groups of visitors, the varied costumes of children and religious, the white robes of the priests, and the rich vestments of the celebrant and his attendants formed a remarkable picture. After service, a pleasant half-hour was spent with the Sisters in the grounds and the quadrangle, until the guests were summoned to luncheon in the refectory, which was tried to its utmost capacity by the crowds who strove, in some instances vainly, to find accommodation in it. Tables were provided elsewhere, however, for those disappointed persons, and all were hospitably treated by their kind hostesses. The speeches were neither long nor heavy. A general tone of congratulation and thankfulness for past blessings, and hopefulness for the future of the Convent, was observable in them all. The chief question asked by all was, How can we help the further development of the Convent? But whilst a spirit of deep thankfulness was shown, it was evident that, in the minds of the speakers, the best methods of exhibiting gratitude to the Almighty was by helping to make the Sisterhood every year more and more useful.

And no one who was present on the occasion I am feebly attempting to describe, can doubt that the Convent will grow in grace and usefulness. The nursing Sisters will be more and more urgently invited to alleviate pain and pour words of comfort and consolation into the ears of the dying and the wretched; the teaching Sisters will have larger crowds of children, orphans, and

others committed to their care ; the various branches of Church work will become more exacting, and as the work grows, the Convent will grow.

The stranger visiting St. Margaret's sees in every ray of sunshine that strikes the noble building, in every kindly glance of friend and visitor, the assurance that God's blessing is on the good Sisters in their labours.

The speakers at the luncheon were the Chairman, Mr. Barchard, the Rev. F. Willett, the Rev. E. Crosse, the Rev. Walter Edwards, and the Rev. H. W. Hitchcock. Great regret was felt and expressed at the continued absence of the Rev. L. Alison, who was still in America. Personally I missed him greatly. I had never before visited the Convent without having enjoyed his genial society, without having listened with pleasure and advantage to his public utterances. We all missed, too, the Rev. Charles Walker, who had been taken to his rest only a few days before. No kinder friend than he was has the Convent ever possessed. Altar flowers, oratory furniture, a window in the Sisters' refectory, a legacy of money—all these were visible proofs of his love of the place ; and this had been still more fully evidenced by the fact that he had never lost the opportunity of attending a ceremony, or of assisting in any way that lay in his power. His memory will remain green in the hearts of the Sisters and their friends for many a long year. On his death-bed he arranged that the flowers should be as usual his gift on St. Margaret's Day.

DOLLY'S BAG, AND HOW IT WAS FILLED.

It contained £124 17s. 11½d., and Dolly was the happy representative of St. Margaret's Orphanage who presented the bag at the offertory on St. Margaret's Day, 1887. Five hundred collecting cards had been sent out in May, each to bring in 10s. 6d., and from all parts of the world the contributions came pouring in by the 20th of July. India, Africa, Turkey, France, Germany, Switzerland, all sent something. Rich men's pounds and poor men's pennies, with many a shilling and many a sixpence from the happy-medium folks. The collectors were of all sorts and sizes.

Associates of the community, patients who had been nursed by the Sisters, children who in the past or present belonged to St. Agnes' school or St. Margaret's orphanage, Sunday school classes, members of a village mothers' meeting, boys and babies, and nurses, all helped. One kind Priest took a card to his Children's Service, and the little ones filled it up then and there. Some cards were "In memoriam," mostly of a dearly-loved Margaret.

Perhaps some will like to know why Dolly was chosen. Not because she is particularly good or particularly anything, only that she is one of those who belong quite to St. Margaret's. One cold night a London carman went to one of our branch houses to ask the Sister-in-charge what he should do with his baby, his wife having just died of consumption. The Sister promised to write here, and see if the child could be taken ; but having told the man the address, off he started on his own account, and before the letter of introduction arrived, he presented himself with the baby. Of course a cold, wet bundle of humanity, weighing only six pounds, aged three months, could not be refused shelter, at least for one night. Here Dolly has remained ever since, and she is now twelve years old. Her father died very soon after, also of consumption, and she has no relations. Now there are a great many more Dollies out in the cold world, waiting to be taken in, and the idea of the "Margaret cot" is that it shall always be filled by one of these free cases. £250 would endow one cot : of that we now have £134. It would be very nice to put the rest into Dolly's bag next St. Margaret's Day, and if anyone will write for a collecting card to help us to do this, we will gladly send one. Please address—Sister Constance Véra, St. Margaret's Convent, East Grinstead.

The Work of the Sisters at St. Mary's, Cardiff.

To see any real work done for the glory of God and the good of souls we must be in the midst of it ourselves, otherwise we cannot understand the obstacles to be overcome, the hindrances to be met with, the material to be worked upon, the appliances to be used, or, as too often is the case, the *want* of appliances and means to carry out the objects of the workers. It has been said that a real work cannot be shown or seen, and so it really seems to be with that of the good Sisters at St. Mary's, Cardiff. You must be in the swing of the work, if you wish to understand it and know it.

At a Ruridecanal Chapter of Llandaff some time before the Sisters commenced work at St. Mary's, Cardiff, a paper was read on Sisterhoods. The reader was in favour of Sisters and their work, and the Clergy of the Chapter decidedly inclined to admire the latter. One or two were much in favour of Sisters working in a parish, *provided* they did not wear a "distinctive dress." This, it was thought, would give such offence that it would hinder their work, and in fact make it undesirable they should so appear in any parish such as we have in this part of Wales. I fear the writer of this article said to himself (but not to the Chapter), "We will have Sisters before long, distinctive dress and all." Shortly afterwards the Rev. Mother Superior of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, consented to send two or three Sisters to act as mission workers at St. Mary's, Cardiff, and in the year 1873 three Sisters arrived. They took up their abode at first in an upper story of a house in Bute Street, and soon after moved to a poor little house in Maria Street, and after that to the house they now live in, No. 1, North Church Street. Some said the Vicar meant to insult the parishioners by bringing Sisters into the parish—a patent insult to the Protestants—whereas really the Vicar had no idea of insulting any, Protestant or otherwise; but had they said that the Vicar wished these ladies to help him in making Catholics of the Protestants, and doing them good in body and soul, they would have been about right.

As soon as the Sisters got settled they set to work, took part in the Sunday Schools, held Mothers' Meetings and Bible Classes on week nights, visited the sick and poor, helped to prepare candidates for Confirmation and the other Sacraments, sought out the unbaptized and brought them to the font ; in one year over 600 were baptized. It was reported that at one time people used to pay a fee for baptism in the parish.

At first there were only three Sisters. This number increased gradually. At present there are six at work, and we could easily find work for double that number.

In February, 1875, the Sisters commenced Day School work at Bute Lane Mission School, for girls and infants. This school is always full, and had we a larger and better room many more would come. Soon after this school was opened, an official of the School Board called one morning to see the school, and part of his description of it was that he saw " a large crucifix at one end of the room, and a Nun at the other." I need not say the crucifix still remains there, and the Nun is doing a very good work, such as the School Board never can do.

In 1876 they undertook Bute Terrace Girls' School, and they are in charge of that School up to the present date. In connection with this Mission, the House of Mercy at Roath was started about five years ago ; that House is always full, and much real work is done for the good of those who seek shelter there and are endeavouring to lead better lives.

Another branch has lately been established at Merthyr Tydfil, which promises to become a very important field for work among a large Welsh population, where Sisters are as much needed as can be possible in any of our overgrown parishes. We hope for much good to the Welsh Church from that Mission.

But to return to the Cardiff work. In 1876 Sister Ruth started the Guild of St. Michael and All Angels. The numbers fluctuate, but vary from 60 to 90 members. The Guild is intended to help girls from Confirmation age till they get married, and as a rule they seem to marry fairly well. This Guild has been, and is, a great blessing to those for whom it is intended, and helps the girls to fulfil their religious obligations and keep straight. Some

failures must be expected, but, nevertheless, it is an engine for great good in the parish. It is our most successful Guild.

The Sisters hold Bible and Instruction Classes for different ages on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.

It ought to be mentioned that this is a very *poor* neighbourhood, and not very respectable. The better classes, for the most part, reside outside the parish, and leave the poor and helpless behind. It would be well if those who gain their wealth at the docks in this parish would occasionally think of us, and give more liberally to such works as the Sisters and Clergy are engaged in.

The Sisters also hold Mothers' Meetings at four places in the parish, which are attended by about 130 mothers, who are thus brought in contact with them, and by this means the Sisters are frequently able to do them much good, temporally and spiritually. At these work meetings, lasting about one hour and a half, some instructive book is read to them, and one of the Clergy concludes the meeting with a short address.

In the early days of this Mission the Sisters had some curious experiences. At one house they visited the door was slammed in their faces, but afterwards the family came round, and most of them were confirmed, &c.

In another case, J. W. had prepared for Confirmation, but her brothers were opposed to her being confirmed, and one night she brought her boots to the Sisters' house to be kept till the Confirmation day, as her brothers intended hiding them so as to prevent her going.

When Sister Ruth went to the Vestry Sunday School for the first time, the class (which she was to have taken charge of) went clean out of the room; amongst the number, four girls, who afterwards came to their Confessions regularly, and made their Communion, and others became Guild girls, and did the same.

These cases are mentioned as proofs of the success of some of the work of the Sisters here.

Another case may be mentioned in proof of the patience and determination of the Sisters to do good. Sister R., on hearing that Mr. S. was ill, called to see him. He was suffering from a terrible disease. Mrs. S., on hearing that she had come to see

her husband, called out from the top of the stairs, "If you do not go down, I'll chuck you over the banister." The Sister went away then, but got in afterwards, and visited the poor man till he died.

In the year 1878, a Mission was held in the Parish by Rev. George Body. The Sisters had been visiting one of the worst streets in this town, leaving leaflets, &c., about the Mission. Sister R. called at a house of unusual badness, and found the woman who kept the house a paralyzed cripple. Her husband was in gaol. Some months after this the woman got worse, and sent a policeman to ask Sister R. to go and see her. In the conversation which followed, this poor woman said she had given up swearing for about two years, and told Sister R. how it came about. One evening, in a drunken swearing bout, she called God to witness, and said, "If I am not saying what is true, may God strike me blind," and sure enough she found next morning she was blind, and so remained for six months. This is the woman's story. She was afterwards visited by the Clergy and received instruction.

One interesting story must not be omitted. Sister V. got hold of a little boy from a very bad home. The father had been transported, and the whole surroundings would not bear investigation. The boy (we will call him Tom) was brought to baptism, and some time after that he was admitted to the choir, when the Vicar spoke to him seriously, and told him that if he was in the habit of swearing and telling lies, he must leave off. The boy stammered very much, but said, "No indeed, V-v-icar, I have not done so at all since I was baptized." Some time after this, however (be it remembered Tom was living in a very bad street, as bad as well could be), Tom one day said to the Vicar, "V-v-icar, there is a boy in our street" (a chum of his) "and he do s-s-steal, and indeed V-v-icar he can't h-help hisself. Will you speak to him?" The Vicar of course consented, and one morning Tom appeared at the Vicar's house with the boy who did steal and could not help hisself, and the Vicar had a good talk with him. He did not deny the charge in the least, and he gave a graphic account of the manner of proceeding; how a boy was to brush by an apple stall

and upset some of the apples, and then on the return journey kick the apples forward, and then pick up what he found on the ground ; or how one was to put off his shoes and sneak into a shop without anyone observing him, and cop a tin of meat, &c. However, the Vicar got a promise that Tom's friend who "could not help hisself" from stealing, would give up doing so, and for some time this promise was apparently kept, but evil influences and example seem to have prevailed, and he returned to his old courses, and what wonder ? He was afraid of saying his prayers before his father and mother. The poor lad has become a gaol bird, a miserable wreck ; he had nothing and no one to help him to what is better. Not so, thank God, with Tom ; he still stands firm. He attends church, says his prayers, and frequents the Sacraments. God grant him grace to persevere unto the end, and pray God bless Sister V. for bringing him to the better way.

Lately the Sisters have opened a Girls' Guild House in Canal Parade for young girls—a kind of recreation room, partly for work and partly for amusement, where the Guild girls may assemble and have rational amusement, and be kept from rambling about the streets ; in a word, to keep them from mischief. Up to the present it has been a success and fairly attended. In a part of this house the Sisters intend starting a Middle Class Girls' School after Christmas. This undertaking needs help, and it is hoped that those who can will give it.

One great difficulty we have to contend with is the want of *backing* from the parents, when the Sisters try to get the young girls to lead a good steady life. Money greed is often at the bottom of it. If money is to be got, they are not particular as to the kind of places they let their children go to. The work before the Sisters in this place is to a great extent that of prevention, guarding, encouraging ; and how important this is in such a population as we have at St. Mary's, Cardiff ! Hindrances at every turn ; bad homes, drinking, loose ways, rampant immorality, dancing saloons, temptations all around. It is really hard uphill work.

And here, in conclusion, the writer cannot help saying, that those who have the means, and who know nothing of what our

poor boys and girls have to meet with, and who have not realized what the Clergy and Sisters at St. Mary's are doing, ought to try to help their work.

Sisters, like other people, must have food and clothing; they cannot live on air. At the present moment ten people have to be fed and clothed at the Sisterhood, at 1, North Church Street. The Vicar is responsible for the rent and taxes of the two houses in which the Sisters live, and he is in debt to some extent for the same.

If anyone who reads this sketch feels disposed to share in the good work, contributions for either of the following objects will be thankfully received and carefully expended—

1. The Sisters' support and the expenses of their work.
2. The rent and taxes of the houses in which the Sisters live.

Sister Ruth, 1, North Church Street, Cardiff, or the Vicar of St. Mary's, Cardiff, will gratefully acknowledge any aid sent.

G. A. J.

Pigs and Pilgrims.

(ST. MARGARET'S, ABERDEEN.)

"WHO are the Pigs and Pilgrims that we are asked to send gifts for at Christmas-tide?" ask many of our friends, in answer to our appeals for help to make the Birthday of the Babe of Bethlehem a time of joy and gladness to the little ones in the lanes and courts that lie so close to our doors, and we thankfully answer the question by giving a slight sketch of them from the beginning of their existence amongst us.

Some three or four years ago, when the Sisters were struggling under many financial difficulties, a poor woman, who had ever been a friend in need, providing many a dinner for the Sisters out of her scanty store, suggested as one means of raising funds that we should keep pigs. Before the Sisters had time to consider this novel plan of paying their debts, up came the good woman, driving before her a little black pig, which, with great glee, she deposited in the hen-house, naming it *Faith*, to encourage us in our new venture. Not content with this, she interested the children far and near to bring food daily for the black pig and the companions he soon had in the habitation at once prepared for them. From that time till now, the children have never failed to bring potato parings and scraps of food for the pigs, not only every day, but even two or three times a day very often. Some of the little ones will leave a few spoonsful of porridge at their breakfast on purpose for them, and it is very touching to see a lassie of two or three summers toiling bare-foot up the brae, in spite of wind and rain, carefully carrying her contribution, and at dinner-time perhaps struggling up again with an old tin can, nearly as big as herself, containing the parings collected from her mother and kind neighbours. Such is the interest shewn by these children, that once, when the pigs had been sold and the sty left empty for a week or two, the new arrivals were no sooner housed than some of the laddies, who had been watching eagerly, ran up and down the Spital, announcing, at the top of their voices, "The nuns' swine have come," and by seven o'clock the next morning we were overwhelmed by the quantity of scraps that arrived for the animals.

For the first two years we contented ourselves with giving the children presents at Christmas, and a treat which, by common consent amongst themselves, was called "The Pigs' Party." It was considered a great honour, even by the parents, when the cards were sent round to each family, headed "Pigs' Party," and on the eventful day the whole neighbourhood was in a state of excitement from early morning until night, when most of the mothers made an excuse to come and fetch the children, that they might see the pigs at play, or perchance get a peep at Father Christmas, who was sure to bring the children just what they needed most !

As time went on, it was discovered that the Pigs did not attend any Sunday School, so, in August, 1886, an out-building was converted into a class-room for them. They were so ragged, often bare-headed and bare-footed, that they were ashamed to mix with the children in our other large Sunday School in the Gallowgate. The first Sunday fifteen presented themselves, and now we have a regular attendance of ninety boys and girls, varying from two to fourteen years of age. It is true the floor of our class-room is only a brick one, the walls just daubed with blue, the couples open to the roof ; but kind friends have given us some religious pictures to hide the unsightly walls, and when our boys and girls are assembled on Sunday, and are singing (more heartily perhaps than sweetly) "O happy band of pilgrims," it is a sight to make the angels glad, for they know, far better than we do, the utter ignorance in which many, if not all, the elder ones have grown up, knowing nothing and caring nothing for God or the life of the world to come.

Some months after the school had commenced, a lady came one Sunday afternoon to see the "*Christian* Pigs," as the children elected to call themselves, to distinguish them from the four-footed recipients of their bounty. She suggested that those who were most regular at school, and most obedient at home, should be called "*Christian Pilgrims*," and gave weight to her words by promising and sending a gift for each Pilgrim at Christmas. After that a Guild was formed for the elder boys, called "The Guild of Christian Pilgrims," the rules being few, and suited to

their daily needs, viz. : To say morning and night prayers, kneeling ; never to tell lies, to swear, or to say bad words ; to be obedient at home and at school ; to bow to the Clergy and Sisters ; to be polite to everybody, and especially gentle to the lassies. This last clause provoked much discussion, one boy naïvely confessing that he “cudna keep frae *rugging* (Anglicé, pulling) the lassies' hair at school !” and several others wanting to know the reason of that rule. The Sister spoke of the care that all men and lads should show to those who were unable to stand up for themselves, to which one boy replied that *he* had no need to keep the rule, because his sister was so strong she could lick him any day ! However, the lesson was not forgotten. A few weeks after, when the subject at class was *politeness*, the teacher drew a graphic picture of a Sister being out on a winter day, wind and rain so heavy that she could neither hold up an umbrella or make way against the storm. “What would you do to help her, boys ?” she asked in conclusion. “I'd tak' her under me oxter, and carry her hame,” was the instant reply of a little laddie of ten years, more willing than able to perform his labour of love, if the need had arisen !

One morning one of our younger boys was heard by his mother, in a low and solemn voice, in the next room. She looked in to see what was going on, and was startled to find her mischief-loving, restless boy on his knees. “Preserve us a', laddie !” “Fat's that ye're deein' noo ?” she exclaimed. “Whisht, mither, we maun aye dee't, it's the Guild rule ye ken,” he answered, and then quietly went on with his devotions ; and the mother, who had never heard of a Guild, afterwards came up to the Home to have this new thing explained to her.

The children have a wholesome fear of breaking the rules, and check each other in their play many a time if bad words are used. One of them (called “The minister” on account of his clerical hat) was seen one summer evening lying in the road *kicking*, and almost enveloped in clouds of dust, and alas ! for the language he was using ! Presently this Pig of three years was brought up by his sister to confess what he had said. “I wasna gaen to say bad words, Sister,” said Johnny, his bright little face quite down-cast,

“but they jist cam’ oot o’ my mou’ fan (anglicé, *when*) I was kickin’! And we must say his promise of amendment has been wonderfully well kept.

The Pilgrims are not troubled with shyness, and often display considerable originality in their remarks on religious subjects. Most of them attend Board Schools, and only know the Bible as a common history, not as revealing to them a Father’s love and watchful care, which is so new a thought that even yet they cannot realize it. Once when their teacher was speaking to them of the Sacrament of Baptism, and of their Guardian Angel’s constant presence, watching over them during their sleep, after listening some minutes one of them exclaimed, “I ken noo, they’re jist a kind o’ *nicht bobby* for us!” Another time, during simple instruction on the Lord’s Prayer, the majority announced that they had not the slightest wish to go to Heaven, because “it wad be nae pleasure to be aye sittin’ like gents, wi’ nae wark to dee, it wad be some lang and wearisome!” Alas! they would much rather stay here, in spite of hunger, cold, and poverty. Yet the example of their Lord and Master is almost unconsciously influencing their lives. Not many months since, a lad, whose mother happened to remark that it was her birthday, surprised her by saying he must go out and earn a penny to buy her something. “Ye see, mither, we maun dee’t noo we ken a’ aboot birthdays. Jesus aye sends something to the Home for a’ the Pilgrims to be happy on His birthday, and we maun dee the same.” The mother afterwards showed, with tears in her eyes, a little penny plate which her boy had brought her. How much she valued it was seen a few weeks ago when, nigh unto death and obliged to go to the Infirmary, she sent the plate to be taken care of at the Home, lest her drunken husband should smash it in one of his wild fits of temper.

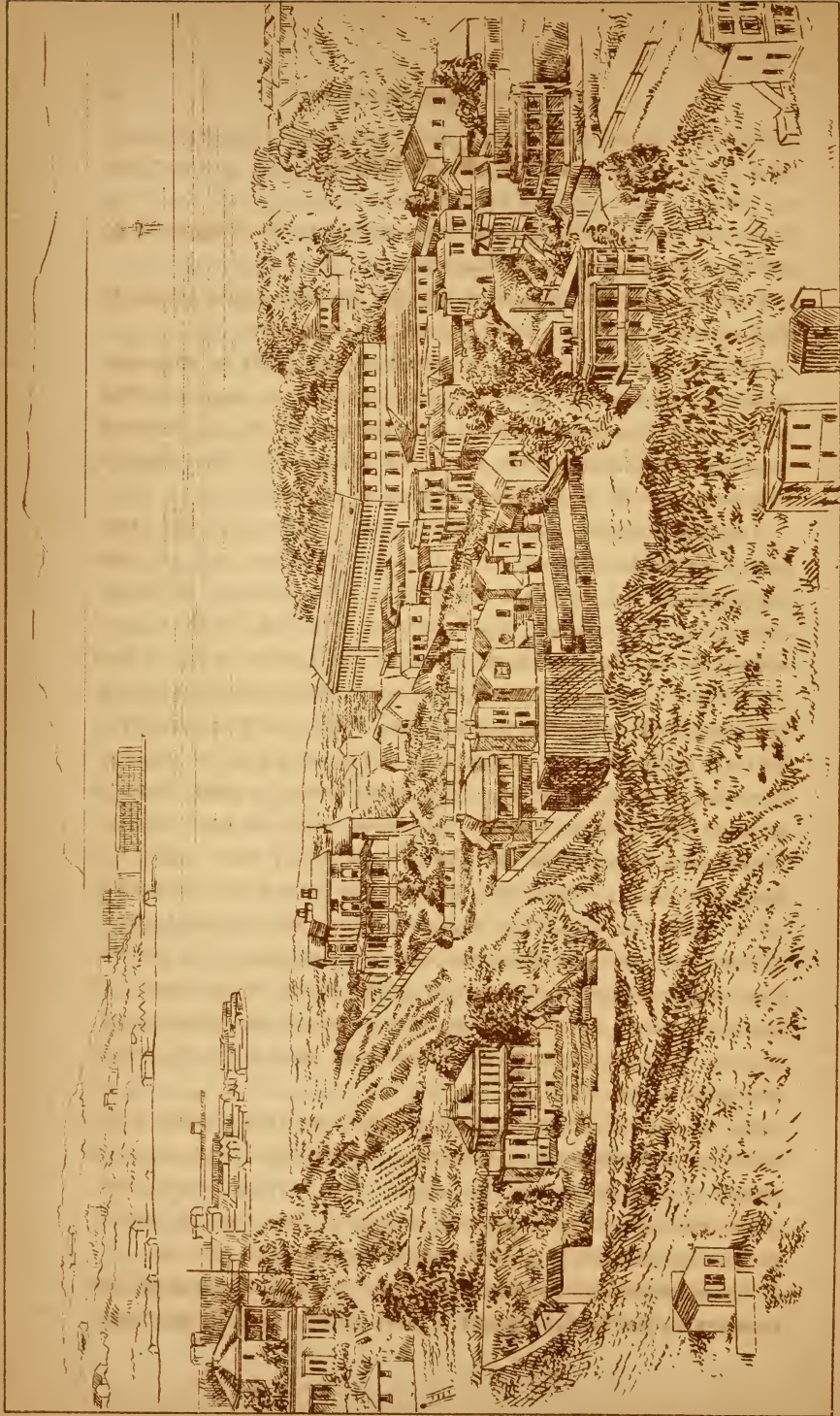
Only one of our little Pilgrims has ended his journey and entered into the Promised Land. He was a little fellow, so young that one hardly thought he would listen to or remember anything, but in the delirium of fever he was constantly singing bits of “Once in royal David’s city,” and the last words this child of four uttered, as his mother watched him die, were, “And a manger was His bed.”

So we go on with our Pigs and Pilgrims, doing what we can to keep them from stumbling, and straying from the strait and narrow way. Thirteen of them we have had baptized. In one instance, where the four youngest in a family were unbaptized, the eldest boy, who was one of our first friends, gave his mother no peace till she came and told the tale to the Sisters. We must not, however, give Joe the credit of being one of the very good boys to be met with in most story-books nowadays. Alas ! knowing his mother was ashamed of the children being deprived of their Christian privileges, whenever he was a little bit out of temper he always announced that he was going to tell the Sisters about the bairns ! So at last the poor woman summoned up courage to come herself, and Joe has had no further opportunity of casting up her faults to her.

Our last effort has been to provide a Sunday Evening Service for the mothers. At first they were very shy, and we had almost to compel them to come in. A Sister having said playfully to two or three women that if they did not arrive in good time the following Sunday, she would take a barrow to their houses and wheel them up, they were the first to appear, and being warmly welcomed, they confessed that they had been "awful feared" Sister would be at their door and *hurl* them up before all their neighbours. One woman who made an excuse for not attending saw the Sister coming to fetch others, and fled in dismay to a neighbour's room, crawling under the bed to hide. One may imagine her feelings when the Sister unsuspectingly entered the very room, and paid a visit of some length, while the poor woman was crouched up, and could not move for fear of being discovered, much to the amusement of those who knew she was there. However, those who were brave enough to come once, came again, and now the room is full every Sunday. A choir of twelve boy and girl Pilgrims lead the singing sweetly and reverently, while the poor mothers in their worn-out clothes, with only, may be, a clean apron to show respect for the "Sabbath," listen to the tidings of a Saviour's love, often with tears rolling down their cheeks as they hear of the rest that remaineth for the people of God, after this life of sorrow and toil is over.

One of these poor women never knows what it is to have enough to eat. She and her six children live in a single small room, its only furniture one big bed for everybody, one chair, a small table, and a shelf with a few old bits of crockery. All, however, is so scrupulously clean that it might well tempt the husband to spend the evening at his own fireside instead of drinking all he earns at a whisky-shop, with companions no better than himself, only returning home to beat his wife until she has to fly for her life. Many a cold winter night she is locked out with her younger children, and spends the long hours shivering on the stairs. Yet never once has she been heard to murmur or speak against the husband who so cruelly neglects and ill-uses her and his children. Only the other day an old man came to rent the attic above her room, and told her he must pay someone to clean it out for him. "Na, na, mannie," said she, "I'll dee't for ye, puir cratur, and winna be seekin' nae payment for't." When telling the Sister afterwards about him, she said, "If I cudna dee that, after a' we hae heard at the Mission, it surely wadna be deen's muckle guid—my face fair reidened fan he spak' o' payment, for my heart was richt gled to dee something for anither."

We trust that this little sketch of the origin of the "Pigs," their development into "Pilgrims," and the further work which has sprung from their existence, may not be without interest to our friends, and we feel sure that they will unite their prayers to ours, that the vast number of our brothers and sisters who are at present pig-like in being slaves to their animal nature, may, like our Pigs, become Christian Pilgrims, and go on from strength to strength, until they appear, every one of them, before the God of gods in Sion.



THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco.

I AM told that I can be of some little service to St. Margaret's by writing a short paper for its Magazine.

I ask no better, if its readers will put up with crude efforts to give a brief account of a short visit to San Francisco.

The San Francisco of my imagination was a city of sunshine, romance, and wealth. The very name seemed to suggest stories of the old Franciscan Missions in days gone by, of fortunes rapidly made and as quickly lost in our own days; of Bret Harte's wild west legends, of Trollope's "Way we live now."

The San Francisco of my experiences differed a good deal from that of my anticipations. When I reached it on the 12th of June I imagined that I was in London during the blackest of March east winds, while dense clouds of dust from the sandhills over which the city is built, were added to the piercing cold of that west wind. It is only just on the coast that this climate prevails, and there only in the summer months. Visit it in winter and you find it a Paradise, but in the months of June and July the order of the seasons seems reversed. Everybody wears a great coat, a garment unknown in winter. For some hours of each day the bitter wind blows from the Pacific, and nearly every night fog hangs overhead so dense that an umbrella is necessary to ward it off, as under the heat of the city it condenses into apparent rain.

But these are only the drawbacks of a summer visit to San Francisco, and are peculiar to that portion of the Pacific coast. A few miles inland and the heat was great, though the extreme dryness of the air prevents that discomfort from it which would otherwise be felt.

In San Francisco itself, if English March is in the climate, more than English summer is in the streets. Great piles of colour in the masses of fruit, all on a gigantic scale. Raspberries, strawberries, pines, cherries, all growing to an enormous size; but all, except perhaps the last, lacking the flavour of their English fellows.

San Francisco is of course mainly the growth of the gold discoveries in California. I saw a plan of the place as it existed

forty years ago. Less than sixty houses then stood, where now stands a city, about equal in population to Liverpool, lining with its quays the shores of the bay, and climbing the sandhills on every side.

But San Francisco is not by any means a beautiful city. Its situation is commercially superb, on a landlocked harbour extending practically twenty miles inland, with the famous entrance known by the suggestive name of the "Golden Gate," a harbour more like a large lake than the rivers which do that duty for us mostly in England. To get out of San Francisco northward or westward you have to reach the railway by seven miles of steam-boat passage. It is on record that a lady of the plutocracy objected to the initial voyage. Money can do most things, and she was spared it, and by reason of tramways and railways taken from her own door to New York without change of carriage ; but it involved a run of eighty miles up and down the shores of the harbour and the Sacramento River, to find herself at the end of the eighty miles within sight of her starting point.

There is still an air of infancy about the streets and buildings ; the side walks are mostly of wood, so are the quays, so are many of the newest houses. Great buildings, such as are common in other American cities, are comparatively rare here, though there are some ; but even the new houses of the prosperous looked to me somewhat more redolent of gold than of good taste—more suggestive of luxury than of comfort.

The abruptly steep hills of the neighbourhood would have proved a terrible drawback to the city if any but those energetic indomitable Americans had inhabited it. No ordinary wheeled vehicle could possibly conduct the traffic over at least a third of San Francisco, but the cable cars, worked by steam, moving over an endless cable, run in every direction, and climb hills which are a weariness to the flesh on foot. I know no nearer approach to a fly on a wall than a San Francisco cable car on one of its steep hills.

Practically, there are three sights to be seen in San Francisco. The one is its great Palace Hotel, housing a thousand guests. It is one of five I stayed in on the American Continent, each the best and largest in the world. However, this one is at least as

good as any I have ever stayed in, and quite the most amusing, from the mixture of citizens of every country who sojourn there on the great highway between the east and west.

The second San Francisco sight is the Seal Rocks, on the south side of the entrance to the Golden Gate. You travel out about five miles from the city, and then, always supposing you survive five miles of sandhills, you are in sight of the speciality of San Francisco, the rock whereon hundreds of seals take the land part of their pastime within gunshot of hundreds of spectators. For what the bears are to Bern, or the pigeons to Venice, that the seals of the Pacific Ocean are to San Francisco, the pets and playthings of the population. No one is allowed to molest them, and on this rock they congregate at all hours of the day, filling the air with their queer, plaintive cries, and known to the experts by their several names.

But to me the chief sight was a night with the Celestials. My Celestials were only the Chinese inhabitants of San Francisco. In that city, out of a population of three hundred and fifty thousand, there are no less than forty thousand Chinese: these come thither under the charge of the "six companies," who represent the different parts of China. They import the Chinese element into California, and keep up a kind of informal police of their own, even to the extent of making away with any member of the companies who glaringly violates their rules. The Government police interfere comparatively little, leaving this great colony of exiles very much to their own internal management.

A visit to the crowded quarter of the Chinese town is usually made at night; though perhaps those with delicate nerves would do well to choose daylight for such an excursion. You pass immediately from the most frequented streets of the city into the small block of buildings which shelter the busy multitude of Asiatics. It seems but a step into what might be the heart of Asia.

I describe my own experiences of that curious night excursion, made under the guidance of a detective policeman.

Passing from Montgomery Street, one of the chief thoroughfares of the city, five minutes walk up the hills took us into China Town.

We felt our way, as it were, down a dark alley ; and then following the strong scent of incense, found ourselves in the principal Joss House of San Francisco, the Temple of Lung Gong. It is only an upper room, but decorated with good wood carving, somewhat richly gilt. Two massive altars stand one before the other, and on the innermost one are the five principal Chinese idols—large, life-size figures, Chinese faces, thick hair and beard, all with the Chinese leer on their countenances. Before them burn perpetual lights, and sticks of heavy incense are kept perpetually smouldering away. Likewise there stand around vessels containing offerings for the gods, chiefly tea, but also (for apparently total abstinence does not prevail in the Chinese Heaven) whisky. There are large bells, and gongs, and banners hanging round, but these are only used on rare occasions, for they have not any fixed common worship, but individually come in at will, prostrate themselves for a few moments before the idols, and go forth again.

The Chinese are universally gamblers, and I next saw one of their licensed gambling rooms, not much like Monte Carlo in beauty, for squalor and dirt reign in China Town, but I doubt not the moral tone is at least not inferior to the Riviera town in all its loveliness. They play chiefly a variety of the American game of Poker, dominoes being used instead of cards ; great animation in the progress of the game, the stakes, however, seemed but small.

I have long ago been used to the crowded lodging-houses of East London. Till this night in China Town I thought that the extreme of human misery and discomfort was to be found in them. "Tom's all alone" is a terrestrial paradise, compared to a lodging-house in China Town. Six short streets contain the few blocks in which the forty thousand inhabitants are packed like pigs. The American authorities take little notice of Chinese sanitary arrangements, apparently holding that the faster the race die off the better.

A sloppy courtyard, dark and narrow, with an open sewer in its midst, and the cooking apparatus standing over the sewer, formed the entrance to the largest of these lodging-houses. From this yard open out small rooms on all sides, and in each small room

stand eighteen or twenty shelves, like berths in the cabins of overcrowded emigrant ships in days of old.

The beds need no airing, for there is no such thing as bedding ; but the boards can never be damp, for as one lot of sleepers rouses up, another turns in, and day and night the round of occupancy is carried on. Six hundred and fifty Chinese live in this one lodging house. The nature of the atmosphere may be guessed at, not described.

From "Tom's all alone" to the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" seemed a natural transition ; so an opium den came next. Down break-neck stairs and dark winding passages we went—more sleeping shelves here, and only just room to stand between them. No window, no ventilation, and the air heavy with the sickly fumes of opium. An old man, the only old man I saw in China Town, was kept busy preparing the soft gummy paste for the pipe. The smokers lay round in all stages. Some just beginning the pipe, and enjoying intelligently its first whiffs ; others at the last stage, looking in body and mind like men dying or rising from the dead. It was a ghastly sight. I dream of some of those faces still. A pipe is said to give a confirmed opium smoker about five hours of sleep.

It was twenty-five years since I had been in a theatre, and I never had been behind the scenes of one in my life till that night in China Town. We went down into cellars and up into attics, until, under the sheltering influence of my detective companion, I emerged on the stage of the Chinese theatre.

A Chinese play is a performance of gigantic length. Sometimes one representation lasts a month, a single act only being given each evening ; but as the performance begins at sunset and lasts till midnight, the one act is sufficient for the most inveterate Chinese lover of the drama. Men are the only actors, and take all the women's parts. The dialogue was delivered in a monotonous sing-song voice, and there seemed little of real action. Not knowing Chinese, I could not find my feelings much stirred by the play, but the swarming mass of faces before me was well worth looking at from my vantage ground on the stage—all mouths wide open, all childlike-looking eyes and faces, all noses

(as Dickens somewhere says) looking as if they had been sat upon as soon as they were born and never recovered it. The monotonous recitative of the play, and the changeless Chinese music were to me unspeakably wearisome and dull, but the sea of faces upturned in rapt attention, all as like one another as a flock of sheep, was a sight to be remembered.

China Town had one last experience for me that night, namely, a visit to a Chinese Restaurant, and an attempt futile in the extreme to eat with chop-sticks. However, unfortunately for my sleep that night, I was more successful in an attempt to consume Chinese tea. Exquisitely good tea it was ; a spoonful of tea was put into a cup, boiling water poured on to it ; a moment after it was transferred to a smaller cup, then more water poured afresh on the tea, and the second was better than the first.

Then my evening amongst the Celestials was over, and I came back a few steps out of this queer patch of the Flowery Land to find myself in America again, and to appreciate most keenly fresh air and civilization, after those few hours in the filth and degradation of heathendom.

St. Margaret's, Boston.

WE think some of the readers of the St. Margaret's Magazine may like to hear what the youngest daughter of the House, namely, St. Margaret's, Boston, U.S.A., is doing. We do not suppose they are quite ignorant of where and what America is, that they look upon it as a colony, or ask (as was once done) if our Chaplain is a foreigner ; yet we know how much ignorance there is in England about America and its ways, as also in America about England and English ways. So we think a little description of our foundation out here may be acceptable, not that it can compare in interest with the work of our Sisters who have gone out to Ceylon. Here we met with the old familiar tongue, and so many of the old ways, that it hardly seemed like a strange country.

It was fourteen years ago, on the eve of St. Michael, that we landed in New York, three Sisters from the Mother House, to establish an American House of St. Margaret's ; not sorry, after thirteen days' rocking across the Atlantic in not one of the newest of the great Cunard Line of steamships—long since, poor old vessel, discarded, I suppose, for her name no longer figures in the list of Atlantic steamers.

"Now Sisters, we have arove," said the courteous and genial captain ; but we might have arriven at the end of the earth for anything we knew, for it was past eleven at night. Sisters of Mercy were not so common a sight on Atlantic steamships then as now, and our party, with the Priest who accompanied us, excited considerable curiosity amongst our fellow-passengers. Some seemed to think we were representatives of some new sect seeking a free land, in which to air our craze. With the large colonies of Sisters of All Saints, and of St. John the Baptist, since established in America (at Baltimore and New York respectively), keeping up a continual intercourse with their respective Mother Houses, the garb of Anglican religions is no longer unfamiliar to officers or passengers. The first thing we noticed the next morning was one of the large ferry boats, which ply up and down and across the river lying round New York, with its propellers moving up and

down in the middle of and beside the deck, and beside this a flat and not very interesting shore.

A further acquaintance has revealed the wonder of the suspension bridge, then in process of construction (Hammersmith magnified and re-magnified), and Sandy Hook, where English and American yachts race, and American generally win ; the immense statue of Liberty, welcoming all comers ; and other objects of note ; but on that particular 27th of September we saw none of these, or do not remember them. But the Custom House we remember, and the enormous stage coach, into which we climbed, with a seat across the middle hung on leather straps, making the vehicle capable of holding 12 or 14 persons. In this we were ferried across the river (the steamers then having their wharves on the New Jersey shore), and traversed the city, which then, more than now (for building goes on quickly in New York), struck one as a combination of waste places and fine buildings, the two seeming to be carefully or carelessly intermixed. We went to a hotel, which was unlike an English hotel, for if you did not come down to your meals in the restaurant (and a very good restaurant it is) you might go without ; we did succeed in getting something to eat in our rooms at last, but no plates to eat it off ! However, we have learned better since then ; we were quite greenhorns in American ways in those days.

We had a most cordial and kindly welcome from the Sisters of St. Mary (a community of American growth) in New York ; and at their Altar returned thanks to the God Who had so mercifully preserved us through all the perils of the sea and brought us safe "to the haven where we would be."

There is no need to tell of our journey to Boston, seven hours from New York by rail, now reduced to six, on Michaelmas Day, or of the disappointment of one of our companions, who at each place that we passed through heard a bell sounding and thought all Americans very devout in their celebration of the Angels' Feast, but found that the bell was the American substitute for the engine's whistle ; nor need we dwell upon the kind reception we met with at the "Hub," in the Children's Hospital, which was already under the charge of one of our number, in the

adjoining house to which we spent three years, moving at the end of that time to a more central situation, and at last finally resting in Louisburg Square, an old-fashioned part of the city, the birth-place of many American celebrities.

Our House on Louisburg Square stands half-way up the one hill of Boston, (there *were* other hills, but they have been levelled to fill up the river, and make "new land," so bent are Americans on having all things new. The chaplain reminded us of the lesson of St. Margaret's motto to our hill-side location—*Stat Crux dum volvitur Orbis*), which is crowned by the State House with its gilded dome. Close by is the Common, the St. James's Park of the City, frequented alike by children, dogs, nursemaids and their charges, loungers and loafers of all kinds, but lovely at all seasons; in spring, when it is sweet with the fragrance of the limes; in summer, with its wealth of leaves and shade; in autumn, when the sun shines through the golden veil of changing maple leaves; and in winter, when ice glistens on every branch, and the ground is carpeted with pure white. Louisburg Square is a favoured spot in many ways. In the heat of summer there is always a breeze from the Charles River, which sweeps round close by; in winter—well, it is no colder than other places; and in spring the song of the first robin, a bird of passage here, is heard.

Our works have increased in these years. At a distance we have a hospital in Newark, New Jersey, close to New York, under the charge of one of our oldest and most efficient Sisters; essentially a Church Hospital, under the patronage of the most amiable and benevolent of American bishops. Then, a House for Mission work in Washington, and another in Montreal. In Boston itself there is a Ladies' School, which struggles on under some difficulties of prejudice, and a feeling that a School kept by Sisters must be behind the Boston times; but it has left its impress on some souls, and we cannot feel that the work of twelve years has been thrown away.

The Children's Hospital, established and in great measure supported by Unitarians, has been moved into a larger and more commodious building, with every modern appliance for nursing. The Sister who ably brought it through many difficulties to its

present efficient state has been laid aside by illness, and her place supplied by another, one of the American children of St. Margaret's. Then, beside our Infirmary, where the surgeons perform wondrous feats of daring and skill, and our embroidery rooms, whence we try to raise and uphold such standards of ecclesiastical art as Mr. Sedding would approve, we have a coloured mission very near to our door, and also to the hearts of some of us. If the work amongst those who were once slaves, and having been liberated were then left to look after themselves, has any interest for their white brothers and sisters in England, perhaps one day we may find room in St. Margaret's Magazine for some account of the work at St. Augustine's Mission in Boston. Both at Hippo (as the district round St. Augustine's is termed by the Fathers), and in our other works, we have had many touching episodes, and many that may cause a laugh. Our sorrows we can keep to ourselves, known only to Him, "the Man of Sorrows," but the bright side of the picture we will gladly speak of. The large majority of the Sisters of St. Margaret's, Boston, are now of course of American birth and education, with not a few representatives of Canada; but we know no difference, and make no national distinctions.

Perhaps one day we may tell of our summer sea-side Houses; for one we have a whole island to ourselves, two miles from the shore, with a family of a hundred persons under the supreme control of a Sister as Vice-Governor. The extreme heat in the City in summer, makes a week or so by the sea a real boon to many a child and grown-up person.

Or some other departments of our work may furnish some notes of interest to friends in England.

It is always a pleasure and a special treat to the American daughters to visit the Mother House in England, and they gladly welcome any Sisters from the older Houses who will face the perils of the sea and visit them in the New World. We can never say enough of the kindness we have received from the Fathers of the Society of St. John Evangelist, under whose care our House in Boston has all this time been sheltered, nor of the kindness of our American associates and friends. Church work out here is very different from what it is in England. The extreme poverty which

you meet with in London, and indeed in the country, in England, is absent, and the poorest classes are for the most part Irish, and belonging to the Roman Church.

But there is indeed plenty of work to do. Souls who have forgotten God, or never known Him ; every form of unbelief and misbelief raising its fearful head.

We are at the beginning of our fifteenth year. The three original Sisters have been multiplied tenfold, and four of our number are at rest in Paradise ; before these lines are in print a fifth will probably have joined their sweet companionship.

God has been very good to us these fourteen years. We have had some storms ; sometimes it has seemed as if the ship must go down, but the Hand that brought us over the Atlantic has still been at our helm, and we were not overwhelmed. We have had plenty of sunshine, and have been enabled to take root downward and to bear fruit upward.

We beg the prayers of all who read this paper, for ourselves and for our work in America, and we bid them God speed in all their labours of love.

“ Those whom many a land divides,
Many mountains, many tides ;
Have they with each other part ?
Have they fellowship in heart ?

With each other join they here,
In affliction, doubt, and fear ;
That hereafter they may be
Joined, O Lord, in bliss with Thee ! ”

Ceylon.

FROM Colombo we have the following account of our Sisters' voyage, and first impressions on arrival :—

“We had a pleasant voyage. The *Mira*, Star Line, was our ship, and she is all that heart can wish in a vessel. The Captain is kind, cheery, and most thoughtful for his passengers ; officers, stewards, &c., all take their tone from him, and were very good to us (so many people have gone that voyage, that I am afraid of saying what everyone knows if I try to describe it). We had some nasty rolling in the Irish Sea, and pitching in the Mediterranean. We passed Gibraltar on October 5th, having left Liverpool September 28th. Often as the Rock is sketched and described, till it looks quite a familiar object, it has a grandeur entirely its own, and is one of the sights which can't be disappointing. We did not put in at Gibraltar, and passed some distance from Malta, only seeing its outline. A good thing the *Mira* did not touch, or we should have been in quarantine at Port Saïd ! The Mediterranean was rather a disappointment, except Gibraltar : not so smooth as we expected. We got to Port Saïd at night, and did not go on shore, though we stopped some hours for coaling. The place bears the worst of characters. We were 24 hours in the Canal, and much enjoyed it. They are widening some parts now, and strings of camels and mules were at work on the banks, with Arab and Egyptian coolies ; the first sight of the many colours of Eastern dress, and the ease with which they dispense with their garments, must always be amusing. We had the electric light on board for two nights, which had a most weird effect on all we passed. There were many letters waiting for us at Suez, a great joy.

“The Red Sea was kind to us, and did not melt us quite so much as we expected, and it felt at first quite chilly in the Indian Ocean. As we drew near Ceylon we had a taste of tropical rain, owing to our coming in for the end of the monsoon, and perhaps that washed away the ‘spicy breezes,’ for we certainly did not smell any. We reached Colombo on October 25th, and said good-bye

with great regret to our friends on the Mira. The Archdeacon of Colombo and Mrs. Matthew met us very kindly. The Bishop sent his carriage, and we drove straight to St. Michael's Church, for a short Thanksgiving Service on our safe arrival, then to our new home. I wish I could sketch it! A large house, all on the ground floor, rooms opening into each other till it is difficult to find a private corner, a wide verandah all round, cocoa-nut palms in the garden, and plants with great leaves, names unknown as yet, of lovely variegated tints all round. It is much larger and more comfortable than we expected, but big places do not cost as much here as they do at home, and are necessary for health. The Archdeacon and Mrs. Matthew are kind beyond words; he has huge schemes for the future, but I have asked for a little quiet time to get this house straight first. We shall have a matron and a teacher presently, and do less for the children ourselves. There are 24 children in the Home, all but two can speak English after a fashion, and most of them are pretty. Their ages vary from 5 to 14. This is a specimen of their talk: 'Sister, the ground had this pin!' giving me one just picked up. They are much quieter than English children. They have graceful manners, and are neat-fingered: very quickly learn to wait, to sew, and to be useful in St. Margaret's Home, Colombo. They have two large rooms for dormitories, where they sleep on mats laid on the ground. They lay themselves down tidily, and look very lovable, as children asleep almost always do. Their refectory is one end of the verandah, and we have taken another part of it for ours. So far our meals are quite separate, but like most things, we have not decided how it will be in future. I am writing only five days after landing, so we do not feel at all settled yet. They have lessons in the house, and different ladies come to teach them. The elder girls do some of the work of the house, and we have a most valuable man-servant. He is a Tamil, and has been in the Clergy House for years. He has a coolie under him, and does nothing alone. If John (or Appoo) hammers, coolie stands by and holds the nails. It's not laziness—the two get through a lot of work—but the custom of the place. John cooks and waits beautifully. Dining about 7-30 is not quite like St. Margaret's,

we might call it supper. The noises at night are very alarming, dogs and humans alike seem to grow gay and festive as night comes on : and then the torrents of rain would wake the soundest sleeper ; probably use will put all that right. We are not to stay long in this house, a much larger one is bought, and the Home is to be moved there in about three months' time. The work at the new Home is going on fast ; the property is bought, and is to be held in trust for St. Margaret's, so that big place is really the Community property.

“ The Archdeacon has bought a bullock-cart and two bulls for our use. It is a charming thing ; we have not used it yet, as the bulls are not quite ready. You cannot walk in this climate, and we are even to go to Church in this thing when the weather gets hot, though the Church is not ten minutes' walk from us ! At present Sister Verena goes to the Pettah by train, but this is the cool season.

“ We have unpacked quite now, and find that one of our boxes has been broken open and some things stolen ; it was a strong tin one, cased in wood, and with iron hooping round it, so the theft was somewhat audacious. It is provoking to have the trouble and expense of getting new garments, when we left home well-provided. The loss of a beloved shawl, too, must be looked upon as a lesson in detachment. Very happily there was no money in the box, nor any oratory things, so it might have been worse.

“ We have been to see some of the work going on here ; St. Paul's Church, in the Pettah, and the Schools belonging to it. We groan under ‘ codes ’ in England, but it is far harder here. Children who do not know English must learn to read it, and have the meaning explained to them in Singalese or Portuguese. What a toil to get round a class that fashion ! Sister Verena and I went to a Confirmation at St. Paul's, in the Pettah ; it was trilingual—English, Portuguese and Tamel—and a most striking service : reverent behaviour, hearty singing, and a crowded Church.

“ No one can have any idea from description what an interesting place Colombo is. Literally, swarms of people are about in different colours as to garments and to natural skins. One road

we went down looked to me like going citywards about ten a.m., for the number of people. St. Michael's Church, Colpetty, which is close to us, is very nice—daily Celebration, Mattins, and Even-song, in English, with frequent Instructions ; they have also services in Singalese and Portuguese.

“This place is most emphatically described in the hymn, for truly ‘every prospect pleases, and only man is vile!’ It's not the poor ‘man's’ fault, though, if he is a native, for people have not done much for him, except to make him work, till lately. The uphill nature of work here is beyond description—few Priests and thousands of people, and not much to be got in the way of help. The Bishop and Archdeacon have done wonders, in the face of the greatest difficulties ; but, oh dear ! the amount left undone for want of workers and means is terrible !

“First impressions have been very pleasant ; people have been most kind to us, and of course we have not come across any objectors as yet. On All Saints' Day the celebration was choral at St. Michael's Church, Colpetty, and the Bishop of Colombo gave a short address welcoming St. Margaret's Sisters to Ceylon and to his diocese, then his chair was placed within the Altar rails and we went up singly for his blessing. It felt a very real welcome, and we much appreciated it.

“Two of us have had a first lesson in Singalese, and one is struggling to learn some Portuguese sentences. The punishment for building the Tower of Babel is strongly felt here even at this distance of time ! Just a little instance :—Two of the Sisters had to drive home and were unable to explain to the driver where he was to take them. Their escort could not help much, but knew the Tamil for the Church near them, therefore the driver went there and had to follow the two who walked home to get the money to pay him. We have a good laugh over linguistic difficulties ; but they have practical inconveniences, and stand in the way of work greatly.

“I hope all friends in England will go on saying their prayers very much for all the work here and for us in connection with it.”

A Peaceful Evening.

Cool and sweet are shadows lying
 Quite across the restful stream,
 Happy birds are homeward flying,
 In the west last sun-rays gleam :
 Peaceful scene in which my heart
 Fain would take a lasting part,
 That when earthly light shall cease
 Thus my soul may be at peace.

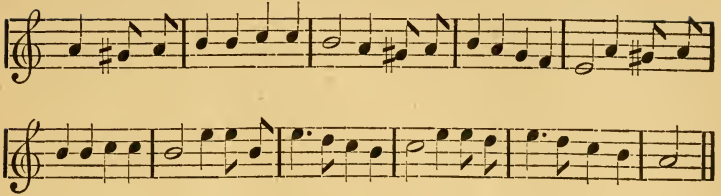
Children fair are sweetly singing
 As they hasten home to bed,
 While the Church-bells softly ringing
 Shed a blessing on each head :—
 May I with a like glad mind
 Turn my last long bed to find,
 May the Paradisal chime
 Welcome me at evening time.

Parents at their gate are waiting
 With glad eyes each child to greet,
 As it hastens in relating
 What has passed in day-hours sweet.—
 May my Father at His gate
 For my weary spirit wait,
 As away from all earth's needs
 Home to Him at last it speeds.

K. E. V.

Old Lorraine Carol.

ORIGINAL MUSIC, AND WORDS CLOSELY IMITATED.



A la venue de Noël,
Chacun se doit bien réjouir ;
Car c'est un testament nouveau,
Que tout le monde doit tenir (bis).

Quand par son orgueil Lucifer
Dedans l'abîme trébucha,
Nous allions tous en enfer,
Le Fils de Dieu nous racheta.

En une Vierge s'obombrâ,
Et dans son corps voulut gésir,
La nuit de Noël enfanta
Sans peine et sans douleurs souffrir.

Incontinent que Dieu fut né,
L'ange l'alla dire aux pasteurs,
Lesquels se sont pris à chanter
Un chant qui venait de leur cœur.

Puis apres un beau petit temps,
Trois rois le vinrent adorer,
Lui apportant myrrhe and encens,
Et or qui est fort à priser.

A Dieu le vinrent présenter ;
Et quand ce vint au retourner,
Hérode les fit pourchasser
Trois jours et trois nuits sans cesser.

Une étoile les conduisait,
Qui venait devers l'Orient,
Qui à l'un et l'autre montrait
Le chemin droit à Bethléem.

Nous devons bien certainement
La voie et le chemin tenir,
Car elle nous montre vraiment
Où Notre Dame doit gésir.

When Christmas cometh in apace,
Let all rejoice with gladsome mind,
For God's New Covenant of grace
Is made thereby with all mankind.

Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell !
As Lucifer to deep abyss
Through pride in headlong ruin fell ;
So we, too, sped to doom like his,
But God's Son ransomed us from hell.

Nowell, &c.
Within the womb He veiled His light,
The womb of Maiden pure from stain ;
Till on that happy Christmas night
She bore Him, with no dole or pain.
Nowell, &c.
And when was born our God and King,
An angel brought the shepherds word,
Who would at once their carol sing,
Straight from their hearts with glad accord.

Nowell, &c.
And in a little while from thence
To do Him homage came three kings,
Bringing Him myrrh and frankincense,
And gold, most prized of earthly things.
Nowell, &c.

To God they brought their offerings due,
And when they would return again,
Herod the king bade spies pursue
Their steps, three days and nights amain.

Nowell, &c.
A star it was which marked the road,
As from the east it guided them,
And unto each the path it shewed
Which led them straight to Bethlehem.
Nowell, &c.

Then bear we well that road in mind,
Then tread we, too, that happy way,
For it will lead us on to find
The place where Mary Mother lay.
Nowell, &c.

Là virent le doux Jésus Christ,
 Et la Vierge qui le porta,
 Celui qui tout le monde fit,
 Et les pécheurs ressuscita.

Bien il apparut qu'il nous aime
 Quand à la croix pour nous fut mis ;
 Dieu le Père qui tout créa,
 Nous donne enfin le paradis.

Prions-le tous qu'au dernier jour,
 Quand tout le monde doit finir,
 Nous ne puissions aucun de nous
 Nulle peine d'enfer souffrir.

Amen. Noël, Noël, Noël,
 Je ne saurais plus me tenir,
 Que je ne chante ce Noël,
 Quand je vois mon Sauveur venir.

Christ Jesus there, the Lord most sweet,
 They saw, the Maid who bore Him, too,
 Saw Him who framed the world complete,
 And sinners brought to life anew.

Nowell, &c.

He showed His love beyond all price,
 When the hard Cross for us He bore ;
 God bring us all to Paradise,
 God, whom the worlds He made adore.

Nowell, &c.

Then pray we Him with one accord,
 When comes the last and greatest Day,
 And all the world must meet its Lord,
 We none of us be cast away.

Nowell, &c

Amen. Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
 I cannot choose but lift the strain,
 For I am fain to sing Nowell,
 And greet my Lord with its refrain :
 Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell !

R. F. L.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES, GREETING.

A HAPPY New Year to you all, dear friends ! we wish it you with all our hearts. And we have to thank you for a great deal of brightness shed on the last days of the old year, by the unusually bountiful Christmas gifts which you have bestowed upon us, and by the aid of which we have been enabled to give a great deal of pleasure to many hearts.

It has been a busy and an anxious year ; a year of blessings and of sorrows. Two of our Sisters have passed within the veil : S. Coletta, who at the time of her profession fifteen years ago, was thought to be very near her end, but who, wonderfully rallying, had since done many a task of nursing, and endeared herself greatly to [the poor people round about East Grinstead : and S. Margaret, of Boston, unknown to most of us, but very dear to those who did know her. She was a holy child from the first—very humble, simple, and conscientious, with singularly lucent eyes. When, at about twelve years of age, she was present at a play, acted by her schoolfellows, it was suddenly perceived that the light dress worn by one of them had caught fire. The panic was general, only unshared by Daisy, who rushed upon the girl, and wrapped her up, closely clasping her to extinguish the flames. She was successful ; but her own constitution sustained a shock from which it perhaps never fully rallied. She joined the community of St. Margaret's, Boston, when about eighteen, some ten years ago, and died last November, of consumption.

Two of our most valued Associate Priests have also been removed within the last year. The Rev. Charles Walker, of Brighton, joined our Society on St. Margaret's Day, 1866, and from that time forth was always a kind and steadfast friend, a frequent visitor, and a thoughtful and liberal benefactor. He was always with us on St. Margaret's Day till this year. On the eve, when the Altar had been decked with vases of flowers, the Sisters were saying, "Mr. Walker will not bring his flowers to-morrow" (he always brought some very rare exotics), when, at the last moment, so to speak, arrived a large box of wonderfully exquisite white blossoms, which our friend on his death-bed had directed to

be sent us in time for our festival. They really seemed as if they had come straight from Paradise.

The other Priest Associate, whose loss we mourn, joined us, Sept. 12th, 1867, and was the revered and beloved Chaplain of St. Saviour's Priory, Haggerston. And that was Alexander Heriot Mackonochie. He needs no words of ours.

But then, on the other hand, our own Chaplain has been restored to us improved in health, and with, we trust, returning vigour.

Our numbers are gradually increasing, but we have far more work offered us than we can undertake. We continue to have good accounts from Ceylon: Kingsand turns out to be exquisitely beautiful and healthful; and other works are progressing well.

There has been as much nursing as usual, and in as many places. Here is a slight sketch of one case:—

“A Sister arrives one Sunday evening at a cottage, where the father, mother, and three children are ill with scarlet fever. The baby lies between its parents; it is not ill, though very tiny and white. Three boys are in the kitchen; one has had the fever slightly, the other two do not sicken till the next Tuesday, when the number of patients rises to seven. The eldest is fourteen, and the baby six months old. A neighbour opens the door to the Sister (whose arrival was not expected). She has been kind in visiting the cottage, but begins to fear for her own family, and has just told the man and his wife that she is afraid to come again, and they must depend on their eldest boy. There is only a little skim milk in the house, and nothing more to be had for that night. The baby cries a good deal, and has to be weaned, as its mother can no longer feed it. It has no cradle. A very old one is sent in without mattress or covering of any sort. A pillow in a small clothes basket makes a bed for the darling. He gets very knowing, and fond of the Sisters, later on.

“The cottage is very old. The walls and ceiling of the kitchen are black with smoke, and the brick floor is worn and uneven, so that the table rocks upon it. Three sleep in one bed, two in another, one in a third, the parents and baby in a fourth. No change of linen for persons or beds, as the family has been out hopping during the last month, and all they possess is unwashed.

"Another Sister comes on Tuesday, bringing with her some clean sheets and pillow cases, and a hamper of food.

"The family in the adjoining cottage take fright, and clear out with their furniture. On the following Saturday, a lady in the neighbourhood, hearing that the Sisters have no bed nor any place to rest in, sends a bed and some warm rugs. We get leave to put it up next door. Some coal is sent, and some wood ready chopped. Our new room is of immense use ; we cook at the fire, and dry and air clothes before it ; and later on we find a woman who is not afraid to wash for us.

"At the end of the first week we receive another hamper from home, and another Sister to replace one who had been over-worked. Other kind friends help us : we have a plentiful supply of delicious milk ; rabbits and other things arrive now and then. The well being dry, all water at first has to be fetched from a distance ; the boy of twelve going twice a day with two pails, carried on a yoke ; afterwards a man calls daily with water.

"We were with these people five weeks ; all the cases recovered, and the fever did not spread to the other cottages."

The Sister who works on the East Moor, near Roath, gives a little account of the place :—

"It is a large district of the working class ; not one gentleman's house in the whole place ; and in nearly every house one goes to just now men are out of work, and cannot get any. I cannot think how they manage to live. One family I came across the other day, who had not had bread to eat for days. The father stole a few turnips, which they ate ; and at last, when he got work to do, he had hardly strength to do it. Some have had to pawn everything they could part with, even their blankets ; and during the late bitter cold weather they had nothing to cover them but a sheet. I cannot tell you the hopeless, helpless feeling one has as one goes among them. If there were only a few families in distress, one might be able to help them ; but how is one to relieve such a number ?

"We get nothing from offertories, for there are only poor people in the Church, and most of those are in want. I have been begging lately for money to enable me to supply the wives of the

unemployed with needlework, and am going to have a sale, the proceeds of which are to go to that object. I shall think myself very grand indeed if I get £3."

At St. Alban's, Manchester, a Committee has been formed for the Sisters' maintenance, and the money so collected, together with other gifts, has been nearly sufficient to bring them through the expenses of this year ; but they still have to do a great deal of begging. For their poor, they have the offertories of only four Sundays in the year, which amounted this last year to rather less than £34. They make a good deal by sale of old clothes, and have had some gifts of flannel and blankets, but, amidst much sickness and poverty, they find their available means of relief sadly inadequate.

At home, St. Agnes' School has been doing well, and we append the report of the Christmas examination. About the Orphanage there is something to say. Not about the Margaret Cot (that finds its place elsewhere in these pages), but about two children.

About two years ago, a most miserable little infant boy from one of the most wretched slums near St. Thomas', Regent Street, was received on a month's visit. He was pitiful to behold. His poor little legs were scarcely thicker than your thumb. His mother was dead, and the rest of his family showed entire indifference towards him. He very soon began to thrive, and ingratiated himself so much with his hostesses, that they have kept him ever since. Meanwhile his father is dead, his eldest sister has taken to evil courses, and his little brother and crippled little sister are gone to the workhouse. He will presently be too old to remain among our little girls. Will you kindly try to find a place for him in some boys' school, or help in paying for his maintenance in one? He is now about five years old, a nice little boy, on whom your care would be well bestowed. Pray help us then about George Thomas.

So much for the boy : now for a girl. A pretty little girl, about a year and a half old. (This is also a case from St. Thomas'.) The father, a respectable labourer, died before her birth from the results of an accident ; the mother, who had married at sixteen, and was then two-and-twenty, had two or three other children, one

taken care of by her own mother, one in the workhouse. She has since disappeared altogether. Some kind persons have collected money enough to keep little Susie at nurse in the town of East Grinstead till next March, when the Sisters would like to receive her into the Orphanage. Is there anyone who will help them to do that?

Of course these cases are not more urgent than thousands of others: except in one particular, but that is an important one. They have been lifted out of their original wretched surroundings, and become accustomed to decent living. Their feet have been set on the way in which they should go. Shall we ask you in vain for help to keep them in it?

Some of our readers have expressed disappointment at not finding a memoir of the Mother Ann in the first number of this magazine. In point of fact, something of the kind had been prepared, but was withdrawn until it might fall into its proper place in Dr. Neale's biography. This delay gives us the opportunity of asking for any letters or reminiscences with which her friends will kindly furnish us. And we should like to make a similar request with regard to the material for Dr. Neale's memoir. Soon after his death, some of his friends placed letters and papers in the hands of his literary executor; but many others did not; and we should be exceedingly grateful for the loan of any, bearing on spiritual matters, or on any of the subjects on which he wrote, and for which he laboured. Just now, for instance, we especially need some further data about the Cambridge Camden Society.

In conclusion, we beg to inform our friends that as this little venture of ours has found favour, and succeeded beyond our expectations, we propose henceforth to double its size and price, and hope to secure the co-operation of a good staff of contributors.

The July number of "St. Margaret's Magazine," therefore, and the numbers succeeding, will cost one shilling each, and 2d. extra for postage. Will you kindly address applications for, or contributions to the Magazine, to *The Sister-in-Charge, St. Thomas' Mission, 14, Golden Square, W.*, and mark "S. M. M." at the corner of the envelope.

Pray for us, friends, as we for you, that God may be glorified both in our life and in our death.

ST. AGNES' SCHOOL.

CHRISTMAS REPORT OF THE CAMBRIDGE EXAMINER.

To the Secretary of the Syndicate of the University of Cambridge for conducting the Examination of Schools.

Sir,—I have the honour to lay before you my Report of St. Agnes' School, East Grinstead. My examination was conducted partly by written answers and partly orally, the latter portion being taken on the 5th and 6th of this month.

The School consists of 56 girls, from about nine to eighteen years of age, fifteen being a fair average. They are divided into five Forms, the fifth being the highest.

The general condition of the pupils, moral, intellectual, and physical, seemed to me very satisfactory. The buoyancy of their spirits showed that they were under no unnecessary rigour, while their cheerful compliance with my requirements, which involved a loss of their usual play-time, was a proof that they were in the habit of submitting to a reasonable discipline.

All the teachers were well up to their work, and I gratefully acknowledge their kind co-operation.

The class-rooms are of a good height and size, but here, as elsewhere in girls' schools, I note the absence of one large room for general assembly, without which no good school for boys could long exist. Double desks, where two pupils sit side by side, are not suited to purposes of examination. Not that there were signs of any mutual help, for I was struck by the marked variety in the style of answers.

The subjects presented for examination were Divinity, History of England, Geography, French, Latin, Literature, English Grammar, and Arithmetic.

The Divinity varied greatly in quality throughout the School, there being in each Form marks of careful and high-toned teaching, some of which had been forgotten. The names of Scripture characters were in some cases mis-spelt, leading to serious errors between the lives of Josiah and Joash. It is advisable to write on the board the names of the persons treated of in every oral Scripture lesson. At the same time I should call the work above average level. The answers were most uniformly good in Form II.

In the Historical answers there was a more general spread of information. Some of the papers of the elder girls on the Wars of the Roses showed good detailed knowledge, and it was only in the cases of two of the youngest that I got little or no reply.

The same remarks apply to the Geography, save that there is a weakness in some members of Form IV. The outline maps were well done, but they

were smaller than such as are generally used in the School, and this circumstance did not improve their quality.

In French there was a very fair knowledge of the set subjects in the three Upper Forms, and throughout the School the Grammar may be said to be in a satisfactory condition. Pupils should be recommended, however, not to abbreviate French words in their written answers. The translation from English into French requires strengthening.

I was much gratified by finding Latin taken up with so much spirit in this School. The study, apart from its intrinsic worth, cannot fail to exercise an invaluable effect on the French, provided that teachers will use their opportunities of pointing out the connection between the two languages.

The subject (*Æneid* II.) was evidently appreciated, though the knowledge of Syntax was barely adequate to cope with difficulties of construction. The Junior Latin is in a healthy state.

The papers in Shakespeare were very good in Form V., and very fairly good in Form IV. It was with pleasure that I observed not only the evidences of acquaintance with English Philology, and power of interpreting antique phrases, but also a genuine appreciation of the beauty and the humour of the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*." Form III. brought a portion of the "*Merchant of Venice*," and I heard some nice little poetical recitations by the younger children.

Form V. scored uniformly well in English Grammar, the lowest marks being 71. The highest (84) were obtained by a pupil who had not elsewhere so much distinguished herself. The analysis was thoroughly sensible. In Form IV. there was, of course, a falling off, but much good work was sent up. The younger girls are coming on well in Grammar.

I found the Arithmetic worked with alacrity, and with good knowledge of principles in many cases. In each Form there are weak specimens, who pull the average down. Some fresh, lively oral lessons would probably bring these slower and more backward pupils up to the general mark. It is well sometimes to revert to earlier rules while progress is being made in the higher branches. I should say that many of the girls might begin Euclid and Algebra with great advantage.

It would not be grateful in me to close this Report without expressing my thanks to all connected with the School, for the great kindness with which I was received.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

*Fressingfield Vicarage,
Harleston,*

Your faithful servant,
JOHN JAMES RAVEN.

December 21st, 1887.



JOHN MASON NEALE.

æet. 15½

John Mason Neale.

A MEMOIR—(*Continued.*)

THE serial publication of a biography, trying though it be to the patience of its readers, yet has its advantages. In the present instance, one of the still surviving founders of the Cambridge Camden Society has been induced, by our mention of it in the last chapter, to give an account, such as few others now living could write, of its foundation, and of Dr. Neale's connection with it. He writes as follows :—

“THE CAMBRIDGE CAMDEN SOCIETY.

DEAR SISTER,

You ask me to tell you about the beginning and early history of the C.C.S., and Dr. Neale's connection with it. I cannot do this without some special reference to myself, which I hope will not be thought out of place. My narrative will be chiefly occupied with facts which immediately concern the foundation and progress of the C.C.S. It will, I think, shew the truth of what Dr. Newman says in Sermon xxii., vol. i., viz. : that ‘every great change is effected by the few, not by the many ; by the resolute, undaunted, zealous few—one or two men with small outward pretensions, but with their hearts in the work—these do great things.’

Neale and myself entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1836, becoming from the first fast friends, though previously unacquainted with each other. The times when we were together at College were very stirring ones, and full of excitement caused by the most varied and opposite circumstances. It may cause a smile when I illustrate this by saying that the Oxford Tracts on the one hand, and Pickwick on the other, produced a ferment which few can understand, except those who had to mix with the religious controversies of the hour, and to witness the actual

furor with which men struggled to secure a copy of each new number of Dickens's serial. Added to this, there was the attempt of certain Trinity men to shame the Fellows and Dons of Colleges into something like a respectable attendance at the College Chapels, attendance being rigidly enforced upon the undergraduates. This was attempted by publishing lists of attendance upon the part of the Dons, and actually by offering the prize of a handsome Bible to the one who attended the most regularly. The prize was secured by a Fellow who afterwards became a Colonial Bishop; but it would have been given to a well-known Dean, had it not been part of his everyday duty, as Dean, to be present at Chapel. Some profanely called this effort a 'Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Dons.'

I have every reason to be grateful to Neale for his help to relieve many a long hour of tedium during my college course—caused by such weakness of sight as precluded studying at any time after dusk—for he read aloud to me after Hall, with the best intelligence, though not with a musical voice; every varied thing that could interest one—Oxford Tracts, Dickens, the whole of the Dramatic Poets, and the most of every other poet of note, and, in fact, anything that became of special interest.

We spent the long vacation together at St. Leonard's, and from that centre made visits to all the Churches in the neighbourhood, Neale registering results, and myself copying the fonts. In the long vacation of 1838 we went together through Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Durham, on to Newcastle, Carlisle, and Glasgow, taking notes of Cathedrals and other Churches. During shorter vacations in these years, various gig tours were undertaken through Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Sussex, &c.

In October, 1837, James Gavin Young (now vicar of Hursley) entered Trinity College, and in 1838, Benjamin Webb (late vicar of St. Andrew's, Wells Street) did the same, and Edmund Venables (now Precentor of Lincoln) entered Pembroke Hall; W. N. Griffin, of St. John's College, took his degree in 1837; F. A. Paley in 1838; C. Colson and E. T. Codd in 1839. Harvey Goodwin was an undergraduate of Caius College in October, 1836.

It was upon the coming up to the University of such men as

Young, Webb, Venables, and others, that a small society of men interested as much as Neale and myself were in Church Architecture began to be formed: Neale, Webb, Goodwin, and myself, having taken the lead in forming it; and while the first members of this small Society were all undergraduates, such graduates as Griffin, Colson, Codd, Paley, Eddis, and others, quickly joined it. The Rules of our Association were framed for one of mutual friends resident in the University, as will be seen from the fact that one of them imposed 'a fine on all members who did not visit some specified Church within four miles of St. Mary's Church *weekly*.' Certainly the originators never dreamt of anything beyond this. This small Association took the name of the Camden Society, (the additional title of Cambridge was not then prefixed, I believe). The real causes of the larger Society (to which the name Cambridge Camden was given to distinguish it from the London Camden Society) being instituted, it was well known at the time, were these:—*First*, an opposition and disturbance which was raised against the small Association by the black-balling of one or two men who had been proposed for Membership. *Secondly* and chiefly, the great and rapid increase of Members, so that it was deemed absolutely necessary to found a Society upon a broader basis, and with Laws and an Executive which would carry weight with Members and Associates, not only resident in the University, but scattered far and wide throughout the kingdom; and further, unite together men of all professions who desired to carry out the objects of the Society, whether Members of the University or not. There was a *third* cause, namely, the dispersion of the Members of the small Association throughout the country after taking their degrees.

It was under the excitement caused by the opposition of some, who—because they could not rule—wished to destroy the original little coterie of lovers of Church Architecture, that the following step was taken by Neale, Webb, and myself. We were all in-college men. We determined to try and secure a Head and an influential Leader to the movement on behalf of founding a Society which should embrace the same objects as the smaller one, but open its arms wider and extend its operations beyond the

narrow sphere to which the smaller Society had limited itself. To this end, after ten o'clock at night, we three waited on our tutor, Archdeacon Thorp, and laid the state of the case before him. We entreated him to come to the rescue, and did not leave him until he promised to call forthwith a Public Meeting to be held in one of the Lecture Rooms of Trinity College. The Meeting was called, and well attended by undergraduates, graduates, and even so-called Dons from various Colleges. *At this Meeting in May, 1839, the Cambridge Camden Society was instituted*, and the Ven. Thomas Thorp, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Archdeacon and Chancellor of Bristol, became the President of the Society.

I may state here that in the year 1843 (*i.e.*, in the fourth year of its Institution), such was the progress of the C.C.S., that there were connected with it either as Patrons, &c., 2 Archbishops, 16 Bishops, 31 Peers and M.P.s, 7 Deans or Chancellors of Dioceses, 21 Archdeacons and Rural Deans, 16 Architects, and as ordinary members just 700. The first Committee was constituted as follows:—J. M. Neale (Chairman), E. J. Boyce (Treasurer), B. Webb and E. T. Codd (Secretaries), B. Smith and H. Goodwin (Auditors), C. Colson, A. S. Eddis, W. N. Griffin, J. S. Howson, M. Thomas, and J. F. Stooks (Ordinary Members).

Up to nearly the end of 1841, the C.C.S. had, as it were, no special means of spreading information upon the various objects it undertook to promote amongst its Members absent from the University, except those furnished by printed Annual Reports and the Addresses of the President delivered at the Anniversary Meetings. It was in October, 1841, that Neale paid me a visit at Southampton, where I was Curate of Holyrood. Naturally the C.C.S. became a chief subject of conversation, and upon my complaining that Members of the Society who had removed from the University, were left without any information of its doings, and suggesting that the C.C.S. ought to have its periodical, Neale (one of whose characteristics was 'a blow and a word'), wrote off at once to the President and the Secretaries (Webb, Young, and Paley), mentioning the suggestion, giving a sketch of the design for a monthly publication, and proposing that the name should be

'THE ECCLESIOLOGIST.'

The first number was published in November, 1841. In the Report of 1842, it is stated that eight numbers had appeared, and that the sale was rapidly and steadily increasing. This periodical obtained in fact such a circulation and influence, that it became scarcely so much a mere Report of the doings of the C.C.S., as a general Organ of Ecclesiology, for, indeed, this Magazine gave first its *being* and its *name* to that peculiar branch of Science.

In 1844, the publication of 'The Ecclesiologist' was not continued in the name of the Society, though it continued to be conducted by those who had managed the Editorship and furnished the Articles in the first three volumes. From January, 1845, for a year and a half, the new Series was published without the imprimatur of the C.C.S., but in May, 1846, when the Society became the 'Ecclesiological (late Cambridge Camden) Society,' the copyright of the periodical was restored by the proprietors to the Society, and published by it under the Editorship of the officers. The motto which had been 'Quam dilecta. Donec templa refeceris,' was changed for 'Surge igitur, et fac, et erit Dominus tecum.' The Ecclesiologist continued to be published until December, 1868, the last number being the 153rd—its life had existed exactly twenty-one years.

If any contributors to it deserve pre-eminent credit for its success from first to last, few will dispute that John Mason Neale and Benjamin Webb are two of these. I find from a copy of volume *one*, belonging to Neale, which has initials in ink to each article, that out of 158 contributions to that volume, Neale made 47, Webb 46, and Paley 36. Under Neale's name, in volume *three*, I find written, 'Et quorum pars magna fui.' It has been said that the C.C.S. was 'frozen by episcopal coldness.' I do not think that this expresses the true cause of many troubles which beset the Society, and came to a crisis in February, 1845. These troubles began from the first month of the publication of the Ecclesiologist, (*i.e.*, November, 1841), owing to the unguarded severity of some criticisms upon, and denunciation of grievous faults in new Churches (especially with reference to one then building in Cambridge). In the December number there is

a severe protest against the Society, for its apparent sanction of articles of criticism indicative of 'desire to convert the Society into an engine of polemical theology, instead of an instrument for promoting the study and practice of ecclesiastical architecture.' The truth is, that many of these young critics preferred blistering wounds instead of mollifying them with ointment. It required two-and-a-half pages in that December number to try and soothe the twelve remonstrants (none of whom were Bishops), one of whom was on the Committee of the C.C.S., and the rest members of the Society.

The first edition of the November number was suppressed. I must refer those who wish to know more, to a memorial of the C.C.S., which I have prepared and hope to publish, of the details of its troubles and fate, as well as of its progress and work. It will be of interest, however, to make the following statement:—It is scarcely to be wondered at that the plain, unsparing condemnation of so-called 'Churchwarden's Gothic,' and of destructive restorations, and the outspoken statements of the bearing of real Ecclesiastical Architecture upon ritual, should raise storms of indignation, and the cry of superstition and Romanism from many on all sides, who had long been accustomed to the work of Mr. Compo (so admirably set forth at the same time in Paget's Milford Malvoisin), and to a ritual of that dulness and dreariness which can scarcely be conceived by members of the Church of this generation. Alarm on the score of extreme ritual, as expressive of extreme doctrine, was spreading, and articles in the Ecclesiologist did not tend to allay it. Several patrons withdrew. The crisis came, and at the meeting held February 13th, 1845, the Committee stated in the Report that it had been communicated to the President that Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, and Dr. Kay, Bishop of Lincoln, had withdrawn from the Society. The Duke of Northumberland, Chancellor of the University, and his representative (by usual etiquette) the Vice-Chancellor, had also withdrawn. Upon this it appeared to the Committee that the Society was placed in a position incompatible with its character as an Association of Members of the Church and University, and as 'they feel satisfied that any advantages which

might be expected from its continued operations would be insufficient to counterbalance the positive evil that must result from even an apparent disregard of the sentiments of those invested with authority, *they therefore recommend unanimously that the Society be dissolved.*' The final result of this recommendation, after taking the opinion of Counsel, and canvassing the members, was the obtaining on May 8th, 1845, the sanction of a resolution that a Committee be formed with instructions to revise the laws—The following Committee were elected: Messrs. Witts, Webb, Stokes (who resigned), Paley, Hope, Hodson, Freeman, Goodwin. The Committee added to their number Neale, Forbes, Bevan, Sir S. Glynne, Bart., F. H. Dickenson. The upshot was—the laws were revised, the local habitation of the Society was changed from Cambridge to London, and its name henceforth became the Ecclesiological (late Cambridge Camden) Society. The Seventh Anniversary was held May 12th, 1846, in London, at the school-rooms of the All Souls and Trinity Districts, St. Marylebone.

It may be fitting here to give an extract from an In Memoriam of Dr. Neale, to be found in the October, 1866, number of the Ecclesiologist.

'It is scarcely necessary to say in this place that Mr. Neale was one of the original founders of the C.C.S., and one of the earliest and ablest and most constant contributors to the pages of the Ecclesiologist. He lived long enough to see the complete triumph of the great principles for which he had laboured so zealously. He withdrew some years ago from any very active concern in the management of the Ecclesiological Society. He continued, indeed, to contribute to our pages, but chiefly on Liturgical and Ritual subjects, or on Hymnology. In particular, the interesting series of *Sequentiæ Ineditæ*, most of which he copied from manuscript Service Books which he examined on his frequent continental tours, were among his latest communications to that journal. But for some time he had ceased to attend Committee Meetings, though he did not discontinue to share the Editorial responsibility of our pages. Indeed, as is well known, the foundation and management of the Nursing Sisterhood of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, and of the numerous subsidiary

Institutions which grew up around that nucleus, engaged latterly nearly his whole time and energy. . . . He has left behind him the reputation of being one of the most learned Theologians, one of the most erudite Scholars, one of the best Linguists, one of the sweetest Hymnologists, and perhaps the foremost Liturgicist of his time. The versatility of his powers were astonishing, and it may be doubted if his capacity and his fondness for hard intellectual labour were ever exceeded. Gifted with an extraordinarily retentive memory, an indefatigable student, and trained from early childhood in the habit of fluent and graceful composition, he became one of the most voluminous, as well as accomplished, writers of his generation. . . . The loss is one which will be felt very widely indeed, at a time when ripe theologians and original preachers and orthodox commentators and finished liturgical scholars are few in number among us.'

The above extract shows in what way John Mason Neale was connected from first to last with the Society, as the C.C.S., and its successor the Ecclesiological.

No wonder that he was proud of his connection with the C.C.S. He often said, 'Well, whatever else has failed, the work of that will last as long as time exists;' and he has often cheered me by simply saying, 'Don't forget what you had to do with the C.C.S.'

I am asked to give an idea of the number of Churches improved under the auspices of the C.C.S. It would be as difficult almost as to count the stars on a clear frosty night. It is sufficient to notice that in the year 1843 alone, no less than 98 applications were made to the Committee for advice respecting the reparation of old Churches—the designs for new ones—the details in connection with the internal arrangement of existing Churches, and the designs for Church plate and ornaments. Two of these were from Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand, and the Chaplain at Alexandria. In fact, it may be said without exaggeration that not only from every part of the British Isles, but from almost every colony of the British Empire, applications for designs and for advice were received almost every month without intermission.

Neale read many papers at the ordinary meetings of the C.C.S. In the Transactions, Vol. III., I find one on the Ecclesiology of

Madeira, read April 30th, 1844, after his sojourn there for his health.

In the fourth part of the Monumental Brasses, the third plate represents Dr. Thomas Nelond, 26th Prior of St. Pancras, Lewes, and Rector of Cowfold, Sussex. Little being known respecting this ecclesiastic, Neale has thrown his remarks into the form of a contemporary letter, giving an account of the funeral of Dr. Nelond. This was so cleverly done in English of the 15th century, that he had several enquiries from philologists as to the genuineness of the document.

Neale wrote the introductory remarks to the whole volume of Brasses, and a Latin Epilogue to the series, consisting of eleven stanzas of four lines in mediæval verse, every line of each quatrain ending with one and the same double rhyme.

To show the versatility of his powers, it is sufficient to enumerate the subjects of papers read by him, besides those in the Transactions between 1839 and 1844—

On Epitaphs.

On the Remains of Scottish Cathedrals.

On certain Churches in Hertfordshire.

On Ecclesiastical Brasses.

On the Ecclesiastical Edifices in Cambridgeshire, which are connected with the Legend of St. Etheldreda.

*On the Restoration of St. Nicolas Church, Old Shoreham. (November 7th, 1840.) Printed in Vol. I. of the Transactions.

*On certain Churches in Northamptonshire. (Mar. 20th, 1841.)

*On Symbolical representations of certain Saints. (May 24th, 1841.)

*On the History of Puses. (Nov. 22nd, 1841.) Printed.

On the Ecclesiology of the Deanery of Penrith in Cornwall. (Nov., 1842.)

On Private Devotion in Churches. (1844.) Printed.

He was Chaplain at Downing when he wrote those papers marked with an asterisk.

I do not know that I can add anything more to show Neale's connection with the C.C.S. It has been impossible to do this within a very limited space.

EDW. J. BOYCE,

April 24th, 1888.

Rector of Houghton."

The "Monumental Brasses" being now nearly inaccessible to the general reader, we subjoin the letter concerning Prior Nelond. If it be considered rather as an audacious though exceedingly clever forgery, we may remark that its writer followed in the steps of the President of the C.C.S., the Ven. T. Thorp, who, in an earlier number of the "Brasses," had avowedly given rein to his imagination in giving an account of "A Priest from North Mimms."

"DR. THOMAS NELOND,

Twenty-sixth Prior of St. Pancras at Lewes, and Rector of Cowfold, Sussex.

'Et foyz assavoir a tous les lecteurs de ce petit livret, que les choses, que je dis avoir veues et sceues, sont vraies, et fermement ong les doivent croire. Et les autres choses, que je ne tesmoyné que par oir, prenez les en bon sens, sil vous plaist. Priant au Dieu, qu'il lui plaise nous donner ce qu'il sceit nous estre necessaire tant aux corps, que aux âmes.'—*Joinville, Vie de St. Louis, p. 279.*

Mayster Peter Nelond, cytizen of London and goldsmith, to ye ryghte wurschypfull Mayster Johan Brookys, Alderman of ye seide citye, gretynge.

Ryghte Wurschypfull,

In min ryghte harti wise I commende mee untoe yowe. And where yee wylled yat I sholde sette foorth the sondrie min adventures and oyer passagys of mi travyll yat han bifallen me, ye same, Godde willinge, I shall assaye to doe. But fyrste plesyth yowe to bee enfoormed, yat mi dere broder, Syr Thomas Nelond, late Pryor of Seint Pancras atte Lewes, is departyd out of this miserabyll world, of whoos sowl ihū have merci: ye whiche as hit hath not oonly made me suche pytefull dole of harte, as up to yis daye mi wytte colde not attayne untoe, so hath hit causyd mee moche payne and travyl and no small journaye hytherward.

Yee knowe yat on Seint Marke's eve I dide departe from my poore hows in Powle's, leavyng ryghte sorwefulli thi suster, mi bedfelowe, mistrys Kate, (to whom of dere love holde mee commended,) and bering with me certayne pixes, for ye which ye Chapter of Bosham hadde agreed and covenantid. Item, one salt cellare, marveylous fayre, all of pure golde, sette abowte with divers grete rubies. Item, one reliquaire, fayreli chacyd of silver,

with theis woordes, *Benedictus dñs in operibus suis*. Item, one grete golde patyn. Item, two faire chalicys. Yat nyghte, I and my prenticys laye at Sheene, wher I hadde letterys of commendacyon from mi broder, nowe w^t Godde : and ye nexte daye, after Highe Masse ended, did the Pryor preche very godli : alsoe, after refection hadde, did I bringe foorth my warys, ye whyche weren of alle menne moche admiryd. And so the next daye to Ryegate, a litel Priorie, where was mervylous grete festyng. Thencefoorth dide wee passe a veri salvage countrie till atte ye laste upon Holirood daye, (praised therefor bee oure Ladye) wee dide safeli arrive where wee wolde bee. And ye Deane ryghte curteousli entreatede us certayne dayes, of hys proper expense : and dide covenant with mee for certayne other silver vessells, ye which, Godde wyllinge, I shall furnish afore Christmasse.

And whanne I wolde have takyn mi departure thennes, sodenli there came tydings from Lewes, yat ye Pryor yereof was grievous sick : wherefore, I besoughte ye Deane yat hee wolde stande mi gode lorde in yat extremity. And hee sayde yat hee wolde. And hee wrote a letter to thys effect to ye Pryor of Boxgrove, 'I commend mee untoe yowe. And where yis bearer, mi frende, hath certayne businesse and affayres to be done in yose youre parties, I requeste yowe for mi sake, yat yf hee shall have neede of youre favour yerein, hee may have recourse untoe yowe for the same : for ye whiche at alle tymes I will be redi to requite hit unto yowe.' And so, taking conge of hym, we came to Chychester, where ys a Cathedral, mervylous fayre edified. And abowte vesper tyme dide wee enter into Boxgrove. Where, whanne I hadde delivered ye letterys, I was well receivyd of ye hole broderhede. And on ye nexte daye cam a messenger from Lewes, w^t ryghte sorweful tydings, yat hit hadde plesyd Almyghtie Godde to calle to Hys merci their Fader and Prior : and willyng yem of Boxgrove to sende thither certayne grave menne, bothe to chaunte at hys burielles, and to advise of him who sholde bee preferred to yat vacant rowme. The messenger alsoe seide yat hee mad a godli and ryghte Chrysten ende, and after hee hadde receivyd ye Blessed Sacramente of Extreame Unction, dide tak to hymself moche gostli consolacyon yn yat hys extremitye. And after hee hadde seyde the orisson,

In Te, Dñe, speravi: non confundar in eternum, (ye whiche, as I ben enfoormed, thys signifye and no other, Yn thee, O Lorde, have I putte mi truste, I shall not bee confoundyd,) hee dide commende hymselfe to the Hoolye Trinitye, Seint Pancras, our Ladie, Seynt Thomas of Canterburi, and All Seynts, and so departyd, beeing abowte ye age of LXX yeres: of whoos sowle and alle Christen sowles Crist ihū for hys bitter passioun have merci.

Moche grieve was of alle menne mad yereat, and it plesyd the pryor to beseche mee yat I wolde tarrye with hym till he sholde bee redi for yat journey hymselfe. And I seyde yat I sholde. And yat nyghte was yere a masse of requiem; and grete dole made of ye broderhede. And ye nexte daye ye Pryor, and divers others, sette foorth, and comyng to Arundele, wee aboad yere one nyghte. And so ye nexte daye to Bristelmstun, a merveyulous poore village. And ye nexte daye, abowte ye tyme of Complyne, wee cam to ye top of ye hill yat lyeth over againste Lewes. Grete lyghte was yere from ye windows of ye Priorye; also ye belles of alle ye chyrches dide tolle mournfulli. Thanne seyde ye Pryor unto mee, *Nonne princeps cecidit ex domo Israel?* Hathe not a prince fallen in the hows of Israel? And ye cellarer dide saye yat anoyer, yf hit soe plesyd Godde, shoulde not bee inferior to him inne ye order, administracyoun, provisioun, and husbandrie of ye seide hows: whereat ye Prior dide smyle. And whanne wee weren cum to ye yate of ye priory, there cam foorth to mete us divers monkes. And whanne they understode yat I was ye broder of the decessyd Fader, they shewyd me ryghte fayre curtesie. A very fayre Abbaye ys hit: and hit lyeth plesantly emongst plesant medowes. There dide I see ye tombe of ye lady Gundred de Warrenna, ye whiche dide, of hir proper coste, edifye ye seide hows; and now lyeth afore ye High Awter, inne ye myddest of ye Qwere. Alsoe ye chyrche bin veri large and grete; and ye cloysteres ryghte delectable. Now wee cam not thyther til ye eve of ye buryeles: wherefor see ye face of mi broder I colde not: butte hee laye under a grete herse inne ye chyrche: torchys weren there sans nombre: also a herawde dide stande atte hys feete: and eight Prests continually dide chaunte moste godli the Sevyn

Psaumes. And behynde ye herse were many widewes and orphanes, ye whiche dide evermore wayment and crie, Alasse for oure gode Lorde Prior. And hit was saide unto me yat there sholde bee no reste takyn in ye Priory yat nyghte. And after souper, we retourned into the Quere. And by and by they beganne ye Matins. Thanne was there soche ravishynge melodye made of organs : and soche swete harmonye companied yerewith of voyces yat I dide almost thynke I was in hevynly felicite. Thereafter cam Lauds : and thanne did they chaunte Psalmi graduales until pryme : and foorthwith was brekefaste servid in ye refectorye : for it was a longe journeye yat they moste yat daye take. For yee ar to wytt, that so was my broderis wyll, yat hee sholde bee buried in hys chyrche of Cowfolde. And brekefast hadde, incontinentli dide wee sette foorth. And fyrste wente sixteene Priests, chauntyng : after hem twayne pursuivantes-atte-arnes : yanne was ye coffin drawne of four mulys upon a lowe charett, and over hit was borne the herse, of eight monkes. Anoon followyd ye Pryor w^t myselve : and after us mani monkes with divers others, wepyng : and at ye laste a raskell rowte of menne, women, and childryn. And on this sort passyd we through Lewes. And divers burgesses stode atte ye dore of their howsen, which cryed Walawa ! And whanne wee weren atte ye top of ye hill over agaynst ye chyrche of Seint Anne, thanne sette they downe ye biere, and did sing *Expectans expectavi*. And hard by there mette us Syr Johan Braydforde, w^t divers officers of ye garryson, ye whyche companied w^t us no litel waye. And so wee went under mervylous highe hills (ye whyche bin of ye countri folke cleped downes), and beheld to ye ryghte hande fayre cornefelds, and barly landes. Thanne about Sextes wee cam to ye Crosse at Meston : and thered they sette downe the herse agayne, and sing *Domine, ne iniquitates* : and so dide they atte Ditchelling, and Keymer, and at divers other Roodys by the way. And abowte Vespers we cam to Cowfolde, and whanne wee had born ye hers into ye Chyrche wee laye there yat nyghte. And nexte daye, whanne ye buryeles were over, did brother Danyel preche very godli of ye reising of Lazarus.

Moche elles ys there whyche I myghte delyver untoe yowe, ye

which to sette foorth lackyth me tyme and wytte. And so ye nexte daye did we retourne unto yis place. Wherefore, resting yowre lovinge friende, I commende yowe veri hartely to Godde who have yowe in hys holi kepynge.

PETER NELOND.

At Lewes, ye feste of Seynt Austin, MCCCCXXXIII.

NOTE—Cowfold Church, which is dedicated to the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity, consists of chancel, nave, south aisle to both, tower at west end, and north porch. Its general character is Perpendicular; it presents no object of great interest, excepting a somewhat singular and very late rood-door, and a wooden porch.

In the nave lies the magnificent brass of Prior Nelond. The figure of the Prior, in the dress of a Cluniac monk, is represented under a triple canopy. In the central compartment is the Blessed Virgin with the Infant Saviour; the right hand is raised in the attitude of benediction; on her right, St. Pancras, the patron Saint of the foundation; and on her left, St. Thomas, of Canterbury. Why the latter Martyr was selected, it is difficult to say. There was a Chapel dedicated to him at the Priory Church; and the Corporation Church, at Lewes, is under his patronage. The figure presents a beautiful little specimen of archiepiscopal robes; the right hand is raised in benediction; the left grasps the Crozier. To each of these figures a legend is addressed. To the first,

Mater sancta ihū, me serva mortis ab esu.

To the second,

Martir sancte Dei, duc in loca me requiei.

To the third,

Sit sancti Thomæ suscepta precacio pro me.

Over St. Pancras is placed a shield, containing the usual symbol of the Holy Trinity. That over St. Thomas, of Canterbury, is lost; it probably contained the instruments of Crucifixion.

One side of the legend has been removed; probably this took place when the Church was pue. What remains of it runs thus—

Hic terræ cumulus Thomæ Nelond tegit ossa,
 Est et ei tumulus præsens sub marmore fossa.
 Virtutum donis hic claruit et rationis :
 Exemplisque bonis decus auxit religionis ;
 Mundo Martha fuit, sed Christo mente Maria ;
 In mundo viguit : sed erat sibi celsa Sophia.
 In Maii mensis quarto decimoque kalendis,
 Ad cœli mensis sedes migravit habendas.

Righte undernethe thys marble herse, heere raisyd ffor to keepe
 Hys ashys to the latter daye, dothe Thomas Nelond sleepe,
 Hee hadde grete name ffor virtuous fame amongst his brotherhode
 And bye ye patterne yt hee sette, taughte menne to folwe Gode.
 A Martha to ye worlde he was, to Crist a Marye styll ;
 So yn ye world he won grete prayse, who yett dyd wysdom's wyll :
 The fyfteene day of lustye Maye from erthe hys soule dyd flee ;
 Where with ye bleste hee taketh rest yn sure felicitye.

The first two lines would almost seem to imply that a cenotaph had been erected to him at Lewes. The fifth line is a poor imitation of the legend to the Lady Gundreda,* it is not so neatly turned, and the allusion was far more applicable to a young princess than to an aged Prior.

Little as the reader has been told concerning this Prior, it is all that is known of him."—J. M. N., *Monumental Brasses*.

Here is also the Epilogue, mentioned by Mr. Boyce, with a sympathetic translation Dr. Littledale has just been good enough to write. Both are feats of ingenuity and word-mastery, and the English version perhaps the most so, because it is so extremely difficult to get double rhymes in our language.

* This monument, referred to in the letter, now stands in Southover Church. The two lines of the epitaph alluded to, run thus—

Mar[tha] fuit miseris, fuit ex pietate Maria ;
 Pars obiit Marthæ, super est pars magna Mariæ.
 A Martha to the houseless poor, a Mary in her love ;
 And though her Martha's part be gone, her Mary's lives above.

"EPILOGUS.

Sit labori terminus ! Facientes Dei
Jussa et Ecclesiæ, quod debemus Ei,
Tumulum monstravimus esse domun spei,
Verum cœmeterium, portam requiei.

Longe late Angliam novimus Sanctorum,
Multa templa visimus, operas majorum,
Ubi dulce dormiunt animæ justorum,
Et hunc librum pretium tulimus laborum.

Inter hæc et alia, quæ nil refert scire,
Visi nobis dies sunt lætiores ire,
Novâ pulchritudine campus se vestire,
Aguas Sol hesperias grandior subire.

Nostrum fuit interim sacrosancta tecta
Atque Tabernacula visere dilecta,
Vanitate sæculi paululum rejectâ,
Ubi clamant omnia, Deum tuum specta !

Rutilabant Martyres ex antiquo more,
Rutilabant Virginum dulci chorus ore,
Confessorum numerus vitreo splendore,
Et micabat aureo laquear colore.

Mortis habitaculo adstet Vitæ Lignum :
Illud sit solatium flentibus benignum ;
Nihil est Catholico monumentum dignum,
Nisi sit Ecclesiæ Triumphantis signum.

Procul sit memoria cuncta terrenorum,
Stirpis, matrimonii, sobolis, factorum ;
Quantus in officio pacis vel bellorum,
Quantus in divitiis ;—nil decebit horum.

Ubi semel ultimum ad Tribunal statur,
 In quo pœnitentiæ nullus locus datur,
 Reus coram Judice anne gloriatur ?
 Servus coram Domino tale fabulatur ?

Apage papavera,—apage mœrorem,—
 Fractos aufer lapides,—ferreum soporem ;
 Spem fidemque statuæ spirent et amorem,
 Marmor det angelicum, quod potest, decorem.

Urnæ, tædæ, vincula, quid cum liberatis ?
 Quidve flos deciduus habet cum Beatis ?
 Ubi ver perpetuum, expers vita fatis,
 Et æternum gaudium Immortalitatis.

Omnibus fidelibus requiem oremus,
 Et sic ad propositam metam festinemus,
 Ut cum illis simulac cursum peragemus,
 In excelsis gloriam Deo conclamemus !

Trinity College.

J. M. N."

Here our toil be brought to close ! God's commands obeying,
 And to those of Holy Church due submission paying,
 We have proved the grave a home wherein Hope is staying,
 Gate of quiet resting-place, slumber sweet conveying.

Through this England of the Saints, far and wide our stages
 Led us unto many a Church, reared in former ages,
 Where the souls of righteous folk sweetest sleep engages,
 And as fruit of such our toils, see these present pages.

'Midst these tasks and much beside, needing not expressing,
 Happier seemed the days to glide, fuller still of blessing,
 Fields appeared to be themselves in fresher beauty dressing,
 The sun to set more royally, to western waves progressing.

Ours was then the pleasant lot to view each holy dwelling,
The tabernacles fair to see, in loveliness excelling,
This world's vain thoughts from the heart meanwhile far repelling,
When all round us was of God in clearest voices telling.

The Martyr hosts were gleaming bright, as erst in ages olden,
The Virgin choir shone lily-white, with sweetest grace enfolden ;
Confessors, too, beamed many a one, in storied windows holden,
And upon high the roof-tree glowed with colours rich and golden.

High set we then the Tree of Life above Death's habitation,
Let it bring to mourners' tears its cure and consolation,
For nought besides to mark his grave befits the Christian's station,
Sign of the triumphant Church—banner of salvation.

Chronicles of earthly things utterly eschewing,
Be no record here of race, marriage, issue, doing ;
What the rank in peace or war, what the wealth accruing,
No such memories as these merit here renewing.

When at that last Judgment seat doom is men awaiting,
When repentance can no more win that doom's abating,
Shall the sinner to his Judge boast him, thus dilating ?
Shall the slave before his Lord use such empty prating ?

Cast then poppies far away, cast off sorrow's aching,
Cast aside the fractured stones, types of sleep unawaking,
Let faith, hope, love, in fragrancy be from the sculptures breaking,
The stone should angel-beauty shew, its fullest effort making.

Urns, torches, chains, are not such things for freemen unbefitting,
What hath the fading flower to do with souls in bliss now sitting ?
Where there is life that knows not death, spring never intermitting,
Where immortality bestows joy ending not, nor flitting.

For all the faithful pray we then, that they win rest and blessing,
And to the goal before us set be we ourselves addressing,
That when with them we reach that end to which we now are pressing,
We may on high give God the praise, His mercies all confessing.

How wonderfully, even in the strait trammels of this most quaint metre, the spirit of the author shines out ! Nothing of the Dryasdust type about that antiquary. He is working for God and His Church, and his ardent poetic mind is awake to all the grace and beauty which his travels and researches reveal to him. In the very early days of the C.C.S., he threw some of his impressions into simpler rhyme, of which some fragments remain ;* and we have gathered a few extracts from letters and journals of that date, which have to do with the same subject.

Journal. Dec. 11th, 1839. If it be fine to-morrow, E. B. and I intend going to Hatley Cockayne, about 14 miles from here.

Dec. 12.—The rain cleared off about one ; we started on the Bedford road, which we pursued till it joins the great northern. Then we turned off to Tadlow ; this is a small church without anything very remarkable excepting a figure sculptured on a large chalk stone in the chancel. The date—so far as can be made out from the inscription which is much obliterated—seems to be 1325 ; the lady commemorated was probably foundress of the church which is of slightly earlier date. I took an impression, such as it was, for the softness and dampness of the chalk would hardly allow it to be intelligible. The view from the churchyard, extending over Beds to the south, is very beautiful. Hence to a village called Wrestlingworth in Beds, where has been a very fine canopied brass of a priest with legend, and four coats of arms ; the stone is now disrobed. It was getting dusk, but we pushed on to Hatley Cockayne, where we put up our horses at a farm, there being no inn. The church is magnificent beyond description. At the time the present Rector came to it, it was almost ruined, and had hardly a beautiful feature belonging to it. The outside is now in the most perfect repair, the drain that should never be omitted runs round the walls, and there is an iron fence separating off a paved portion before the west end, where is the entrance. You enter by folding doors adorned with the most exquisite carving ;

* Such are the lines, "The Churches of England," which appear in a later part of the present number.

they came from some Dutch Church ; all the additions were procured at or near Antwerp. The coup d'œil is very striking, the pulpit is a most elaborate piece of carving of the date of 1559, it has the four Evangelists exquisitely sculptured with their symbols. The North window of the Chancel is, as is every window in the Church, filled with stained glass ; the arms of the Cockaynes fill the side lights. The South window is similar, except that it has the Cust arms. There is not a pew in the Nave, it is filled with Cathedral stalls having beautiful poppy-heads. The East window of the North Aisle has nine Saxon Saints, the lowest are St. Edward the Confessor, St. Sebert, and St. Oswald. All this glass is ancient. The font was a plain octagon ; it is now panelled into most beautiful Perpendicular. The basin is an ancient piece of china, containing the history of Joseph and his brethren, though this is incorrect. In the Nave are three sets of brasses containing two, three, and two figures respectively. These all commemorate the Cockaynes, but being unfortunately enamelled, I could not take them. In the South Aisle is an Elizabethan monument to Sir Patrick Hume. We were forced to see this all by candle light, and I could have cried with joy to see so much of the feeling of former times yet amongst us. Cust was gone to Bedford, or we should have called ; as it was, we left our names. I was amused at the naïveté of the clerk's reply to my question : Whether there were any Dissenters ? "Oh no, Sir, Mr. Cust doesn't like that there should be any." I wish I could do something like justice to this glorious Church. We remounted our horses and rode through Hatley Cockayne wood, I never saw such a road ; oceans of mud up to the horses' knees, branches projecting across the road, twilight, pitfalls, and gates tended to make our passage neither pleasant nor safe. We were an hour getting to Hatley St. George, which is little more than a mile and a half, and our horses were dreadfully fagged. Indeed I think we should never have reached our destination at all had not the moon fortunately—I might almost say providentially—come out. We put up at the George, and after seeing the horses fed, and our own dinners in a state of preparation, went up to the Church with the Churchwarden, having previously dispatched the clerk to the parson's for the key and a light. We waited at

the Church door for some time ; at last a light glittered in the distance, and the clerk, parson, and a posse of villagers, all eager to see what was going to take place, made their appearance. There is something very striking in the appearance which taking a brass by candlelight presents. The flashing and quivering of the light on pier, arch, and roof, the misty exhalation which floats about, the dull, cold, fixed gaze of the brass effigy, as contrasted with the lively interest displayed by the spectators, and the heated and anxious looks of the performer, the shifting of light and shade as the lantern is shifted, add to which the melancholy howling of the wind round the casements, and the thought—

The vaulted arches are over the head,
And under the feet are the bones of the dead,—

and the effect is not soon to be forgotten.

Mr. Walker, the clergyman, seemed to take great interest in the affairs of the Camden ; he stood with us while I took two impressions, and E. B. one, of the figure which I should before have said is that of Sir Baldwin St. George, 1425. It is a small but very perfect brass. The curiosity and surprise of the inhabitants cannot be described. "Well I never !" "Well, I *have* lived a long time, but I never seed nothing like this here go !" " Bless me !" " Oh Law !" and so forth.

When we returned to the inn, it was raining—as the clerk said—"a great pace." We made ourselves particularly comfortable in the chimney corner, in the midst of a set of labourers, who much amused us. We had to exhibit our copies again. At a quarter past seven, in the midst of a violent shower of rain, we mounted ; the shower passed off, but though the moon and stars came out occasionally, as the wind rapidly swept the clouds over them, it rained a little all the way. However, the ride was pleasant. In crossing the common between Eversden and Barton, we saw a lunar rainbow, and reached home at a quarter past nine, having ridden thirty-two or thirty-three miles. I never was more completely wet, what with the rain and what with the splashing. E. B. drank tea with me ; we were told about the Committee, Professor Willis came for the first time, and as Thorp was not there, took the chair. The impressions his conduct made on different

Members of the Committee were various. "Diversë men, diversë thinges saide," and so end the day's adventures.

J. M. N. to E. J. B.

35, Brunswick Square, Brighton,

Sept. 6th, 1841.

It is very cheering after a hard day's work for the C.C.S., to receive such a letter as yours. I write, however, now principally to mention a Scheme much coinciding with yours, of building a Church. It was settled at a Committee we had in London some three weeks ago.

It is proposed to erect at Cambridge a large Cross Church called St. Alban the Protomartyr: as a model or normal Church. The style to be Decorated, with lofty cathedral spire.

The arrangements to be perfect—open and magnificent wood seats, exquisite font with splendid canopy, painted tiles, magnificent Altar raised on nine steps, in short, everything, except size, to rival Lincoln. The Collection to be a National one.

For this purpose, the plan is now lying before the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, I believe, is not indisposed to it.

Presents of bells, stained glass, carved wood, tapestry, altar cloths, and the like, drawings, &c., will be thankfully received. A circular to be addressed to all incumbents who have Decorated Churches, requesting drawings of windows that we may choose the best. When we have chosen every part, then we put the whole into some first-rate architect's hands.

This is a very imperfect idea of what the Church will be; directly the circulars are out, you shall have them. We reckon not to build with less than £150,000, or some trifle like that.

More particulars you shall have when I have more time to write. I am glad to hear of your improvements. "The Cause" progresses gloriously, does it not?

Webb and I had five glorious days last week, and took forty-two Churches. We called on Manning: he was very civil, and indeed more than that.

I am going to write a little tract on Pews; send me any information you have or can find on the subject.

Downing College, *St. Leonard*, 1841.

We are much in want of money for St. Sepulchre's. The condition of that Church is now positively deplorable, and it is a most painful thing to see the scattered bones, &c., lying about the churchyard. We are as careful as we can be. I am just going to write a few sentences to the workmen on the respect due to a Church, even in ruins, which we shall print on a large sheet, and put up about the Church. The conical roof, will, I hope, be up by the end of next week. I doubt whether most people will think it an improvement.

. My little tract on Pews gets on famously ; I have read over between four and five hundred pamphlets of the 17th century and latter part of the 16th for it, and think I shall be able to make it something worth having.

. I read a most glorious account this morning of a friend of Dr. Mill's, a missionary in Tanjore, of the name of Humphrey. He has made application to us for plans for a Cross Church—quite on the early Christian model—which he thinks will just supply what he wants. The Choir is to be for the Faithful, the North Transept for the Penitents, the South Transept for the Catechumens, and the Nave for the heathen. The Font, of course, in such a Church, will be situated at the angle of the South Transept and Choir. This all his own idea.

[This scheme was totally disallowed by the Church Missionary Society. E. J. B.]

Downing College, *Nov. 9th*, 1841.

Our meeting last night went off admirably, and I shall proceed to tell you something about it. At first we began to fear that our numbers would be very small : for when we began to ballot, there were not above five or six men present. We had taken the precaution to have notices up in every hall and combination room, at the booksellers' shops, &c., and we soon perceived their good effect. Before we had elected our seventy-four new members, we had the room crowded. The presents were received with great applause, the Churches (more than 300) listened to with

great patience, the drawing-book much admired, and so we got on till ten minutes before nine, when Freeman began his paper on wooden roofs, which he illustrated by a good many sketches. It was an admirable paper, and so interestingly written, that, though it took sixty-six minutes to read, hardly a man left the room. One comparison of his struck me as particularly beautiful. Speaking of the difference between fan tracery in stone and an aspiring wooden roof, he likened it to the difference between the Trinity avenue in its full pride of leaf, and in autumn. When this was over, we had a very pleasant supper at my rooms, and did not break up till twelve.

Downing College, *St. Hugh*, 1841.

You have been expecting (that is, if you have time to think on any such matters) the first number of the *Ecclesiologist*, and you may be sure I should have sent it to you had it been published. But we have had so many delays, that it cannot now be out before Friday. We had, as you know, seventy-five members last time: we have an additional twenty-two this, besides some more proposed for next. This, you may say, is getting on. We have received this morning another application from India, for plans of a Church, from a Capt. Green, at Patna, who seems no end of a Catholick, and has built some four or five. The collection for the Cathedral Church of All Martyrs, New Zealand, is put entirely into our hands. Circulars will be out presently, you shall have some.

St. Sepulchre's is to have a stone vaulting, which will of course be an additional expense. I expect it will now be little short of £2,000. It is delightful beyond measure to see the progress of the works.

We have had a most encouraging letter from Pugin, with respect to the "Church Builders," with which he expresses himself delighted. He illuminates his letters in the grandest conceivable manner.

I have just been down to Sub-Committee, for you must know we now are obliged to have one or two of these between every Committee, to keep the business in anything like order. You will see a fine piece of symbolism in the next Brass Book.

Stogumber, *March 11th*, 1842.

. . . . I left Bristol on Wednesday at twelve, proceeded by train to Bridgewater, and then came on by the Minehead Mail, through a most lovely country—the Mendip hills on the left, and the sea, with the well-wooded Somersetshire coombes running down to it, on the right. It poured all the way, but by good fortune, I was inside. At Williton, 20 miles from Bridgewater, I found a horse and man, the former to carry me, the latter to perform the same office for my carpet bag. It was very stormy, and in the intricate lanes I got quite puzzled, and finally lost my way, as I could only trust to my horse, who was not accustomed to the road. At last about six I arrived here, and as wet as ever I was in my life. Mr. Trevelyan is a very pleasant man about thirty, not married, but an elder sister keeps his house. It is a good old-fashioned rambling parsonage, with huge chimneys, and lattice windows for the most part. That night came on a most tremendous storm; the wind was higher than I ever knew it before. Many of the neighbouring families sat up till five, and though we did not, to sleep till quite morning was completely out of the question: huge trees were torn up by the roots in a lane just above the village. Yesterday morning I spent with Trevelyan in his Church—a fine building—and from which he is going to eject all the pews, in number seventeen. Afterwards we went out to one or two of the neighbouring villages. I never knew such an odd state of things. The clergy have hereabouts very small incomes, but the spirit of Church Restoration has gone abroad, and up to and beyond their power they are willing to give. But the ignorance in Church matters is so beyond all measure grievous, that I could hardly have believed it. As to the C.C.S., the wonderful ideas of our power—they are not far wrong there—but of our wealth also, are very amusing. But as to what they are disposed to do, take one instance. In a lovely little Church called Monksilver (it may interest you to know that the pasture land in it is said to be the richest in England), the clergyman said he was willing to do anything, if I would only tell him what. I made out a list of things which cannot cost less than £50, and, to speak in the miserable language of the day, are not *necessary*;

these—knowing the expense—he intends setting about directly. In the afternoon, Trevelyan had a large party, who were, or professed to be interested in the matter. How you would have laughed could you have seen the intense importance which they attached to everything I said in the matter ! I had some difficulty to preserve a grave countenance. One story I must tell you. A clergyman near here grew tired of his Font, so he cut a hole in the wall, put it in there, and bricked it up. Then he built up a post in the Chancel, made an excavation in the upper part, and put in a little basin. “How do you like my new Font?” he asked my informant. “Why”—says the other, “I really can’t say much in favour of it.” “Can’t you?” said the clergyman. “Well, I think it excellent. I have some fear though that people when they see it for the first time will think me a Puseyite.” I had invitations last night more than enough to last me a month : of which, as you may easily imagine, I accepted none. If I have been guilty of silence in company before, you would have had your full revenge last night, for I was not allowed a moment’s peace. However, I hope I did some good, and that is a comfort. The “Churchwardens” are well known here, and like the Athenians, everyone said to me, “Thou bringest certain strange things to our ears: we would therefore know of thee what these things mean !” We are just going to Church ; after that, we are going to see a certain Sir John Trevelyan, uncle of my excellent host. Their family have lived in the same place since Hen. VI., and then they obtained it by marriage into one which had held it since Hen. II. I fear there are few country gentlemen who could say as much.

I need not tell you when I saw yesterday one after another, several quiet parsonages, each in its own wooded valley, and with its little Church standing by it, (seeming almost to ask for Daily Service,) what anticipations—I should rather say, hopes—they brought to my mind. They have a fine peal of bells here, which are now ringing in, so I must end.

Friday night, March 11th.

. You cannot think (to go on where I left off this morning) what a pretty sight the service was. There is not a pew in the Nave of this Church, and all the oak benches have most

elaborate carving. There was a very fair congregation, and the men are arranged on one side, the women on the other. In this part of the country the habit of bowing toward the Altar is retained in the Church, as also of bowing at the Gloria, which last custom I never before saw observed. It was a very wet day: however, about three, Trevelyan and I started on horseback to go to Nettlecombe, the seat of the Trevelyans. It is a magnificent property of about 10,000 acres; the house and Church stand in a valley, sheltered on the north by a wood of oak trees, of about forty acres, and planted in the time of Hen. VI. or VII. The house is Elizabethan. The hall is very fine, panelled everywhere with the Trevelyan arms, and motto "Time tryeth trothe." The dining room is some sixty feet long, and contains the family portraits. We sat some time with Sir John T., a very old man, but in full possession of his faculties, and possessing (in all things but Church building) an excellent taste. After this, we proceeded through pouring rain to S. Decuman's, a noble Church standing close to the sea, on a very bold hill. The clergyman is a sporting parson, and there is hardly a respectable person in the parish (which is very large, and includes the market town of Watchet) who is not a Dissenter. The Altar cloth was spotted over with ink and grease, and a pen and ink bottle stood on it. The incumbent himself shewed us over the Church, and went to the Altar flourishing his huge riding-whip. After that, it having a little cleared up, we went on to Cleve Abbey, a Cistercian foundation, now a farm house. The hall, which is far superior to Trinity College hall, is very nearly perfect—the windows unglazed, but wreathed with ivy most beautifully—and the roof uninjured. At one end of it were hung up the dried skin and bones of a sheep—lately slaughtered by some thief on the premises—by way of charm against the recurrence of a like misfortune. The Chapel is almost entirely ruined. By this time it was dusk, and while our horses were resting, we sat with the rest in a glorious old chimney corner of the (formerly) abbot's house. The old fire-dogs held something like half a cart load of wood, and really it was needed in so large and lofty a room, panelled too with dark oak. It would have made a very pretty group; on one side of the fire two

healthy, stout boys just come in from their day's work were drying themselves at the fire ; on the other, the old grandfather, a venerable looking man, was telling us such traditions about the place as he could call to mind. By his side were two of his granddaughters, very pretty girls, nursing and playing with a younger sister ; and at some distance, in the deep oak window sill, enjoying themselves, I presume, most of the party—sat a young farmer of the name of Bond, and one of the young ladies of the farm, who is shortly to become Mrs. Bond. And the light and shade thrown over all by the wood fire, as the flame rose and fell, was very beautiful.

I said this morning that the clergymen round here were very ignorant. A clergyman who knows Trevelyan well, was lately asked to take the duty in a little parish about six miles from here. When it was over, there was a christening, and so he went to the Font and proceeded with the service as usual. When he took the child in his arms, he found there was no water ; he thought it of course an accidental omission, and asked for some. The clerk was in astonishment ; however, he sent for a glass of water, thinking the clergyman wanted it to drink. And, in conclusion, it came out that they never used it there ! Is not this almost incredible ? But I can assure you it is true.

Saturday Evening. We have to-day had a most delightful ride through a country—lovely beyond description—skirting the base of the Quantock hills, which, with the Mendip, divide the country into two portions. The woodwork in the Churches is very splendid. I have been talking and lecturing—and I hope with good success—till I am almost tired. One view from a place called West Quantoxhead, embracing Bridgewater bay from Devonshire to Gloucestershire, and the distant Welsh coast, was one of the grandest things I ever saw. The clergymen seem disposed to do all they can, and the strong feeling everywhere arising against pews, it is delightful to behold. There is now staying here an old friend of Trevelyan of the name of Francklin, he is going into "the Church" as people say, and I am trying to get hold of him on the right side.

I must tell you of a thing practised in —— Church. The Squire

has built a pew in the Chancel ; when the Commandments are begun, a servant regularly enters at the Chancel door with the luncheon tray ! . . .

March 17th.

. On Monday morning we started for Milverton, a country town eight miles from here, and the living of Trevelyan's elder brother. It was not a very pleasant ride, for it rained the greater part of the way, and I had a beast little better than a cart horse. However, we saw several good Churches, and reached Milverton in time for dinner, about six : spending a sufficiently dull evening, for the whole family express in pretty strong terms their dislike of music. On Tuesday, I had a long talk with Churchwardens, Rector, and "all other who bear office in that body," on the proposed plan for the enlargement of Milverton Church, which I have no doubt will be put into our hands. I also got three members for the C.C.S. Then we started on our Church expedition, and that day accomplished nine, of which two were in Devonshire. The scenery is very fine, more resembling our own South Downs than anything I have elsewhere seen. Wednesday, Trevelyan was knocked up : so Francklin, whom I mentioned before to you, and I, rode out by ourselves, taking a round by Wellington and Taunton, and managed seven Churches.

I shall not be sorry to find myself at home again, which I hope to be before you receive this ; but I have liked my visit very well, and learnt a great deal, and I hope taught something.

From "The Churches of England."

A FRAGMENT.

I.

THERE are lovelier nooks in our merry isle
 Than the chance wayfarer knows,
 Sweet valleys that bask in the summer's smile,
 And blossom as the rose.
 Green lanes, where the elm boughs whisper aloft,
 And the dog-rose peeps out in June ;
 Whose sides with their carpet of moss are soft,
 As ever was gay saloon.
 There needeth not much to call up to the eye
 A vision of beauty rare :
 The willow that bends o'er the stream from on high,
 Where the red leaves fall so lazily,
 That they dimple it not as it creepeth by,
 Were a picture passing fair :
 Or four grey ashes that interlace
 Their arms in a quiet mead ;
 You may hear the hum of the insect race,
 You may see the red kine feed.
 Or the primrose-bank which the peasant child
 Hath stripped of its eyes of gold,
 Till she rests on the long silky grass, and hath smiled
 That her basket no more may hold ;
 And as she wendeth her homeward way,
 The falling flowers her steps betray.

2.

Such scenes I love in my own dear land,
 Which the wayfarer passeth by :
 In the village at shut of night to stand
 In the evening of sweet July :
 To watch how the boisterous sport and shout,
 Is sobered and mellowed at last,
 What time the swift bat flitteth out,
 And the night jar saileth past ;

And the wicket that leads to the daisied croft,
Its echoes now are o'er ;
And the breeze o'er the tedded hay breathes soft,
And the sawpit grates no more.
The smoke is blue o'er each cottage thatch,
And hushed is the anvil's din ;
And the village sires upraise the latch,
And are welcomed to peace within !
And the tiny one, wearied out at length,
With sporting the long blue day,
Draws its sister on with its little strength,
And points her the homeward way.

3.

But when the evening star (like pilgrim late,
'That journeyeth onward to the rich man's gate,)
Through the dim haze looks down, till bright and clear
Her sisters kindle through the atmosphere,
What time the dew lies heavy on the sod,—
Then let me seek the village house of God.
Then let me linger in the aisle, while faint
The twilight glimmers on the imaged saint,
And shews, and scarcely shews, in mixture rich,
The ancient sepulchre, the Gothic niche ;
Brackets, whence once the unquenched cressets swang
Arches, where once the storied banners hung :
The rood loft, rich in legendary lore,
The carved font, the rich and massy door ;
The Altar where the prayer was duly said,
Where rose the Mass of requiem o'er the dead.

4.

In the bright fables of the eastern land,
Where song and moral travel hand in hand,
They say the dove laments not, as alone
That lingers here, when each sweet mate is gone.
She knows, that denizen'd in brighter skies
They shine as glorious birds of Paradise ;

And though she may not view their sportive rings
 Nor the swift glancing of their rainbow wings ;
 Nor hear their voice, yet when they flutter nigh,
 To know and feel them near is ecstasy.
 And so, perchance, comes such a moment, fraught
 With heavenly communings and purer thought,
 What time we linger o'er the quiet rest
 Of those, the lovely here,—and now the blest !

5.

Twilight is on the tomb,—yet still we trace
 The cold, hard features of the marble face,
 The helmed head—the shield with baldric bound,
 The mailed hands close clasped—the couchant hound ;
 And she beside him peaceful lies, so dear
 Through the long course of many a changing year ;
 Oft at his going forth she chased her gloom,
 Oft welcomed him, elate with victory, home :
 Till from her last embrace he bent his way,
 To purchase with his heart's blood Cressy's Day.
 Then, loving still and loved, she chose this spot,
 And in their deaths they are divided not ;
 Still may we mark the "Orate" sculptured fair,
 Oh, in what tearful agony of prayer !

* * * * *

Come forth ! 'tis a lovely summer night,
 And the sky is overspread
 With one thin cloud, as grey and light
 As the fretwork that gems the Cathedral's height.
 And a doubtful hue, nor dim, nor bright,
 On tree and cot is shed.
 And Fancy may imp her boldest wings,
 And dream of unknown and of beautiful things
 That linger beyond that mist :
 Then grieve that her warmest visions are cold,
 Tho' she blend the rays of the sparkling gold
 With the glow of the amethyst.

Yes ! we may image them as we will,
We may talk of the unseen land ;
We may paint the rays of the healing rill
That waters its goodly strand ;
But the streets of the city, whose walls are bright
With the topaz and the chrysolite,
But the home that knoweth not sickness or ills,
And the strength of the everlasting hills,
But the palaces, lovely beyond compare—
Oh, they alone know them, the happy ones there !

J. M. N., 1839.

Sermon.

(Hitherto Unpublished.)

HOSEA II. 21, 22.

“And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the LORD, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel.”

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, 1863.

Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep. If that be true, as it is, of every book in Holy Scripture, most emphatically is it true of Hosea: true as to the literal difficulties of the prophet's words, and true as to the moral difficulties of his actions. And he, of all the prophets, if we except Jeremiah, had the saddest and most afflicted life. His mission lasted at least sixty-five years: a hopeless mission—humanly speaking—from the first, because the long death-agony of the Kingdom of Israel commenced just after he began to prophesy. For after the extinction of the house of Jehu, that kingdom was only a military despotism: one leader murdering and succeeding another. Shallum slew Zechariah, Menahem slew Shallum, Pekah slew the son of Menahem, Hoshea slew Pekah. My Sisters, there is something very striking in the lesson that God sometimes seems to set a hopeless work. Any of you, in nursing, may find such utter ignorance, such profound carelessness, such total hardness of heart, that it seems useless to say anything—to make any attempt for the soul. Never think it. If your efforts can do nothing for the individual person for whom they are made, they may for others. Hosea's sixty-five years of prophesying were—so far as Israel was concerned—worse than thrown away, because they only increased the condemnation of that miserable people. But they have left a book of glorious comfort to the Church, a prophecy, which, with the single exception of Isaiah, sets forth our dear Lord more brightly and clearly than any other.

I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth. You all know how seldom intercessory prayer of living men for living men

is alluded to in the Bible ; how even more seldom that of departed Saints. But here we have one glorious instance. *I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth.* Here, indeed, we have the Communion of Saints : that article of faith which, in their manifold explanations of the Creed, the greatest theologians of the Church seem to explain so coldly and so shyly ; and which yet we, by what may be called a Baptismal instinct, enter into from the very first. And notice this. Some articles of our dear faith heathens and Mahometans have either learnt or guessed ; but this, that we are all one—we, poor travellers on earth, they, if not as yet triumphant, at least secure denizens of Heaven—this never for a moment entered into their minds. And yet, what a dear thought that is, the mixing together of the two worlds, and especially in the Blessed Eucharist ! Those who offer, those for whom the Sacrifice is offered, those who—stainless and temptationless—are yet here brought into contact with us. Holy Angels, with our Lord's dear servants departed, and with His dear servants living.

But then I want you especially to notice : *The earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil.* My Sisters, that *does* belong to you. The Corn of the mighty, and the Wine that blossometh into virgins, that is not for those alone who have devoted themselves to the Religious Life. God forbid ! Take the lesson home to yourselves. That corn, that wine, O how often have you received ! that oil, the healer and comforter of wounds, often also in Absolution. Now wherever you go forth, *ought* not those to whom you minister to *hear*, to have the advantage of, to share in the victory of, all your helps ? I want you to realize this. That just as when Sisters of Charity first went out in France, the thing being quite unheard of, the idea of women consecrated to God being only as of persons who had interest to obtain a place or income in a Convent which allowed every worldly luxury and amusement, and when that great Saint was raised up in a most worldly and luxurious age to bring in many children to their Lord, so now it is with you. I want this ; that they to whomsoever you may minister, should, in you, have the effect of the Corn, and the Wine, and the Oil : all that strength must enable you to work out its natural effect. He, Whom you best love, Who in that last, holiest,

and dearest night, so gave the Corn and the Wine : is He less ready, is He less anxious to help you now ?

Well, then, in your work whatever it is, let the earth hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil. For this cause He daily gives Himself to you, for this cause He tabernacles in this House, that you may give yourselves to others, that you yourselves may take up your temporary abode among the poor and the sick. Only be true to your vocation ; only let that which you have received be shown ; and so let the corn, wine, and oil be heard.

But then comes the most difficult part of the verse : *and they shall hear Jezreel* ; the most difficult, but also the most lovely ; because all through this prophecy, Jezreel, which is only another name for Israel, has been taken as the type of all sin, as the mother of all abomination, as the likeness of heresy and schism combined in one. But now all that is forgiven ; that marvellous outpouring of the Holy Ghost, which perhaps some of you may see, but, whether or not, which will be seen, will indeed make the crooked straight, and the rough places plain. And see how the two promises agree : *I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem. And they shall hear Jezreel.* So they shall. Just as though she is defiled, yet in the sight of her Lord, and because of her love, the Church is comely ; so the very name which to the world would make the synagogue most odious, Jezreel, is the very name by which her King and her Husband promises to bestow His grace on her. If it had been said, "they shall hear Israel," no such great wonder : for Israel had power with God and with man, and prevailed. But Jezreel, the name which, like Nazareth, was that of a city out of which no good thing could come ! might I not well say, as I did just now, that, Isaiah excepted, Hosea is *the* evangelical prophet ?

Then see, each for yourselves, how far you may help on this prophecy, which in real truth is only the same as that benediction which our dear Lord left with His Apostles before His Passion. If there be one help more than another which may, which will, some day, bring to pass that glorious unity of the Church, it is the Sacrament of peace, the Sacrament, on the one hand, prepared out of so many separate grains of wheat ; on the other, out of so

many several grapes: by its own very nature, the Sacrament of unity. And remember this: that the more each one of us ourselves is living in the spirit of unity, the more we are not only taking in our mouths, but acting out in our lives that petition so infinitely dear to every Christian heart, "Thy Kingdom,"—that Kingdom which is based on the other later petition, "that they all may be one"—"Thy Kingdom come."

And now, &c.

J. M. NEALE.

Roath and the East Moors, Cardiff.

ROATH is an old pre-reformation parish. The Rev. F. Puller, who subsequently joined the Society of Cowley Fathers, was appointed its vicar in the year 1872, his predecessor (Canon Morgan) having held the two parishes of Roath and St. Mary's, Cardiff, together. A curate seems to have been responsible for the services at Roath, and Mr. Morgan himself for those at St. Mary's, he living about three miles from the Church.

When Mr. Puller came, there were no week-day services in the Church, and there was only one Celebration a month at mid-day. A few women in the choir, one small upstairs room for schools. One thing there was to cheer him—the beautiful Church, which had been rebuilt by the Marquis of Bute. However, he set to work quietly, gradually, and surely; and before long his labour began to tell. It was continued on the same lines by his successor, the Rev. C. Smythies, now Bishop of Central Africa. Their work was real and thorough; and now we see its results.

There are now seven Churches in Roath; two out of the seven will soon, we hope, be replaced by one large permanent Church on the Moors. There are eleven clergy. At a meeting held on the laying of the foundation stone of St. Saviour's Church, on the Moors, the Bishop of Llandaff said that he respected the Roath clergy, for they were hard-working men. And that is a true description of them; they devote themselves to the interests of their people, and work with all their might. St. Margaret's is endowed with something under £200 a year. None of the other Churches are endowed at all.

Two thousand five hundred children belong to the Sunday Schools, with two hundred and one teachers. There are about twenty-eight Celebrations weekly, and, of course, many other services.

Soon after Bishop Smythies left Roath, it was divided into two parishes, St. Margaret's and St. German's—the Moors is part of the latter, and will, before long, be separated into a third parish. It lies between the Great Western Railway and the Bristol

Channel, running up the Cardiff Dock, and is remarkable for its rapid growth. About fifteen years ago it was a stretch of open fields, on which stood only two farm houses and a school for young ladies. By the year 1881, there were three hundred and forty-eight houses, the population was 1,750: now it is calculated at about 10,000, and streets are being built to contain 350 new houses—that implies about 2,000 more people—nor even is this likely to be the full extent of its increase, as the new Cardiff Dock lately opened is actually in the district; and preparations are being made also for new large iron works to be started on the Moors, which, no doubt, will draw a great many people from other parts.

The St. Margaret's Sisters had for some years been working in Roath, at the House of Mercy, when they were asked to help in the parish work on the East Moors, and gladly complied with the request.

The Rev. W. Watson was the first curate in charge of this district. He largely built St. Columba's school chapel, to serve the double purpose of Church, and Sunday and day infant school. A very happy and successful little day school it is. I remember, at one time, having to explain the Creed to several children separately. Most of them were the children of dissenters, and as they knew nothing about it, needed to be taught from the very beginning in the simplest way possible. But one day, two little ones, aged about five and six, came to be taught, when, to my surprise, they took the words out of my mouth, and told me all I was going to tell them in the most animated way, and as if they saw it all in a picture before them. From that time it was easy to recognize St. Columba's children when they came for instruction.*

As St. Columba's only holds 120 people, it soon became necessary to increase the Church accommodation, and four years ago the iron Church of St. Saviour's was built in another part of the district. It contains 200, so that at present the two Churches

* The following is copied from the Government Inspector's report for the current year:—"This continues to be a highly satisfactory school, the head teacher and her assistants evidently having their heart in their work, and making the school life of the children a happy time. The general results are such that the *excellent* grant may be recommended."

together only give room for 320, in a district with a population of about 10,000.

A new Church is, however, being built, which is to seat 850. The site, and also a gift of £1,000, were kindly given by Lord Tredegar, who is principal landlord. It is to be plain and simple, and not costly, though, we believe, worthy of the purpose for which it is intended. It is designed by Messrs. Bodley and Garner.

The clergy working there now are the Rev. J. E. Dawson, curate-in-charge, the Rev. H. S. Nicholson, and the Rev. C. Brooke, and hard up-hill work they have in this poor, thickly-populated district. All their people are poor; not even one well-to-do person; none, however willing, able to help much, either by giving their time, or by contributing towards expenses.

The work there is very real and very interesting, being so entirely among the poor. There are Celebrations at seven and eight a.m. every Sunday; once a month a choral celebration at ten a.m. besides; and one at nine on another Sunday. Nearly every day a Celebration at seven or half-past. These services are well attended, some forty, perhaps, present on Sundays; at the early Celebration about thirty-one communicants; and always a few present on week-days. None of these are able to come without being put to a great deal of inconvenience. One is very much struck by the reverence, and earnestness, and devotion of these poor men and women, but no doubt it is due to the careful teaching which they have had: the clergy having them under instruction for some time before they are brought to the Sacraments, all separately, one by one, so that they thoroughly understand all that the Sacraments mean, and what they are to them. But, perhaps, one of the things which strikes and pleases one most is the way in which whole families are brought under the influence of the Church's teaching. Fathers and mothers come to the services together, and bring their sons and daughters with them. Or, when the children are too young to be brought to Church, or left at home by themselves, it is very interesting to see the way in which the parents arrange with each other, for one to be present at the seven, and the other at the eight o'clock celebration,

and take it in turns to come to the other services. These are very happy families, and there are several of them on the Moors. I came across a woman the other day who had long lived a very careless life ; but happily for her she became ill, and was visited by one of the clergy, who soon taught her truths about religion, of which she had been ignorant before. Her husband was also influenced ; now they are both regular communicants, and she was telling me how different and truly happy their life now is.

A man once brought his little child, about two years old, to be baptized, and came to Church after that pretty regularly. After a time he asked to be prepared for Confirmation ; his wife, who had been a dissenter all her life, also wished to be confirmed. The woman felt convinced that what she was being taught was the truth, and just what she wanted. A son of theirs was confirmed at the same time. They are thoroughly in earnest, and very bright and happy, and good missionaries : for they try hard to bring others under the influence of the Church teaching, which they themselves have learned to value.

A poor crippled girl, who has been a very great sufferer from her infancy, has also had a little sunshine brought into her sad life by the Church. She knew nothing, poor child, and was very much astonished at the truths which were brought home to her. She had never heard of a Saviour who had suffered and died for her, or of a God who loved her. This was all new to her, and was accepted with surprise and delight ; and now that she knows all this, she can suffer patiently and still be happy ; for, as she says, "He suffered more, and I must bear it all patiently." She was taken to Church in a Bath chair, and confirmed last April ; and about a month after had her first Communion in her own home. A spare room was cleaned out, the ceiling white-washed, and the walls colour-washed for the purpose ; and the poor child was washed and dressed, and waiting for her Communion at five o'clock, although the Priest was not expected till eight.

The appeal for help towards the building fund of St. Saviour's Church, which was put in the "Church Times" by the working men, says something for the heartiness of the people's churchmanship.

The Sunday School in the Moors district has 650 scholars. There are two mothers' meetings, guilds and classes: one large Saturday afternoon class for needlework is very successful and very much liked, both by the mothers and by the children also; for they always look forward to their Saturday afternoons, and, their mothers say, begin to make preparation for class in the way of washing faces and hands, and putting on clean pinafores long before it is time to come. During the first part of the afternoon they sew, then learn hymns, and sing for a little while. The last half hour they learn catechism. Teachers seem to enjoy this class as much as the children, and do their work as if their hearts were in it. The attendances generally number over ninety.

It need hardly be added that money is urgently required here, for many purposes: for the new Church, the new schools and their furniture, the clergy fund; and most especially prayers are needed. The workers among this great mass of people are so very few, that they keenly desire the help of many prayers on their behalf.

From Ceylon.

“‘WHAT did you do at Christmas?’ Several times this question has come in our letters, and we think some account of our first Christmas in the Tropics may interest our associates and friends.

On Christmas Eve, we had many presents of fruit, flowers, cakes, and Christmas cards from different friends, one pretty card from the Bishop had on the back of it ‘For the Sisters, with the Bishop’s blessing,’ and we were of course very much pleased at his kind thought of us. The Singhalese keep Christmas in a violent manner, with much banging of fireworks and beating of tom-toms, and there was not much chance of sleep that night in consequence. One of the Sisters found this convenient, as she was going to a Celebration at Galkissa, and had to start at 4 a.m. Such a lovely drive as it was ! star-light, quite unlike anything you have in England ; when the last corner of the road was turned, the contrast of the brightly lighted Church and the people flocking into it, with the soft light of the early morning and the loneliness of the road was very striking ; the Service was in Singhalese, and was choral. ‘Hark, the herald angels,’ and other Christmas hymns, sung to the familiar tunes with such very different words gave a happy feeling of the really Catholic nature of the Christmas Festival. A very reverent congregation, kneeling all through the service, and sixty-eight Communicants. The rain came down in torrents on the way back to Colombo, (Galkissa is about four miles off,) and kept away many of the Communicants from St. Michael’s, the Church close to us, where the Celebration was at 7-30 ; the other Sisters and the Confirmed girls in the House went to this one. Three Priests had to divide thirteen services between them, in English, Portuguese, Singhalese, and Tamil. Fasting is terribly trying in this climate, and makes Celebrations very hard and exhausting. We spent the day very happily with our children, who then numbered twenty-three : their Christmas cards were a great pleasure to them ; they have not been accustomed to them in abundance as English children have been, and were by no means so critical.

On St. Stephen's Day, we had a Christmas tree for the Home children. The tree itself had been a great difficulty : of course a fir was out of the question, and most of the trees in Colombo have soft wood and plenty of foliage, not at all suitable for the purpose; however, one kind friend, who is always ready to help, sent 'up country' and got us a famous tree; it had to be cut down, so the leaves began to wither, and had to be hidden by strings of flowers, &c. What would you not have given in England for the flowers and moss we had for this and for Christmas decorations generally? We invited the Committee of the Girls' Home and many of our friends to the tree, and had a very home-like feeling in dressing the babies of the period in white frocks and red ribbons, and bringing in our children singing a carol; people had been very kind in sending all the gifts, Christmas cards, and sweets for the tree, and also cakes, &c., for the children to have a tea afterwards; this was spread for them in our sitting room, and they were quite awed by the unexpected honour, and were only too silent and well-behaved!

On January 5th, we all went to the Sunday School treat held at Milagraye; all the Sunday Schools in the Archdeacon's parish were invited—seven in number—English and Singhalese from St. Michael's, English from St. Paul's in the Pettah, English and Singhalese from St. Paul's, Milagraye, Singhalese from Galkissa, English from Maradana. We numbered more than 500 altogether, and all the expenses were more than covered by a subscription raised by Mrs. Matthew for the purpose. The St. Michael's Schools mustered in our own schoolroom, and then went to the railway station; the line runs close by the sea, and we had only a short way to go; Milagraye is a suburb of Colombo, and is about two miles from our starting point. Soon after we arrived, we had a short service in the open air, and address from the Archdeacon, then tea, various games, even races, in spite of the heat! and the prize-giving. The Reports of the different Schools were read, speeches made, and the prizes—mostly of books—were given; the children managed to make a good noise, but cannot 'hurrah' quite in English fashion. Three of these Schools have been started since the Archdeacon came to live in Colombo, two years

ago, and the numbers at St. Michael's English Sunday School increase almost every week. We came home in different ways—some driving, some walking to the station and returning by train, the smallest of the Home children and a few others were packed into the Sisters' bullock-carriage, and sent away a little earlier.

Another great School festivity was held at Moratuwa, on December 28th; this was entirely a Singhalese function. Moratuwa is eleven miles south of Colombo, and the Rev. Ernest Copleston, brother to our Bishop, is in charge of it; since 1832, there has been always a Priest working there, and more or less resident in the place, so it has been better off than many others. Ten Schools were represented at the Anniversary, four boys', four girls', and two mixed, and about 650 children were gathered together. It was a pretty sight to see the procession winding through the Church Compound: the bright colours of the banners and of the native dresses contrasting with the trees and lovely tropical foliage. (I have said before, the Singhalese women's dress is pretty,—a white sort of jacket, or body made half-low, with elbow sleeves, a bright coloured petticoat or 'Comboy,' as much ornament as the wearer can afford or carry; bangles, rings, necklaces, chains, pins for the hair! the head is uncovered even in Church. The men wear petticoats, and keep their hair long, put it up with a circular comb; the well-to-do men wear an European coat over this petticoat, the poorer wear no shoes or stockings.) The service was all in Singhalese, and really nicely sung,—we like most things here very much, but the warmest admirer of Singhalese ways generally must admit that music is a weak point,—singing is usually powerfully through the nose, somewhat slow, and the time is not a thing of consequence; this made the singing at Moratuwa quite surprising in its goodness. When service was over, we went to see the prizes given by the Rev. the Warden of St. Thomas' College, and Mrs. Matthew, and afterwards we heard many speeches; all was in the native tongue, some speaking by interpreters; even to the few who did not understand Singhalese, it was very amusing, and who does not enjoy seeing children exceedingly happy? Some of us were entertained afterwards by some native players, at Mr. Copleston's house: one man sang verses made up

impromptu fashion, and mostly in praise of the expected generosity of 'Copleston, Padre,' while another twirled tambourines and did some juggling tricks: the noise of the tom-tom accompaniment was slightly trying, and the man seemed unable to 'make that noise gently' as Mr. Copleston kept suggesting. The drive to the railway station was most beautiful; no words can ever do justice to the loveliness of Ceylon scenery, and yet people tell us we have seen nothing of it yet.—We have only told you the bright side: a most *awful* amount of drinking and sin goes on at Christmas. I hope you say emphatic prayers for us.

How long does Christmas last? May we tell of our move, and of the Dedication of our new House now, though the first took place on January 27th, and the second on February 1st? We move in much easier fashion here than in England, and we were quite surprised at the speed with which we shook into our new quarters—really *ours*—the house has been bought for us, and is the property of St. Margaret's, held in trust for the Community; it is a beautiful place, a large compound with many trees, $1\frac{1}{3}$ acre in size, and the house itself, formerly a coffee store, has been adapted for its present use. It is 106ft. 6in. long by 62ft 7in. wide; downstairs, we have a good-sized Chapel, visitors' room, store room, bath room, refectory, and school-room, the last two are very pretty rooms, no division between them but open archways; within the schoolroom is a small 'office,' a convenient place for much writing. A covered verandah leads to the go-down and kitchen, and a little room which we call St. Luke's, which is to be the Infirmary when we need one. Then come upstairs, and see two large dormitories and a little bedroom between them for the children; no bedsteads necessary, as you will remember, but the rooms are pretty without them. Outside, a long straight piece we call the Press, with almirahs (cupboards) and shelves; then such a nice room! a large airy sitting room opening on to a verandah at one end, where there is a good view of the lake: this is one of the great charms of the house; one end of the verandah is furnished, and there is nearly always a cool breeze blowing from the lake, so that it is a pleasant place for a sitting room. The lake, with its picturesque surroundings

of trees and buildings, is always pleasant to look at, but most especially so by moonlight ; six bedrooms, St. John, St. Barnabas, St. Joseph, St. Gabriel, St. Uriel, St. Raphael, open out of this large sitting room. A written description cannot at all tell you how pretty and convenient is our new Home—St. Margaret's in the Tropics !

The Dedication of the House was a very successful function. On February 1st, the Bishop, Archdeacon, Clergy and Choir, came in procession from the Church, singing 'Jerusalem the Golden ;' we Sisters met them at the gate, with our teachers and children, and the Bishop said the first prayer there ; we joined the procession, and the many friends who had come followed or stood about ; we went round the house, up-stairs and down, singing several hymns, and prayers were said in nearly every room ; the Archdeacon had given the choir a private drilling, and took care that no one turned the wrong way or went astray, so that we processed successfully till we came to the chapel ; then the Sisters went up to the altar-step, and knelt there while the Bishop gave mission to the Sisterhood of St. Margaret's, as follows :—

'Receive mission and authority in the name of the Lord to go forth into this diocese, as you may be from time to time appointed by us, to do the work of Sisters of Charity. The Lord Himself be a lantern unto your feet and a light unto your paths ; Himself go before you and be your reward, stablish and comfort your hearts in all trouble and perplexity ; and guarding you from all peril of body and soul, preserve your going out and coming in, from this time forth for evermore.' *Amen.*

After this, the following prayers and benediction :—

'O Lord Jesus Christ, Who when Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, didst not abhor the Virgin's womb, vouchsafe evermore to dwell in the hearts of these thy servants ; inspire them with Thy purity, strengthen them with Thy might, guide them into Thy truth, and unite them to Thyself and to Thy whole Church by Thy holy mysteries, that they may conquer every adverse power, and be wholly devoted to Thy service, and conformed to Thy will, to the glory of God the Father. *Amen.*

‘O Almighty and most merciful God, of Thy bountiful goodness keep us, we beseech Thee, from all things that may hurt us : that we, being ready both in body and soul, may cheerfully accomplish those things that Thou wouldest have done, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

‘Unto God’s most gracious mercy and protection we commit you. The Lord bless you and keep you : the Lord make His face to shine upon you : the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you, and give you peace, now and for evermore. *Amen.*’

Then followed choral Evensong.

We enjoyed the friends who were collected on the occasion ; truly ‘all sorts and conditions of men’ and women, from Lady Gordon, the governor’s wife, to the poor people out of the Dhoby village close to us. On February 2nd, Feast of the Purification, we had the first Celebration in our chapel, and a good many of our friends were present ; it was a very happy Festival to us all, and we are full of thankfulness and gratitude for the good start our work here has made.

One thing more must be said ; our English friends are very kind in sending newspapers, may we ask that they may be properly stamped ? every mail now we have to pay extra postage, and we, like most Missions, have no cents to spare !”

Of this opening service another Sister writes :—

“The Bishop, Priests, and Choir came in procession from the Church, and at our gate our children joined the procession, I leading them with a baby in each hand, and our babies looked lovely : white frocks, sleeves tied with crimson, and little white sun-bonnets, white socks and shoes, and their little black faces, arms, and legs : they were a picture, and so good. We came next the Bishop, then the rest of the children in threes, then our Bishop’s College girls, then their teachers, and the other two Sisters last. Everything went quite smoothly, heaps of people came, from highest to lowest, and they grouped about so orderly and picturesquely.

“The chapel is like a chapel, which is the highest praise I could give. There is a very pretty arch, and then seven steps to the altar, the sacristy and vestry are divided off by red curtains.”

Here is an extract from another letter about Mission work among the natives :—

“The last day of last year I was told I was to be Mission Sister for this end of Colombo, so on the Monday I started. As soon as my Singhalese lesson was over, I called for the bulls and just went to a house some way off which I had heard of, and where they gave me a warm welcome. There they told me of another a little further off, where Church people lived. I went on there, and paid some other visits among English-speaking people, and got several children for the Sunday School. The next time I took a woman with me, and started for the village where the people are all Singhalese, went to fourteen houses that day, and everywhere received a welcome. Going through the village, I passed a party of people, all Mahometans ; they looked at me, and watched me go into a house, and then turned back, and the leader of the party came up and asked if I would let them come and look at me. Of course I made no objection, and through my interpreter we held a conversation. I promised, as soon as I could talk Singhalese to come and see them. It will be some time before I can talk enough to be of much use, but I can read it now slowly. There are no capitals and no stops, so you have to guess where a word ends, as no more space is left between words than between letters. I forgot to tell you the result of my first day in the village. Some of the people promised to go to the daily prayers, and the next morning, sure enough, there were my friends, all with a grin on their faces when they saw me. I hope to get a good many more to Church, as they seem to have plenty of time on their hands ; the great difficulty is that the young women cannot leave the house without a chaperon, and we cannot always get someone to fetch them and take them back. Women come up with ‘Please Sister, will you take me home?’ It adds very much to the difficulty of the work.”

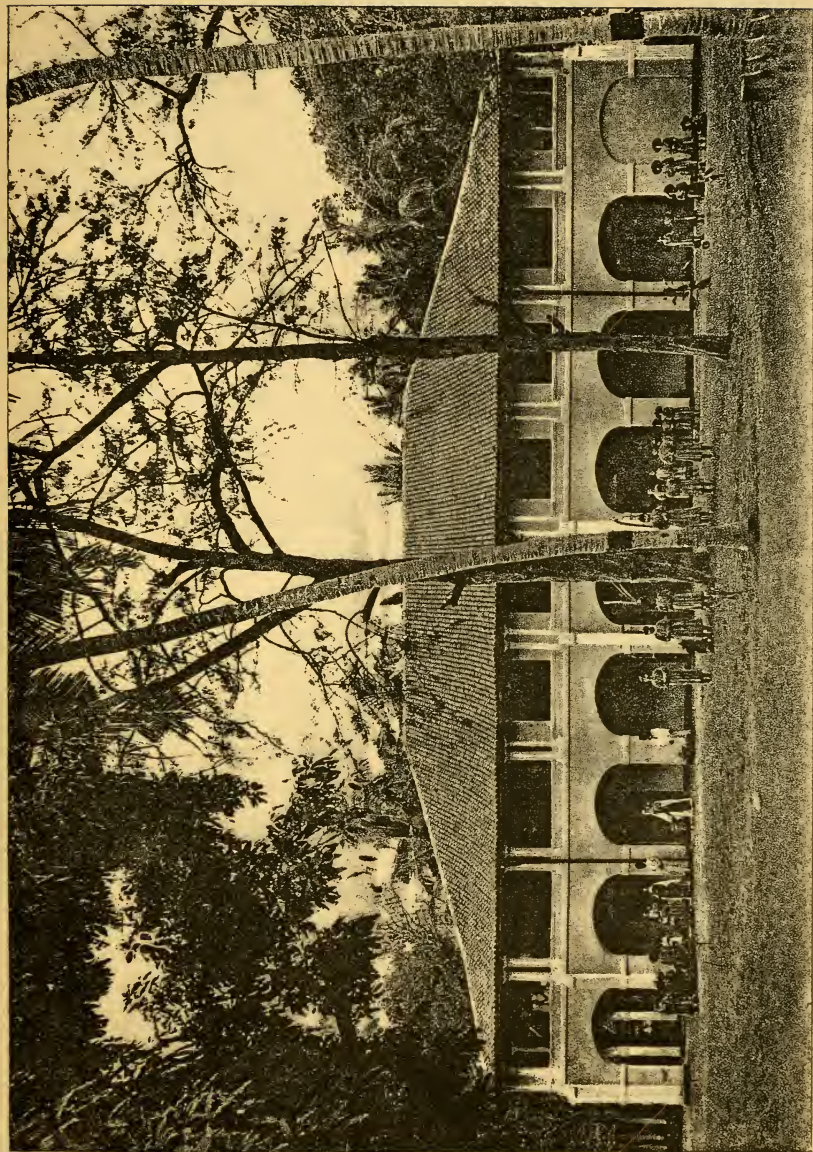
Two more Sisters went out at Easter from East Grinstead : one for Mission Work, the other to take charge of the Bishop's College, a high-class school for girls. They arrived safely, and the school Sister writes thus :—

"I have forty-four children on the books now, and nine more promised. Four little motherless children, the youngest just six, are coming as boarders in the beginning of July ; their ayah comes with them. With six boarders the house will be quite full. It is so very beautiful. What I call the common room is rather a drawing room with pillars of white marble all round, and all the front opens out to the verandah with the garden beyond. It looks just like a great wood of palm trees, maidenhair ferns, and hothouse flowers. On one side of the common room is the chapel, and on the other my sitting room, both opening to the garden in front and at the sides. Then we have a large schoolroom, a refectory, and the bedrooms."

The Bishop of Colombo has kindly written the following description of Polwatte for our Magazine.

POLWATTE.

Polwatte ("cocoa-nut garden") is the name of a small area, about a quarter of a mile square, or little more, which lies in the southern part of Colombo, between the sea-side (where the road and the railway run towards Kalutara and Galle) and the "Cinnamon Gardens," on the east or inland side. The Cinnamon Gardens are still covered in part with the bushes, which the name implies, but these are no longer carefully cultivated as they once were by government: they are rapidly giving way to smart "bungalows" and trim "compounds," for this is one of the fashionable quarters of the town. The Galle road on the other side has also its fashionable houses, but just at this part is very dusty, and crowded with little native shops and huts, while narrow alleys run back from it, where a considerable number of poor people, natives and burghers (or "mechanics") are crowded together. But between the busy Galle road, and the fashionable park-like Cinnamon Gardens, Polwatte has been, until lately, a very obscure spot, scarcely known to Europeans. It was assigned years ago by government, as the settlement of a "village" or clan of Singhalese "dhobies"—washermen, who had been displaced, in the course of improvements, from a more public part of Colombo. This little community had professed Christianity, I believe, for



J. Alarman, Photo-Tint.

ST. MARGARETS' - POLWATTE.

generations,—no doubt since the Dutch times, and the area assigned to them included the site for a Church and School. A small Church was built thirty or forty years ago, and a Catechist—partly paid by government—ministered to the village. In theory, Polwatte would be a compact little village of Christian washer-people, living distinct from other “castes” under their own headmen, and it retains this character to a considerable extent. But other washers, not Christian, have come to live there; and people of other classes and trades, Burghers and Tamils, and even Moormen. And the English have invaded it. A large coffee factory, known as the Polwatte Mills, was by far the largest building in the neighbourhood, and stood close to the Church and the open space adjoining the Church, which is used as the principal drying ground of the laundry. Whether it was established before the dhobies were quartered in Polwatte or since, I do not know. But the failure of the coffee crops led to its abandonment, and—it is now St. Margaret's Home.

“Dhoby,” which the Singhalese think is the English for “lavandero,” is a Hindustani word; “lavandero,” which they think is Singhalese, is Portuguese, connected, of course, with our “lavender” and “laundry.” The true Singhalese for the washer caste is *Raddá*, but as the caste is looked down upon, the caste name *Raddá* is seldom claimed. These dhobies have, most of them, Portuguese names, in fact most are called either Dias or Fernando; but some have the grand Singhalese name, Guna-wardhana.

The little Church which was used, until the last few years, for Singhalese ministrations only, has now been enlarged and adorned,—it is grown quite “out of all knowledge”—and is used for a full round of English services, as well as for Sunday and Holy-day services in Singhalese, with occasional Tamil and Portuguese. The Home is close to it.

It is a matter of great importance, in a climate like that of Colombo, that the Sisters should live near the Church, and be able to go themselves to the daily matins and Celebration, and take the orphans to the daily evensong, without danger from the sun, as well as without fatigue or loss of time.

Behind the Home, and very pleasantly visible from the windows at its east end, above the Chapel, is the lake : a large piece of water of irregular shape, which occupies the middle of Colombo, and gives quiet and beauty to many of its roads and gardens, though at the same time it greatly lengthens the distance from one part of the town to another.

(To be continued.)

Recollections of an Associates' Retreat,

GIVEN IN JULY, 1877, BY THE LATE REV. FRANCIS LLOYD
BAGSHAWE, THEN VICAR OF ST. BARNABAS', PIMLICO.

(Contributed by two Associates.)

TUESDAY EVENING.

<i>Introductory Meditation.</i>	}	On the Providence of Almighty God.
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WEDNESDAY.

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<i>Instruction.</i>	On Penance.
<i>2nd Meditation.</i>	Our Vocation as Christians.
<i>3rd Meditation.</i>	Special Vocation to each.

THURSDAY.

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FRIDAY.

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TUESDAY EVENING.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

On the Providence of Almighty God.

1. We come to a Retreat, not to learn religious truths: not to have our intellects quickened; but to hear the Voice of God speaking to us in many different ways. It may be through the voice of the Priest, in meditation; it may be in the Sacraments; it may be in the silent communing of the soul when alone with God—according as He knows each soul can best hear Him speaking—in His own wonderful way telling you just those things which you most need to know.

Always begin retreat with an act of self-abasement; humbly make up your mind to listen for the Voice of God. It would be a terrible responsibility for a Priest to undertake to conduct a retreat if he did not realize that he is simply speaking to you as God's instrument; that God knows the different needs of each soul, and can, through His Priest, send the message that is most wanted.

Let us meditate upon the Providence of God. We are more apt to dwell upon the mysteries of the Catholic faith, than on the Providence of God. Think how full the Psalms are of it. Try to think how God is guiding your lives, and has been guiding those lives for years. Look back to your first retreat: how God led you to that retreat, and has been guiding you ever since. "What has that time done for me?"

2. "God has called me into this retreat. He Who gave me a soul; Who knew me from the beginning, Who has made me strong in this point, weak in that; Who gave me this strong passion, that grace; Who has led me all my life, Who created my soul, and stamped upon me a living power, moulded me, watched over me; He has called me into this retreat to-night." Try to shut out all the past: try to imagine yourself alone in the world; place yourself as it were on the top of a high mountain; separate yourself from all your earthly affairs as if you were alone in this great world with God. Place yourself before Him, the God Who made you and knows you; out of sight of human eye, out of hearing of human

ear ; and think to yourself, " God has called me here to-night in order that He may bless me."

3. " God has called me now into retreat. God in His personality, me in my individuality ; knowing me, loving me, having framed me for His eternal glory. He has called me now while all is passing on busily in the world, when we seem to be hanging between war and peace ; now, when the powers of the evil one are stirred up against the Church ; now, at this particular moment, God has called me, because He has a particular message to speak to my inmost soul. He has called me now, with all my present difficulties, temptations, dangers, perplexities."

4. God has called you to do a certain work in you, you don't know what or why ; we never do know when we come into retreat what He means to tell us before the end. You may come expecting one thing, and God intends another. You may come expecting that God will give you light on some particular point in which you want light, and God tells you to have patience, and sends you away without the light, that you may leave yourself more entirely in His hands for guidance. But be sure that there is in this retreat some particular message for you, which will come from the Holy Spirit, and not from any power of mine. God will do for each soul a different work—just what that soul needs. Take the 27th Psalm, and see how beautifully God's providence is shewn forth in it, and how suitable it is for our present meditation.

(i.) You come to God from a worldly life, or a busy life, to get light to know that God loves you, light to know at this present moment what His Will for you is, light to shew you how best to draw near to Him, to learn what He would have you do. (Ps. xxvii. 1.)

(ii.) You come to gain strength against temptation, strength to enable you to go on through the wilderness of this world to the promised land, strength to fight against your spiritual enemies, strength to meet the unknown temptations, difficulties, sorrows, or joys, that He may send into your future life.

(iii.) You come to have your desires quickened after the heavenly kingdom, your spiritual appetite quickened after holiness ; the more we desire of Him, the more He gives us ; ask with fervency, desire, earnestness. (Ps. xxvii. 4.)

(iv.) He promises to give you patience and perseverance (v. 16) patience to continue the battle, instead of giving up trying to please Him. Ask yourself this question, "Why has God called me? To give me light, courage, pure desires;" all these desires of your soul the Holy Spirit can supply as He sees fit.

He will send you out of retreat very different from what you were when you came in. He will shew you the work, the duty, which you have to do; not "the distant scene," but the next step. Be very bold in your petitions, be very ready to ask great things. St. James, St. John, and St. Peter, were marked by their boldness; their crowns were all the brighter, because their petitions were great and bold. Don't think it is humility to ask for a little blessing.

Make an act of willingness to be led by God, to be taught by Him, and to see what He wishes for you; put away self-will. It is a certainty that He will speak to you somehow; ask for a perfect willingness to hear; be ready, if He wills, to learn from Him what great mistakes you have made in your past life.

WEDNESDAY.

FIRST MEDITATION.

God Almighty calling us by the act of Creation.

The power of the Voice of God. 'The Voice of the Lord is a glorious voice.' 'God spake and it was done.' It not only shews the line of duty, but His Voice is the expression of His Will, and gives power to follow it. "My vocation is the Voice of God coming to me."

The Voice of God in creation.—God speaks, and at His Voice all creation starts into being.

The way in which the Voice of God gives life.—Think of the Voice of God in the grand isolation of His being before the world was. "In the grandeur of that same voice, God comes now to me in blessing, to enable me to do the work that He would have me do."

The only name of God is one of life. 'I am That I am.' 'I am the God of Abraham.' God is Life; in Him is perfect life, and all the life of the world is only the outflow of God's life.

“What is the life that God has given to me?” What is life? An outpouring of the blessing of God. Life gives and receives; it is perpetual flow and motion—the outgiving, the interchange between being and being. The life of God is a constant act of blessing, and giving out Himself. The life of God means just the very reverse of that selfishness of sin by which we try to retain without giving. God first created the angel world: then the material world, the animal world, all by His simple word; and by His voice He framed each separate flower, plant, and herb.

God, when He called you into being, called you to possess part of His own life, created in His own image: with bodies chained to the material world, but spirits that can soar above it.

Your vocation is, to be a human being: the most perfect of beings. Not an angel,—that is not a perfect being: made in the image of God, it is true, but not in the whole image.

God has called you by His voice; given you a body and soul, and made you in the image of His Son, the Humanity of Jesus Christ.

Meditate upon the human nature which God has given you; yours is a life of perpetual giving, of perpetual responsibility. God has called you to a particular life. He has given you a body, a soul, a mind.

Connected with the body, He has given you the wonderful power of affection, your heart. Did you ever meditate upon that? the attraction of one human being to another? that attraction which draws you to some of His creatures? that love that binds you to them? It is a wonderful power, the power of love—a power that ought to be the purest and noblest, and may make you like God Himself. This power of love is the most dangerous power when perverted,—the most glorious power when used for God. It is a human power that you must lift up to God to be purified. It is a gift given by God to us, and we cannot take a gift of God and annihilate it; we cannot take love which God has placed in our hearts and destroy it; we cannot undo it. It is a precious gift, and we must answer for it. We cannot, by a system of discipline, destroy love, any more than we can destroy the source of a river; we can train it, or try our best to stop the flow,

or change its course in parts, but there it is. We must make it a power for good, not for evil ; use and not abuse it ; it is God's gift.

The mind.—Connected with the mind is the power of knowing ; intellectual power and thinking power. What limits are there to the powers of the mind, as they lead us to the knowledge of God? 'Can man by searching find out God?' But the more we use our powers, the closer we may draw to God, as by knowing Him we learn to grow more like Him.

Meditate upon the mystery of why God has called us to such a fearful responsibility : such a trust. God knew what that trust was when He called you.

Think of the misery and suffering around you caused by human beings. What are you doing? sometimes good, oftener harm.

Now God has given you a high responsibility, because He has designed you for a high place in Heaven. Ask yourself this question: "How have I lived my life hitherto?—Have I gone through it carelessly, thoughtlessly? What have I thought about the great gifts God has given me? My affections, my mind, my life, cannot be lived out alone,—as a hermit. I must have influenced others one way or another. What good have I done? What good has been achieved by my existence? Have I made havoc of God's best gifts to me? Would my place be missed? Would there be any real loss in my death to those around me? This tremendous power of loving, what can I answer to God at the last day for the use I have made of it?*" Have I sweetened another's life by my unselfish love?"

INSTRUCTION ON PENANCE.

The Church has called it the Sacrament of Penance ; that is its only name, and that is its authority. Penance is but a contraction of penitence ; penitence is repentance. The important part of that sacrament is the punishment of sin which comes at the end of it.* The fabric of the Catholic Church is built upon the foundation of the covenant which God made with Adam and Eve.

*[In accepting Sacramental penance, we pledge ourselves to accept all the penitential discipline which God sends us in our lives.]

We find this simple law in all God's dealings with man. All the sacraments in the new covenant have their root in old covenants; our faith is a development of that. What was formerly an ordinance only, became a sacrament after the descent of the Holy Ghost, Who, breathing life into it, and making it part of Himself, changed it into a sacrament.

We find the origin of the Sacrament of Penance in the earliest chapters of the book of Genesis. God restored Adam and Eve to His favour as far as the commission of their guilt was concerned, but He left them with a distinct penance or punishment which was to last until the new heaven and earth should do away with the necessity of it. Not only a punishment for the actual sin, but a thing assigned by God for punishment for the transgression of His laws. God was ready perfectly to forgive, but He punished. This is wonderfully, markedly shewn to us in the life of David, which seems to have been left us on purpose. After David had repented of his sin, the punishment came.

God forgives fully and freely, but on condition that we accept the punishment; the penance always assigned for sin must be willingly borne, not in a servile spirit, but willingly, else it will be of no good; just as absolution will be of no use unless the sin is freely and fully confessed, and with a sense of the sin committed. To David the penance came after his repentance, in the death of his child, in sorrow to his family, &c., but God made him first confess that he had sinned; and the same with Adam and Eve.

It forms a part of the great truths of the Church's discipline. Strangely enough, if the doctrine of Confession and Absolution were to be abolished in the English Church to-morrow, then the Church of England would stand alone, as far as any systematic punishment for sin is concerned. Every Christian Church in the world has some form or some discipline for the punishment of sin.

The point of our Lord's ministry was the outpouring of the Holy Ghost; therefore it was that the floods of light from the Holy Ghost came down upon all the ordinances that had already existed, raising them into Sacraments by contact with Himself; the Holy Ghost cleansing the heart, and making it feel the terribleness of its sin, and its need of forgiveness. Forgiveness only

comes from God, when the penitent willingly and humbly tells out the sin, and feels the need of the forgiveness.

The term Sacramental Confession is not accurate, it has grown up amongst us. There is nothing in the Confession itself that is sacramental ; the sacramental part is the Penance, and the Absolution that comes from God through His Priest. The Confession is simply a necessary accompaniment.

When persons come to Confession, they come to lay before Almighty God their sins. There are two kinds of sin, mortal and venial. A mortal sin is a sin which is a wilful turning away from God. A venial sin is turning to something else without the wilful turning away from God ; it is carelessness, thoughtlessness, want of recollecting the presence of God. The Church by law is only commanded to confess mortal sin ; but as the venial sins so easily develop into mortal sins, and as it is often very difficult for people to discern between one and the other, the practice of confessing all has arisen, and is far safer to the soul.

We come to confess simply our own sins, not other people's : nothing but our sins ; it is not a morbid self-examination, not a sentimental exercise, but an emptying of the heart before God, with a deep sense of shame and humiliation for having sinned, and a yearning that the wounds that those sins have made may be healed by His cleansing Blood.

Though there may be here and there, as the world thinks, certain dangers in the practice of habitual confession, yet it is so fenced and surrounded by the law of the Church, that it is just not that which the world says it is—a morbid going through a list of our sins, and coming away with a certain amount of whitewash upon our souls—it is the drawing near to a loving Saviour, the falling down at the foot of His Cross and crying for forgiveness and for cleansing from all our sin : it is a part of the free gospel of Christ.

Confession should be very accurate, very clear, and free from all exaggeration. Practically : try to think how far your confessions have been made in a right spirit. Whenever the enemy stirs up some great storm in the Church, we may feel quite sure that God has some purpose in it, and wills to teach us some lesson by it ;

and the good of this great storm that is now agitating our Church in so sad a way, and making or trying to make, havoc, is this : to teach us to look into ourselves, to find out where our Confessions have been faulty ; how we can best make them more true, more accurate, more real in every way ; taking care never to implicate another person, but to remember that we are simply dealing with God and our own souls.

[*The storm at this time was that which was raised about the book called " The Priest in Absolution."* ED.]

SECOND MEDITATION.

*Upon our vocation as Christians. All creatures created by God.
God has not only created, but regenerated us.*

Meditate upon our Blessed Lord's Incarnation, and the change that makes in God's relation to His creatures. Think what our Lord did when He became Incarnate. God giving the Son : the Son giving Himself to unite this world with Himself. He has called us into His kingdom, made us members of Himself in that glorious kingdom set up upon the earth, which is to prepare us for the future eternal kingdom in Heaven. We often talk of God becoming Man, without realizing what that was. We can't approach to God except through our Lord Jesus Christ ; we can't understand God except through His relation to Him who took our nature upon Him ; we can't approach to God alone, to a God that has no form, that even the very angels cannot look upon, that is so great, glorious, and beautiful, that our finite minds can grasp no idea of what He is. The Incarnation presents a foundation of explanation of all mysteries.

The Man God consecrated the material world. It was not that God came down bearing man's nature for a time, and then laying it aside, or that He came simply like the angel manifestations, to bear a message and to depart. He took the very substance of our flesh ; He consecrated it ; He took nourishment, lived upon it ; He breathed air, deriving life from it ; He had a human soul created by God, dwelling in a human body ; He came not merely man, but *the* Man : the cause of creation : the means by which the whole creation would mount up to God ; He came to breathe

existence into the world, and by doing so, to raise that world to God.

Meditate upon what a marvellous thing your regeneration is. Regeneration means that those powers which God has given us are united to Jesus Christ, that we are united with the second Adam in a bond as close as with the first Adam. From the first Adam we receive nature, from the second Adam the restoration of that nature.

As soon as you receive the Holy Spirit from God, you are made one with Christ, you are placed in a new relationship with God, because you are a creature joined to God. Through that union with our Lord Jesus Christ, you are made one with the Father. You can only approach the great Father as a child, because of your union with Christ. This is a mystery that we can only partly understand. The glorious world is beautiful and great in showing God's wisdom, but you, as children, are raised up in a close and loving union far above the material world.

If your whole relationship to God is altered, so your whole relationship to man is altered. This unity in Christ, the great Head, forms a bond of brotherhood with the human race. You are not able to say, "Am I my brother's keeper?" You do not stand alone, you cannot sever yourself from others, living for yourself and by yourself: you are one in Christ; one in Him because He has lifted you up with Himself: one, because all light and joy comes to you from Him. All Christians are one in Christ. People talk now-a-days of the different unions which draw people together, such as trades-unions, clubs, &c.; but these change, fall through, are faulty. Christians are bound together by a common bond of love; one heart beats with another, and all beat in union with the great Heart of the Incarnate Christ. You are called to be Christians, and from that call comes the common duty of fellowship: to see that we walk in charity one with another.

From your calling comes another great thought, the infinite value of each soul: this is often lost sight of. Only think of war: how little we think of each soul, if only the victory is gained, if only the enemy can be beaten down. Each one of you has an infinite capacity for good. Each one being made in the image of

God, each one is of infinite value to God ; each soul is watched over and tended, that it may be trained and fitted for living for ever and ever in glory. The sun shines upon you just as if there were no other spot to shine upon. God's grace is shed upon you as if there were no other soul but yours to receive it. Even if the whole world were to perish, your soul would be infinitely valuable in the sight of God ; if the whole world were to be lost, Christ would not repent having come down to save you. Then meditate upon some of the wonderful blessings that you derive from being called Christians.

1. Our vocation as Christians gives us boundless strength, for we go out in the strength of our Saviour ; we need never fear temptation, because all the resources of Christ are at our command ; we never need be really overthrown if we would only use more acts of faith, and remember the stores of strength always at hand for us ; we need never be weary of our warfare, for our powers in the Church are irresistible as long as we act as Christians. You are called to be Saints, and you have the power to be Saints ; you have not to ask it from God, you have only to claim it.

2. Our call to be Christians brings us also peace of mind : the wonderful peace that comes from union with Christ : the glorious blessing of peace that flows from the Incarnation. Peace means going out of yourself, turning your back upon your own temptations, and looking up to the countenance of your Saviour. Peace means being one with Christ, resting in Christ, leaning on His breast that He may give you comfort and help. You may be worried, tempted, harassed, perplexed, but go to Him, and He will give you all you need—peace that will last for ever.

THIRD MEDITATION.

Upon the special vocation that Almighty God has given to each of us, and which He desires us to listen to and to fulfil.

The eternal purpose of Almighty God. The wonderful system of God in governing the universe. The diversity of lines of thought in the world. God holding all in His hand.

We live in the midst of our little plans, in our small circle of friends ; and we are very apt to forget—until something brings it upon us—the thought that this little world of ours is not the world, but only a small portion of even a country like England. Think of all the totally different kinds of grooves that one set of persons moves in, compared to another, and then think that Almighty God holds that whole train of circumstances in His hand.

Then, again, the world in which we live is only one small portion of the universe. If sometimes we lifted up our thoughts to the great God who is governing the whole of this great world, and pictured to ourselves the wonderful mystery of His government—of His wisdom and greatness—that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge—we should not, I think, so often murmur, and wonder why His great purposes are hidden from us, or question as to why God has placed us in this or that position, or does this or that thing, that we cannot understand ; we should be less fretful, less impatient, less moved by the storms that from time to time spring up in our lives, and sweep with dark and heavy clouds across our horizons.

Meditate upon the special individual vocation that God has given to each of you. Remember that nothing in the government of God's world is by chance, nothing at hap-hazard. The Bible was not written by chance : the details recorded are not hap-hazard. The histories of individuals : some very great men only just mentioned, many passed over altogether, others that seem to us scarcely worth noticing, dwelt upon at great length—why is that ? Surely that God might point out to us how minutely He governs and rules the life of each individual, and how special a vocation He has for each of His Saints. How each fulfils the different kind of work that God has designed for each ; all lives so wonderfully ordered, so supernaturally ordained by God, working out His designs in His own marvellous way. Think how, for each of us, God has His vocation. God Who guides this great world, guides it by placing you and me in the particular place that He has designed for us, with a particular work in that place for each. And it is the same in the world of nature as in the world of grace.

Try to meditate upon your own particular vocation. God has called you to do a particular work for Him, and has given you capacity and opportunities exactly suited to carry out that work, be it what it may, for which He has designed you.

Let us also meditate upon the way in which God reveals our vocation to us. We very often imagine that we have a vocation for a particular thing, when we have none (*e.g.*, Religious Life). Some feel that they can do some one particular thing well, and in doing it could leave a stamp upon the world: some special talent perhaps, some position that would gain renown, and which they feel they are fitted to fill well; and God places them instead in a humble, unknown, even menial position, and they fancy their lives are wasted, or perhaps misused. But think for a moment of the apparent waste in the natural world. The amount of fruit that ripens and falls to the ground to decay; the beautiful flowers that bloom and drop, unseen and even unknown by any human creature; the parts of the world that man cannot inhabit.

So in the world of grace; many people, who we fancy are fitted for some noble or great position, live quiet unobtrusive lives, and pass away only known perhaps to the very few.

There are several stated ways by which we can tell what is our vocation.

When God has a vocation for us, He will always open out a way for us, by circumstances beyond our control.

The circumstances of our life are a very solid way of finding out our vocation: we think that we have a certain calling, and we try to map out our lives to make that calling fit in; but God shows us by circumstances that He does not intend us to do the thing.

He also points it out to us by direction: I mean by the advice of well-chosen and suitable people, whether clergy or friends: the calm, sober advice of those we can trust.

But God often hides from us for a long time our vocation. He is fitting us for certain duties or work that we know nothing at all about. He has His designs for us, and often makes us wait in patience, until He sees us fit to carry out in our lives those designs.

Moses little thought when he slew the Egyptian what a wonderful work God had in store for him, and how he was the chosen

leader of God's people into Canaan. The gentle, unobtrusive, little captive maid could never have guessed that she was to be the instrument in God's hand, by which her great master was to be cured of his leprosy. It may be a long time before God tells us; and people often mistake their vocation, because they are determined to find out what their vocation is; they are too impatient to wait for God's hand to lead them, or to listen for His Voice to guide them. Never make any change in your life until you know what God would have you do.

Then meditate upon the benefits to be gained from walking in the path of obedience.

Not a self-chosen path: there is always safety in obedience. When God puts a thing plainly before you, then, in the path of obedience, you are safe; whatever you do, just where God has placed you, whatever your circumstances are (they may be very distasteful to you) you are carrying out God's plans, and He never puts circumstances into your life by chance or for nothing. He may put you into a very busy life, where it may be very difficult to pray, to meditate, to do much for your own individual soul: yet the most trivial act done for God, in exactly the position in which He has placed you, is far more pleasing to Him than the greatest action in a self-chosen sphere of work, and has far greater merit, because it is doing just the will of God. It will help you in overcoming pride. Doing the will of God is never so pleasant as doing our own will; there is no flattery, no praise, in doing God's will; we seem to die a death; it may be that the divine atmosphere surrounds the will of God, but there is no flattery in it. Moses got no praise or flattery in his journey through the wilderness: a great deal of work perhaps, a great deal of opposition, a very rough, a very prosaic path, a very dull, a very thorny path often, but always a safe one.

Then, again, in following your vocation you will be in a more effectual spirit of harmony with those around you. It is when we deny our own will, and do God's work in His way, in harmony with Him, that we leave our mark upon the world. Think of the difference in the records handed down to us of the lives of the Saints who lived and died for Christ, and the great men of

the world who have lived in luxury, courted and admired by thousands, and have passed away, simply leaving their riches and their honours for others. Whatever be your vocation, you can attain perfection in it. When our Lord said, 'Be ye perfect,' He did not address only those to whom He had given certain special opportunities, or placed in the choicest circumstances of life, out of the way of temptation. He did not mean that a St. Bernard could attain perfection, and you be left out in the cold. Never think it might be easier for you if only this or that were altered in your life. The path of your vocation may be lined with temptation. God would not have placed you there, if it had been too hard a road for you to travel with safety.

He wills your sanctification.

THURSDAY.

FIRST MEDITATION.

On following Christ in temptation.

The moment we have a vocation, that moment we need guidance from Almighty God. We need a rule of life. God's rule is that we should follow Him. What a marvellously simple rule it is, "Follow Me." The same rule He gave to St. Matthew, St. Andrew, St. Philip, and indeed to all the Apostles; always the same. After He was risen from the dead He still said, "Follow thou Me." You will say, What is there remarkable in this? They did not know what it meant, or what was to follow. The point in the command was, "Take one step alone, and leave the rest to Me. I do not lay down a rule for all your life, but day by day I will lead you in the path along which you ought to go. I do not tell you what you will have to bear, what temptations will beset you, what fiery trial is before each one of you: which is to suffer martyrdom for My sake, which is to live on and testify to the world for Me by a long life of loving obedience—leave all that to Me." "If I will that he tarry till I come . . . follow thou Me."

The same He says to each one of us now; how then are we to carry out this rule of life? First try to drink in more and more

of the spirit of Christ, meditate upon His words, take His literal commandments, but take them in the spirit too. Enter more and more into the life of Christ, try to follow it into the spirit of His life. Study the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Follow thou Me," means a steady, gradual, patient following. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." "Take Me for thy guide, and I will teach thee by My Holy Spirit: step by step I will lead thee, but I will not tell thee what is before thee—leave all to Me."

As you look upon Christ in going on your way, your path will be quite clear. It is a grand, a glorious rule: one that has guided God's greatest Saints. . . .

Meditate upon following our Lord in temptation. "Ye are they that have been with Me in My temptations." Temptation is the state in which we must be as long as we are living in the world. It is the atmosphere which clings to the world in which we live, as closely as the air we breathe. Temptation means that effort by which our souls have all their powers tried. Temptation is a trial, a probation. You cannot get rid of temptation; you might just as well try to destroy any other attribute of the world. You might as well try to get rid of light, or to live without air or food.

And yet we murmur and chafe at temptation. Temptation is not sin, although it may lead to sin: the Saints have all passed through temptation. Meditate upon Abraham's life of temptation, leaving his home and all he loved, living in tents, with no friends to turn to. A life of temptation to his faith, his reason, sustained through sixty years' dwelling among heathen, drawn from them, yet surrounded by them; no home; ordered to sacrifice his only son.

Meditate again upon the temptations of the children of Israel in their surroundings through the wilderness: we are very apt to blame them, and to wonder at their rebellion and disobedience. I think we seldom consider sufficiently what their life of temptation was—first one, and then another coming down upon the top of it; such a terrible life of trial for forty years. They were relieved from a slavery and tyranny, under which however their creature comforts had been supplied: wandering aimlessly in a barren desert, close to the promised land, but not allowed to enter, loathing their food,

at straits for water, weary of travel ; we do not reflect enough upon what that life must have been : we, in looking back upon it, can see God's Hand leading them through all the temptations to the promised land. All is clear to us now, but to them how dark the future must have seemed, how impossible the difficulties to be surmounted ! how hard the punishments, and how destitute of all light and help ! If we murmur and find fault with our temptations, surely we need not blame them ; was it strange that they should have questioned whether there was any God, and fancied they were only brought out of Egypt to die in the wilderness ? They had to follow Moses : we have to follow Christ.

If we could imagine any person free from temptation, it would have been our Blessed Lord ; there was that power about Him which we fancy must have kept Him free : but not so. Tempted all through His life, tempted at Nazareth, by intercourse with those who were around Him tempted even by His love for Mary, in having to leave her Jesus says, "I am tempted in My weary life in the wilderness, in Gethsemane, on My Cross : ye are they that follow Me, can ye expect to be free ?"

Meditate upon how temptation comes to us. Temptation is a real effort on the part of those from whom it comes to overthrow us ; and it always is adapted exactly to the very circumstances in which—at the moment—we are most likely to fall : to our weakest point. It was so with Eve ; the temptation that came to her worked upon the curiosity that formed part of her nature—part of her being.

Our Blessed Lord had come to be a Saviour ; and yet in thirty years nothing had been done. Satan found no stain of sin in Him, dared not tempt Him by low motives, self-love or self-will, so tempted Him to fulfil God's purpose without waiting God's way. "Famished for hunger will He die, leaving His mission unfulfilled ? turn stones to bread, and the miracle will prove Him sent from God." All the kingdoms, their glory, and their shame, vice, misery, Christ the Saviour should have them all at once to reform, to renew ; only worshipping Satan. Throw Himself from the temple, and so shew Himself to the world as having spiritual power.

He knows too, what he can suggest to us, temptations that he

dared not offer to Christ ; temptations of self-will, pride, lust, &c. Satan cannot read our hearts, only God can ; but he can guess what is in them, as we guess at each others', only with far superior intelligence and greater experience.

How are we to meet our temptations ? As our Lord did, just by taking the rule of God. "Man shall not live by bread alone, &c." "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, &c." "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." "It is written." Our Lord did not display His Divine Power and so send Satan away. There would have been no Crucifixion then, no Redemption. He appealed to His rule, the Will of God. So must we, not impatiently putting our hand to the Ark of God, not doing evil that good may come. Follow Christ in simple obedience. Follow Jesus Christ ; never think that you can drive temptation away ; but don't yield to it. Let His love and grace be your strength.

What is the use of being tempted ? It helps us to feel and know our own weakness ; if nothing ever proved to us our littleness and weakness, we should live in a kind of fool's paradise, never guessing how weak we are. When we play a game with a child, and allow it to win for the sake of pleasing it, the child thinks itself skilful, and does not believe that we are hiding our powers for the sake of giving momentary pleasure. So with ourselves ; we think we could do this or that, and have power to withstand evil, or to do good, until we are tried, and the temptation comes in an unguarded moment, and we learn, by falling, how weak we are. We are tempted that we may share Christ's sufferings, and by that means attain to share His glory. Through temptation we are led to the Cross, through the Cross to glory. "Where I have seen my Lord's footprints, there have I coveted to set my foot."

INSTRUCTION ON MATINS AND EVENSONG.

There are certain things which are laid upon us as a matter of duty in our devotion. The Holy Communion is a duty laid upon us by our Blessed Lord, that even the most careless Christian cannot deny. But besides this highest of all duties, there are others which we cannot dispense with ; for instance, we are bound to say

daily, twice a day, certain vocal prayers, such as the Lord's Prayer and the Belief, &c. But there is a great difference between what is a duty and what is expedient ; there are many devout practices which are a matter of choice ; and those who only fulfil their exact duties in their devotion are placing themselves in great danger. Some people find their devotion is more real, and that they can approach God in a closer way when their prayers are mental ; so others, when their prayers are written. Different souls differ, and so, indeed, does the same soul from time to time. We should be careful not to judge each other. We cannot be too liberal where the Church of God has been so liberal. People are so apt, especially after a time of devotion like a retreat, to take some particular rule or form of prayer, because it has been recommended, just as if it had been laid down as a nostrum, and they bind themselves with an iron rule to serve God, and to pray to God, in a stated manner, with very little margin for liberality ; and it is often most harmful to the soul, causes disappointment and failure, and often ends in formalism and coldness. Meditation is especially made a subject of great difficulty in this way ; the most earnest Christians can seldom carry on the practice of meditation for any length of time in the same way, with set rules, or in one particular manner. Circumstances, and the state of a person's soul, will alter from time to time, and God is not a hard Master, and only requires that we should give Him all the love and all the devotion we can, according to our ability ; so be very liberal with yourselves if you get weary of one way ; instead of being tempted to despair, try another.

We will think of the blessing we may gain to our own souls by that public form of worship which has been handed down to us from the earliest ages of the Church. I mean Matins and Evensong.

The Holy Communion is the one great service that God demands of us, but there are times and places where It is only occasionally offered. . . . It is the duty of Christians to try and make the greatest use, not of what they have not got, but of what they have got ; and so, as Matins and Evensong have been handed down to us by the Church, we should try and avail

ourselves of them as regularly and frequently as lies within our power. It is no modern protestant invention that has framed for us these services ; they are of the most ancient institution.

Matins and Evensong are almost entirely the intellectual worship of the Church. The Holy Communion is not intellectual, it requires no mind : the most ignorant person, the simplest child, may, by the power of the Holy Spirit, be so filled with love and adoration, that they can draw near with faith and receive their Saviour into themselves. The Holy Communion requires no language, no words, no understanding ; it is simply the heart washed clean from sin, pouring out its love in an act of faith, and being united through that act to the very Person of the Redeemer.

But Matins and Evensong want a great deal of mind : here we bring the mind to God. First see what the idea of the service is. Meditating upon the Lord God ; bringing a body of intellectual worship to bear upon the Blessed Sacrament. The sacramental nature of the services is very distinct. They are a kind of prelude to, or introductory preparation for, the Holy Communion : but leading up to that you have the Psalms and the Old Testament to remind you of the lives of the Saints in gone-by days : the New Testament speaking of the words of our Blessed Lord, and His Life speaking to the soul. Then you, as a body, offer to God your belief, declaring that after He has taught you and spoken to you, you fully believe in every word ; and having declared this to God, you ask Him in prayer to give you all that is needful to carry out your belief in your lives, and to live those lives as He would have them lived. You come to offer God a form of words which you only dimly understand ; there is a mystery in Matins and Evensong. You use the words of the Saints, and God understands them ; you must not expect fully to enter into their meaning : but the words of God Himself and of the old Saints are perfect. They are not shallow words of your own composing.

The Benedictus and Magnificat bear on our Lord's Incarnation, and the Collect used at the Altar is also used at Matins and Evensong.

Then again, it is not an isolated service ; but innumerable bodies of worshippers are joining with us. The morning and evening incense goes up in clouds from all parts of the Christianized world. We are singing, too, with Mary in the Magnificat, with Simeon in the Nunc Dimittis, with Ambrose and Augustine in the Te Deum, with Zacharias in the Benedictus, with David in the Psalms.

Why is it that Matins and Evensong do people so little good ? Do we ever prepare for them ? The want of preparation is a great reason for failing to gain a blessing. I mean, looking at the service beforehand : you would generally find some connexion between the first and second lesson ; there is a harmony in the whole service.

When the service is over, again try to recall it. "Is there any one verse or part that has impressed me, or stayed in my mind ?" grasp one such part, any how, each day. You will generally find some thought to take away with you ; but you will grasp none unless you use self-examination : five minutes so spent will do you great good—not only at that moment, but for the future ; for the treasures and inspirations of one day come back to us over and over again, year after year. As the Psalter has been for centuries the great book of prayer that Saints have used, and comes to us with great sanctity, we ought to make it more and more of an intellectual study, enter more into its mystical meaning. After the Gospels the Psalms come first.

The great mass of people come to the most intellectual of our services, such as Matins and Evensong, without having given any intelligent thought to them at all, and then they grumble and wonder that they gain so little good, and the services become formal and meaningless to them.

SECOND MEDITATION.

Following Christ in Active Life.

Let us think of the human life which our Lord has given us, and of our following Him.

Our active life in the world. In the life of active work we can find the rule which Christ has given us : the same as in temptation. He says, "Follow Me."

Our Blessed Lord never ceased to work. His work was incessant ; it changed in many distinct ways. At Nazareth, His seclusion was so great that we scarcely know anything about it. He was subject to Mary and Joseph. Afterwards, His active life began ; days of active work followed by nights of weariness and watching. " He was weary and sat on the well." He never ceased to work.

But then again, He came not merely to accomplish the will of the Father in a formal manner, not merely to accomplish a design, but His whole Life from the beginning to end was one of warm active love.

Think of the way in which He loved : not the general love that moved Him, not that grand love that prompted the great design of the Incarnation ; but the love that you and I mean when we think about love, love to particular persons, the individual personal love that we can understand and sympathize with. His love for His Blessed Mother ; it was a marvellous love. There is but little said ; but if you read the story, and enter into each verse, you will see the depth of that love. His infancy, the greater part of His life was spent in close communing with Mary. Mark the sacred silence that veils all that passed between them. He kept His love of His Mother to Himself and her alone. At His first miracle, He first shewed His power when Mary was by to ask Him to exert it. On the Cross, amidst all His agony, the personal love that He felt for His Mother was very prominent. Think again of His love for Mary Magdalene, be she what she might.

" Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."

" Behold how He loved him." Jesus loved particular persons so much : the rich man, " the disciple whom He loved." All through His life there was shewn a wonderful love for individuals . . and we ought not to be afraid of love. If we know that our love is pure, and can be offered up to God, it is quite safe. If it comes from God first into our hearts, and then flows from us into the heart of a human being, it is quite safe, and we can work as Christ did, all the more happily and easily for that love.

Meditate upon the consideration of Christ for His enemies, as

well as for His friends. Think of what He had to contend with. Did you ever find a harsh word, a single unkind expression from our Lord? I think not. You may find some very decided, or even severe denunciation, but only when it was necessary : against hypocrisy, for instance, but not with individuals. Judas Iscariot—He did not unmask him before the other disciples. His words must have gone home, but no one else understood them. His consideration was wonderful for everybody He met with.

Then think of the calmness and quietness in His work. No excitement, no impatience, no blame ; and yet what reasons He had for each ! His work, so slowly being achieved, so little progress apparently. He was always being cast out, always watched by spies, His words perverted, misunderstood, and yet He never turned upon them with anything like vexation.

Think of His gentleness to His enemies. He thought of every enemy as of one that should be converted to Him.

How gentle to Pilate, &c.

How shall we ever know how many souls our Lord saved by His gentleness?

He was not a meek Sufferer only, but also a wise Master. Jesus Christ bids you all to go out into the world and to follow Him.

What was the secret that underlay this external life ?

The wonderful love of Christ for each individual soul, and for some in particular.

He knew what was in man ; He knew man's weakness ; He knew the force of temptation ; He knew the weakness of human character ; and, therefore, He made allowances. We make allowances for ourselves, not for others. He knew the power and possibility of God's grace : the power of His redemption : the power of the Holy Spirit.

"Follow thou Me." Take this rule of life for yourselves ; in your weakness rely upon God ; never say, "I am safe ;" never despair ; always fly to your Saviour, and offer to Him each work ; try to be very patient, learn to wait ; don't be always wanting to see results. Our work must be like our Lord's : incessant, for we are never safe ; patient with others, for God has given us marvellous

grace, and is wonderfully patient for the small return we shew ; calm and loving, not delivering ourselves, laying down the law, making our religion disagreeable ; considerate of others, and courteous. Of a penitent of St. Francis de Sales, her servants said, " When madame was under her former confessor, she prayed sometimes, and it was always inconveniencing every one. Now she prays all day and puts no one out."

Try to do with all your heart just the work that God has given you to do.

In working for the souls of others, God is building up your own souls. It is the patient spirit of self-denial that God values more than the actual work.

What we do unconsciously is often the real work of our lives. Offer Him each work you do to His glory, with the mark of the Cross upon it. We must refrain from injuring others' work by thoughtless strictures and criticisms.

What has deep roots grows slowly ; our own work is probably small ; let us do that thoroughly, and not any other person's.

THIRD MEDITATION.

On following our Lord in His Life of Suffering.

Suffering is not in itself needful. It was ordained by God for a merciful purpose. It is the necessary accompaniment of sin. Sin is the breaking in upon the law of God. Just as pain in the human body is given us to show us where the danger is, and to warn us what we may guard against—so suffering, or spiritual pain, is of a remedial character, to warn us of sin, and to help us to overcome it.

The same suffering that Christ bore. He came into the world bearing in His sinless Person the penance, the reparation for the sin of the whole world.

He suffered in every kind of way. In body, in mind, in hunger, in thirst. He felt the need of sleep. There was not a single part of His Body in which He did not suffer.

How wonderful to think of this suffering in the perfectly sinless Body of our Blessed Lord. He suffered for the whole human

race. Think of the wonderful way in which our Lord seemed to accumulate upon Himself all suffering.

At Nazareth, the poor peasants, ignorant, rude, unrefined. The only bright spot in that life was His home with Mary. Afterwards, homeless, in a perfect spirit of poverty, and a perfect spirit of obedience, ministering three years to the world He came to save.

But all the sufferings of His Life culminated in His Death; a slow death of torture, from the crucifixion of His Will in the garden, to that of His Body on the Cross. Our Lord teaches us much by His words, but far more by what He did and suffered. His greatest eloquence of speech was surpassed by His silent eloquence on the Cross: teaching us what sin is, and what a reparation is needed. But what of the unknown sufferings? Think of Satan's full power launched upon Him. Hitherto he had done his best to tempt, seduce, win Him to sin: now he hurled all his deathliest weapons at Him, "dying! for whom? for a world who cared not for Him? for men who would blaspheme Him, forsake, betray Him." Was not Judas' betrayal, Peter's denial, flung in His face? Nothing was left unsaid which could induce Him to give up. All in vain, though it wrung from our Lord the bitter cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

Then how universal was the condemnation: by Jew and Gentile, Greek and Roman, by the Church of God. His sufferings were universal, as was our redemption.

It is one of the most marvellous parts of our Gospel, that we learn more from what Jesus did than from what He said. The Sermon on the Mount taught much, but the grandest sermon of all was the sermon on the Cross. The exquisite lesson of all His Life is the suffering to show us that to be like Him we must suffer. In suffering with Christ we learn strength. In dying with Christ we learn to live. In your Crucifix you may see your power, your love, your strength, all to be gained from that great atoning Sacrifice.

O the love of the Passion! No joy to Jesus Christ without suffering. "With desire I have desired." Yet, "one should betray Him."

He allowed His Will to be crucified before His sacred Body was crucified.

Falling beneath your Cross, pausing before your Cross, is not giving up your Cross. Jesus fell beneath His Cross, but His Will enabled Him to rise up again.

As long as your Cross remains on you, you have not given it up.

Carrying the Cross up the hill to Crucifixion. We should be ready for a short, sharp martyrdom : but the slow carrying the Cross is the bitterest trial of our faith.

Think of the Victim on the Cross for your sins, led up to that through all His sacred Life. Our dear Lord, the Victim for you, each one of you, in all the terrible sufferings on the Cross He knew you, your whole life, with every temptation, every weakness, each joy and sorrow. All the Saints have always found such strength in the Passion.

Meditate upon the way in which we are to be crucified with Christ ; accept every pain as a nail. When pain comes, say, " My God, I accept it for my sins, and for Thy sake."

We may shrink from suffering, but never shirk it, or we shall refuse to be like Christ. We must suffer, too, lovingly and cheerfully as He did.

You are each of you called to suffering, and it must be in any way that God chooses for you.

The Church is now suffering : being evil spoken of, misrepresented, misunderstood.

Our strength will be in suffering.

Suffering will come in some way : in disappointment, in the loss of those most dear to us, in the unfaithfulness of friends, in failure in work, in many a small thing in daily life ; in whatever way it comes still it is suffering, and it will be taking up the Cross with Christ. " I indeed justly."

Learn to see how you can take up your smallest suffering, what merit you can gain by doing it ; but you must do it willingly, do it lovingly, do it with joy, if you would follow Christ.

St. Bonaventura says, " Why should we chafe and fret so much when Jesus Christ disappoints any of our plans ?

When He disappoints our plans, He only shuts up a road by which we might depart from Him."

FRIDAY.

FIRST MEDITATION.

On Resolutions and Recollection.

A resolution is a promise we make to God. A retreat resolution is the special gift that we give back to God on account of the very great gifts that He has given to us during retreat.

Resolutions should be made with very great prudence. During retreat one is, if one may say so. in an unnatural state ; a certain amount of religious excitement must attend the giving one's self up to a lengthened time of prayer, meditation, and self-examination ; and under the influence of this press of religious feeling one is very apt to lay down for one's self, as possible and expedient, rules and resolutions, which in the glare and distractions of a worldly life, are hard, if not almost impossible.

Therefore be very careful not to make your resolutions too far above your religious state ; they should be as practical as possible : either about a definite thing, or bearing upon a definite thing.

Resolutions should only be made for a certain time, as circumstances may make the keeping of them unwise, and they can always be renewed at stated times, if well to do so.

Meditate upon the Presence of God ; on Recollection.

Adam and Eve were driven out of the Presence of God, and God came down again to them to give them a chance once more.

Recollection of the Presence of God in this life is our only safeguard against sin.

Now in this world there is so much around us that draws us away from God. Even God's most exquisite works help to draw us away from Him. It is the very hardest thing in the devout life to keep oneself recollected. Even in the holiest times ; yes, even at the Holy Communion, one is apt to forget the actual and continual Presence of God, and only to be able to catch glimpses of Him.

What is recollection ?

Not the consciousness of the Presence of God that Adam had

in Paradise, and lost—that is not ours to attain as yet ; in great measure it is the gift of God to few. It is the same feeling towards God as that we have to those we love ; it is not perpetually thinking of, or being conscious of that love—or that person—but it is the having in your mind and heart the presence of their interest, of their welfare, of their wishes and occupations, so that at any moment you could reach them and be ready to do anything for them. A latent feeling, springing into activity the moment their welfare, honour, well-being, is touched.

This is especially so with the love of a husband and wife. One in everything, and yet able to separate from each other for the sake of those around ; able, without any effort of the mind, to recall the presence and welfare of the loved one—always present with us, although unconsciously at times. It is the same as the regard we have for ourselves and our own interests, to which we are so alive, which any occasion so instantly brings to our mind. What is the recollection of God, but all this in a higher and purer sense ?

When temptation comes, if you have recollection, you will see in a moment that it is something to tempt you to forget God ; when you do a thing that is wrong, you will immediately remember that you have grieved God, and be ready to go at once to Him, to ask Him for forgiveness.

Think of the recollection that you have about yourself, about your own talents or attractions, your charity, or indeed, anything that is connected with your own interests. So should it be with Almighty God : an intuitive feeling of how such and such a thing will affect Him.

There is so much teaching about recollection in Holy Scripture. How full the Psalms are of the Presence of God ! “The countenance of God.” “The eyes of God are in every place.” “God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed.” So in all the Old Testament histories.

The wanderings of the Israelites were guided by the Angel of the Presence of God.

His Presence abode in the Ark (Urim and Thummim, &c.).

His Presence is in the Catholic Church for our guidance : in

the Blessed Sacrament for our adoration and strength ; in our hearts by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

How important is this habit of recollection !

Nothing can so effectually shield us from sin, and from falling into temptation.

Forgetting it, our own self-will causes us to rush impetuously into courses we afterwards regret. A recollection of God will but add to our sin, if we are determined to sin ; but if we *want* to serve God and love Him, the thought of His presence will keep us from wilful trying to get our own way ; will keep us calm and peaceful. Without it all spiritual life will die.

Peter denied our Lord because he had lost the recollection of God.

If we lived in a state of recollection, what an atmosphere of purity would surround us ; how many things that now rub against us in the world would go off again from us without harming us ; difficulties and temptations that are constantly coming into our life, and trying our love and our faith, would be met and overcome bravely and trustfully, because the recollection of our dear Lord's Presence would be our safeguard and defence.

In a Convent there is a religious air, and recollection is, comparatively speaking, easy ; but you go out hence into the world, and there is a different tone ; so little to suggest the presence of God : nay, rather, everything seems calculated to make you forget it.

You seldom hear the name of God ; the name of God seems banished from our national life. The Cross is a thing put on one side, or treated as something mysterious and secret, that people dare not speak of. We cannot alter the spirit of our age. If all England were converted to the Catholic truth, national reserve would still remain.

We must try to practise such inward devotion as will keep us in harmony with God.

Try to commit some of the psalms to memory. Get into the habit of filling up your leisure moments by repeating a verse, or hymn, or psalm ; you would then keep your mind in tone with God. Have in your mind a storehouse of holy thoughts to occupy your memory. Say ejaculatory prayers as you walk along.

If only we meditated upon God half as much as we meditate upon ourselves, how much holier, purer, and more unselfish our lives would be!

Recollection can be gained; only it wants a little pains. Idle moments must be filled up: while away your stray bits of time with God.

St. Bonaventura says, "There are three things, in one or other of which we should always be employed: reading, praying, working." By reading he means any kind of self-improvement; by working, all necessary duties; by praying, speaking to God. So there is no time left for idleness. Into hearts occupied by things of God will come fewer foolish dreams, fewer critical thoughts, fewer thoughts of self.

INSTRUCTION ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Our Lord founded the Church on the old lines. "I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."

It was a development, *i.e.*, a legitimate growth of the Church, the germs of the vital truths of which were manifest in Paradise.

To the Church are committed the truths and promises of God. It does not follow that those outside the Church will not be saved, though if we know truth, and reject it, we certainly shall not be.

We have our own business to mind, not God's in judging who is, or who is not to be saved.

These revelations of God's truth and promises were first committed to the family of Seth in the Patriarchal age; then to the Jewish nation,—the Jewish Church,—with a fuller development, a separation between the Church and the world; then to all the families of the earth, the Catholic Church; but the separation between Christian and heathen is no whit diminished. Christ did not come to say that as long as you led a tolerably moral life, nothing else mattered. Faith and Baptism are imperative.

As to the Church and Politics.

Politics = government of the world. The Church's rule has neither been absolute—a tyranny; nor a democracy—governed

by the will of the people ; but partaking of the nature of both.

The appointment of the Jewish High Priests came directly from above : from God. The people had nothing to do but to accept them ; but, being appointed so, they had to govern, not by their own will, but by law ; and the prophets, God's messengers to them as well as to the people, came from the people, and taught truths which the High Priests usually fought against ; but which in the end were accepted, as truths always are.

We see also that in ages of tyranny and oppression, the Church leans to the cause of the people ; in an age of free thought and licence, to rule and authority.

The Church lives, but continually in confusion.

In no age do we see the Church fully acting up to her ideal. She is for ever in a mess. In the promised land every man did according to what was right in his own eyes, till a judge was raised up to get them straight, but at his death they relapsed into confusion. Among the Kings—at the Captivity—under the Maccabees—at the time of our Lord—always more or less of confusion. But the Church lives, because of the life of God in her, in spite of the breakdown of her admirable, God-given machinery ; her *life* does not depend on that machinery, but is from above it.

We see in the history of the Church, how seldom reform came from above : how those in high places were so often slothful, luxurious, &c ; how the reform came from below, was at first opposed by authorities,—then, accepted. (Now if laity were admitted to Convocation to vote upon matters of *doctrine*, it would be an offence against the authority of the Church, just as the Romans, by giving the Pope absolute authority, leave out the democratic element.) How much growth has been in the English Catholic Church, we can see : *e.g.*, The practice of Retreats, Confession, the restoration of all Sacraments, save one, (the sevenfold gift of the Spirit, given in the seven Sacraments.)

Now the mark of the Catholic Reformer is, that whereas others say, “The Church is corrupt, let us leave it :” he says, “The Church is corrupt, let us remain in it, and reform it.”

This requires great patience.

SECOND MEDITATION.

On the Presence of God as exhibited in the work of God the Holy Ghost.

The whole of your retreat has been the work of God the Holy Ghost. He first spoke to you, and made you conscious of the need of your soul: He brought you here to lay your life open before God, to search the secrets of your heart, and to give you the necessary counsel, help, and strength, to enable you to live in the world, and yet not to be of the world: to solve your difficulties, to deepen your love, and to send you back surrounded with a halo of sanctity, which will be your armour against the world, the flesh, and the devil, if only you strive to keep your brightness untarnished. If you are to take away any solid results from your retreat, it must be by a more real faith in, and a more entire devotion to God the Holy Ghost. He is repeatedly coming to us in our lives, and appealing to us in such unmistakeable tones of love, that we cannot ignore His Presence, however much we may turn against Him: in Baptism, in the Sacrament of Christ's Blessed Body and Blood, in Absolution.

When we do any action that is meritorious in God's sight, it is simply meritorious, because it is the work of God the Holy Ghost.

Think of the work of God the Holy Ghost before our Blessed Lord came into the world. He was not revealed, and yet He was the Giver of life: He was moving *upon* the world, but not *in* the world.

The Giver of life, not only to men, but to all nature.

Holy men of old, prophets, spake as they were moved by the power of the Holy Ghost: but they were not necessarily therefore sanctified (*e.g.* Balaam). God the Holy Ghost made men's hearts fit for His Presence by the Incarnation of Jesus Christ.

Adam and Eve did not know what they were doing: they thought their sin was one isolated act of disobedience, and that when forgiven by God it was ended; but they little knew that by their one act of sin, they were unfitting the hearts of men to receive the Holy Ghost, until Christ should come. By the Incarnation He poured Himself upon Mary: ("Hail Mary, *full of grace*") that she might be able to receive the Word. He filled

Christ's Human Nature without measure, and so Christ became the Fountain from which the Holy Spirit should flow upon man.

Christ consecrated the Apostles to the Priesthood by breathing on them the gift of the Holy Ghost, which was fully poured out upon them after His Ascension ; and now the least of those in the Kingdom of Heaven are greater than John the Baptist, for we are become temples of the Holy Ghost, Who comes to us in the Sacraments.

This is His Age, His Time, and His Work.

The Presence of God the Holy Ghost in your heart is the thought that you should dwell upon so frequently.

Then think of the wonderful way in which He works in your heart.

He works in three ways : by preventing grace ; by actual grace ; and by habitual grace.

By *preventing* grace, God the Holy Ghost goes before us stimulating to every good action, making us *wish* to do right, often by some casual small means.

By *actual* grace He helps us to do, to endure, to seek strength from God. For this we ask God when we beg of Him strength to do some particular action, and of both these we think a great deal. How is it that we think so little of the far higher *habitual* grace ? A habit is a state of mind ; habitual grace is a state of grace wherein all we do, sleeping or waking, consciously or unconsciously, is pleasing to the Father.

This is what being a child of God means.

From this we can only be separated by sin.

Whenever you have a good thought and act on it, it is the work of the Holy Ghost.

What kind of persons then should we be ?

What does God the Holy Ghost give us ?

First, cleansing in Baptism and in Absolution.

The true way to recover when you have sinned is to beseech God the Holy Ghost to come back to you.

Self-examination is not an end, but a means. Self-examination is only of use when it leads to contrition. Some persons rest in self-examination ; but it is of no use unless it is made in the Presence of God the Holy Ghost. It is not the surgeon's knife

that heals, but the oil of the Holy Spirit poured in afterwards. The most exact confession will lead to no amendment of life, if there is no contrition, no desire for the Holy Spirit. By coming with contrition to Jesus, we are cleansed by the Precious Blood, and at the same time filled with new life and strength by the Holy Spirit.

God the Holy Ghost gives *peace*. Peace is not exemption from sorrow, but happiness in it : not false security ; it means being *one* with Jesus Christ, sure of His promises, safe in His Arms—no antagonism in us to Him. It is what St. Peter had in prison—Daniel—Joseph, and so on : Peace which passeth understanding.

God the Holy Ghost gives *joy*. Joy is a real duty, a real gift. A joyful frame of mind is the true frame of mind for a Christian. "Blessed are they that mourn," must not make us forget, "they shall be comforted." Mourn for your sins, and take them to Christ, but mourn for nothing more. Never let religion make you sad or melancholy.

A sad and melancholy Christian is generally very self-conscious and proud. People who have fits of melancholy, what are they mourning for? Not for sin : because they know they have only to go to Jesus Christ to have that forgiven. They are too proud to go to Him. They mind their failures, they want to go to Heaven with all sails set, and flags flying, and because they can't, they are melancholy, and are tired of religion, of God, and of themselves.

Take your sins and failures to Jesus ; and then, in the power of the Holy Spirit, try again with a joyful heart. "Rejoice in the Lord : " singing psalms in your heart.

A joyous Christian—not boisterous, wildly merry, or frivolous,—a joyous Christian has more effect on the world than anyone else : they cannot understand it.

The world doubtless thinks a Retreat a gloomy time, fit only to make you morbid. Shew the effect of your Retreat in your joyousness : go home very happy : it will be the best proof of your having been with Jesus.

A bright, joyful spirit is the most Christian spirit possible.

Love makes people bright.

How have you corresponded to the Holy Ghost ?

You are regenerate, He dwelleth within you : how far have you been guided by Him ?

At the Last Day, we shall see all the opportunities He has given us that we might have used, but which we have lost through love of ease and self-indulgence. If an organ is to give good music, it must be diligently played on. A harp will not sound unless it is struck. You are like harps or organs of the Holy Ghost. *You* must strike the notes. *You* must take the pains, and the sweet, joyful tones will ring out in your life and character, and be heard by all within your reach.

THIRD MEDITATION.

On the Presence of God in Heaven.

Meditate upon the Presence of God in that day, which we are striving to attain to, when we hope to be admitted into His immediate Presence.

We ought ever to have that glorious vision before our eyes. We are pilgrims to a heavenly city, and that city we should ever have in mind. We are pilgrims going through a world of cloud, and mist, and dangers, to a city that is all bright and beautiful, and we should always be thinking of it, that we may gain strength for our journey, and never through carelessness or forgetfulness turn aside out of the right path. This life you are now living is meant to be a distinct preparation for the world to come. Each trial that comes to you is to fit you for that life.

Grace and glory are both yours. There is no difference between the two : you are being framed and fashioned here, that you may be fit to live *there* hereafter.

When that day comes, you will see *why* God has led you through so strange a path. Each trial, each difficulty, each sorrow, each temptation, you will then see was not sent to you at random ; all seems now so perverse, but it is all shaping you for eternity.

So with each grace : Communion, Absolution, &c., each leaving its stamp upon you. Grace here is glory there. The work

of the Holy Spirit in our hearts is grace ; He, shining out from us, is glory.

There is no broad line of demarcation between earth and heaven : there is no great separation ; it is only a continuance of this life. All Saints now before their Lord are only carrying on what they learnt in their earthly life : only developing the life begun on earth. There is an intimate connection between your life now and hereafter ; it is all one. The Church militant and triumphant—all one : the first of preparation, the other of fruition.

Meditate upon Death. We do not think enough about it ; we do not realize the life of the blessed. That at this very moment, while we are now in this chapel, praying and praising, the great company of the redeemed is at the same time pouring out their prayers and praises, joining ours. They can feel and speak. Paradise is a reality, not a picture : an absolute truth. They are there, they are alive. They lived upon earth, and there those very ones live, with all their individuality, with all their characteristics : all loving our Lord, all loving and sympathizing with those they left on earth. God reveals to them things about us ; they pray for us and sympathize with us. All this is no fancy, but true now of thousands of blessed souls. All this will be true of us, if we are faithful to our call ; and we can only lose it by our own perversity. They have their crowns upon their heads, their palms in their hands, their harps. The grand melody that never ceases is now going on before the Throne of God. They are just as we knew them on earth, only all pain, all weakness taken away, and every stain of sin—a glorious vision, and a true one.

Let your lives be supernatural lives. When you are weary of earth, try to meditate upon this glorious and peaceful life which may be yours any day, and which it depends entirely upon yourself to win. The temptation that well-nigh weighs you down now, the sorrow that is bitterness to your heart, the suffering that is so very hard to bear, all changed into perfect joy, centred in Christ Jesus.

Next meditate upon your *memory*. What will your memory do for you when you stand before the throne of God ?

Our memories possess hidden treasures that we can never guess. Things and people come back to the memory years after

we think they are quite forgotten : a word lightly spoken sinks down into the memory, and comes up again when the speaker has long passed away, perhaps for ever. When people are dying, for instance, how every incident of the past returns to the mind, and the feeble memory is renewed with a wonderful power ! Think of the intensity of joy, when we stand before the Throne of God, and recognize those we once knew on earth. How we shall look back upon our life on earth with memories perfected and purified, beholding the whole life from beginning to end : how rebellious we were, and how good God was : His guiding, our wanderings : the blessings that were ours, and how little we prized them. And then our *understanding*. Everything clear : why we did this or that—why we were in trouble or difficulty—we shall have no pain, no doubt, but all will be clear and plain.

And the *will* : purified and trained on earth, and now fitted for perfect glory. No possibility now of its being drawn aside : every faculty we have for ever enlisted in God's service. We are prepared as individuals, we shall be glorified as individuals. Each Saint will be separate, just as each flower is separate ; each Saint will have his own separate attribute, each will offer his own worship, each possess his own speciality. We shall carry our own characters up to Heaven, the countenance of the Lamb shining upon them, and bringing out by the light of that countenance many a trait that was hidden before.

Almighty God has called you to this : it is the end of your vocation. It is the call to follow Him. And now you must go out of this retreat into the busy, dull, prosaic world—much that you have heard here must pass away ; but go back with the Lord Jesus Christ as your Guide, and try to follow Him. We shall look back in that last day upon this retreat. It is a great responsibility. You have been resting, communing in the closest and most intimate way with God. Oh ! go back and pray that you may love your Saviour better : that you may follow Him more closely. We may be called away from this world of sorrow before another retreat. He has called us *now*. He has given us the opportunity ; let us follow Him. Meditate upon the 8th chapter of the Romans. Take it home with you to your work. We *are* called, we *are*

justified, we *are* glorified ; only let us persevere, praying for each other that we may meet before the Face of Christ. "If God be for us, who can be against us? Who can separate us from the love of Christ?" Nothing but your own sin, nothing but your own perversity.

Go out then, firm, knowing that difficulties await you, that struggles are before you, but that the Lord is on your side : ye need not fear.

Go out strong, knowing that you must have your temptations, and perhaps all the greater, for having been here : but you have your call, your vocation, and "he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness : I know My sheep, and am known of Mine."

A Nursing Experience.

[Two of our Sisters were sent for early in March to a mining district, near Frome, where small-pox was raging ; and we think a short account of their work there may be interesting to our readers.]

On the evening of March 5th, at about 9 p.m., we found ourselves on the Frome platform, and, it being too late that evening to get over to Coleford, we very thankfully availed ourselves of Dr. Parsons' hospitality for the night. This gave us the opportunity of going to the early Celebration at Frome Church the following morning : a privilege for which we were afterwards all the more thankful, as in the eleven weeks that followed, we had no other chance of getting to Church. So that it was in very deed to us a "going forth in the strength of that Meat," to our forty days ! yea, rather, twice forty days.

Coleford is a poor mining district seven miles from Frome ; dissent being as much one of its chief features as coal—its only Church being shut up from Sunday to Sunday. Even on Good Friday, there was no service at Church or Chapels : only tea-drinking at the latter. The feeling against our coming was very strong, and the Coleford cottages being built back to back, with no back doors, and with gardens in front, our neighbours had every

opportunity of watching our proceedings, and made the utmost use of their eyes.

The seven miles were safely accomplished in the omnibus, in spite of the snow which still lay very deep on the ground in some places, but had been cut through for traffic. We were met at Coleford, by Mr. Purnell, the Sanitary Inspector ; and I should like to say here how much we felt his never-failing kindness and ever-ready help the whole time of our sojourn : indeed I do not know how we should have got through our many difficulties but for him. He and Dr. and Mrs. Parsons helped us to arrange the house which was to be our temporary hospital. It consisted of two small cottages not too conveniently placed ; as everything, including water, had to be fetched from a distance. The Coleford doctor was anxious to get his patients into our Hospital at once. We had no ambulance : but there was no difficulty in getting the first patients in, as they consisted of a child who was nearly convalescent, and, though not able to walk, was easily carried, as she was a girl of twelve years ; and her father, also getting better, and able to walk with some assistance. The mother was too ill that day to be moved, but was brought to us two days after. S. M. stayed in and got beds ready, &c. for fresh patients, while S. B. set off with Dr. Kenrick to fetch a boy who had been ill a fortnight. And herein indeed lay some difficulty : our new patient, a lad of fourteen, was not only very ill, but very heavy ; our only possibility of conveying him to the Hospital, was to place him in a chair and to carry him sedan fashion. The road was very rough and rutty, and the half trodden-in snow rendered it in many places uncertain and slippery, and stiles at intervals did not improve matters ! We were truly thankful when we had our charge safe in bed, not only a survivor of the many discomforts by the way, but seemingly none the worse for them.

One of our very bad cases was that of a man, the father of eight children. His wife had been nursing him, and she, poor thing, though she had done her very best, had by no means alleviated the awfulness of the disease ; and when we first visited him he was a pitiable object, but apparently had no sense of the deficiencies of his nurse, for when asked if he would like to go to the Hospital,

he just gave one look at S. B., and then calmly said, "No, thank ye, Missis: I'd rather bide where I be." The doctor on this suggested taking him out for a drive the next day; and with that thought in his mind, we managed to gain his consent to being moved, and the drive ended in the patient being safely landed in our Hospital. It afforded some excitement in the village, for the gig, lent by the doctor, only allowed room for the patient and his driver, and as the former had to be put in lengthways, his driver (S. B.) could only manage her steed by kneeling in front of him, the owner of the gig running on foot behind. The poor wife had been frantic at our taking her husband off, thinking he must die on the road, and declared she would rather have seen us take him to the Churchyard. Her astonishment therefore two days after was all the more satisfactory, when on seeing the improvement that ordinary care and attention had wrought on his poor sores, she exclaimed, "Well, Missis, you have done well by him."

And so we were fairly launched in our work; other cases followed, all full of interest to us. In all, we had fourteen. But the one I think we dwelt on most is that of our Baby—our Baby we call him still—and we love to think he is "safe home:" for before our work at Coleford ended, Jesus called this little one to Him.

There was a young married couple living next door to our Hospital. The wife, who had just been confined, fell ill with small pox. The man, seeing that help was at hand for his wife, and that she would be well cared for, declared his readiness to give up the cottage to us, and took himself off with his furniture into lodgings elsewhere. This was a decided gain for us, as we were thereby enabled to enlarge our Hospital, and to have a separate room for our convalescents. But the advantage was somewhat lessened by there being no inner communication; and no workman would come near us. However, this difficulty we were determined to overcome. I suppose it falls to the lot of Sisters to be witness sometimes to the very saddest and most painful side of life, but I cannot help thinking that they often also come across some of the most ludicrous. I wish I could describe to you the scene which presented itself, owing to this

determination of ours to force an entrance through the wall. Mr. Parsons, as usual, came to our rescue, and brought two strong weapons, a pick-axe and a crow-bar. The latter he gives to S. B., whilst he takes the pick-axe, and goes to the other side of the wall. The first blow is given by the crow-bar, speedily responded to by the pick-axe. Such telling strokes were they, that very soon our doorway was open to us, and rendered quite complete by some sacking curtains which we managed to adjust, so as to do away with all the roughness caused by our interference with the bricks and plaster of the wall.

But now, to tell you something more of our Baby : we took him entirely into our possession when he was only a week old ; and we must confess to losing something of our interest in the young mother, when we found how readily she let him go. At first we hoped the child would escape the small-pox, but anyway thought it better to have him baptized at once. The day chosen happened to be Maundy Thursday, and the name of William John was given to him, a friendly clergyman having come in from a distance to perform the rite. A fortnight after he was covered with small-pox, and a very bad case it was : but with great care we nursed him through it, and as far as the disease went, he recovered ; but evidently his poor little frame could not stand the shock it had caused. He suffered dreadfully later on, poor little darling, and died on Saturday, April 28th, just two months old. We placed him in his little coffin, with primroses all round him, and then held him up to the window for his father to see. Dr. Kenrick wished him to be buried the next day, so on that bright Sunday afternoon, the Fourth after Easter, we carried him through the fields to the churchyard.

How we missed him in our work ! but we like to think now that God gave him to us to help us through much that was depressing and dreary. Our last patient was the husband of one of our first women : he had been left in charge of four children, no woman near him to help. His wife recovered, but a fortnight after she was out again, the man fell ill. He had lived a dreadful life, which no doubt aggravated the disease, and he died at the end of the week. He was perfectly wild with delirium, but in his quieter

times said more than once, "No more beer, no more baccy." Whether in penitence or regret, it would be hard to say. But, anyway, we would like to think that we have gained a few prayers for his soul. His funeral was rather a difficult matter: he had been a man over six feet high, and his coffin was so big and so heavy, that it had to be left at first in the garden, as the men were afraid to come nearer, and we had to get it into the house and carry his body down to it. Everybody was too much frightened to give any help. Instead of the ordinary hearse, the coffin was laid on a truck used for mending the roads, which we covered with a white sheet. This was propelled by two men in front, and one behind, while the Sisters followed after, as they were quite uncertain whether they might not have to put the coffin into the grave themselves: which, however, happily, was not required of them. Great was the alarm of the inhabitants, as the procession passed along: and it was not lessened by the sight of the sanitary inspector, going along in advance, and sprinkling disinfectant powder on the road all the way. He ended the process by throwing some of it on the coffin after it had been lowered into the grave.

The scare was very great during the whole time. Our coals, for instance, were brought from the pit by the miners, and thrown out on the road, for us to get in as best we could. But gradually the feelings of the people underwent a total change, and their gratitude became as intense as their dread of us had been. Whatever they had they wanted to share with us: when they baked, they would send us in bread cakes; when the spring flowers blossomed, such quantities were gathered for us, that we were at a loss where to put them. Their gardens furnished us with vegetables; and one woman who had peeped round the door into our kitchen, and perceived that we had no fender, provided us with her own. The simple, loving gratitude of these poor mining folk touched us the more because they had been so very much against the idea of Sisters coming to nurse them. The whole of our patients were dissenters. They left the Hospital one after another, the man whose funeral we have described having been our last patient. On Sunday afternoon, the day before we left, having been

thoroughly disinfected, we went the rounds of the village, and called on all our friends to bid them good-bye. Next morning several of the children were up at half-past four, getting flowers for us. Quite a crowd collected, including, of course, all our old patients, to bid us good-bye. There was one man who lived opposite to us, whose deaf old mother had spent her time in carefully studying our ways and doings. To this day we do not know their name : but he brought a letter of his own composition, and got some one else to give it to the Sisters. We must show it you entire, that you may lose nothing of its touching simplicity.

“MY DEAR SISTERS,

As you have finished your work wher with us and are about to leave us we thank you with all of our hearts for your kindness to us as a people and we pray that smile of the Almighty rest upon you where ever you go. God has blessed the work in your hands and he will bless you also for labering among the poor people in *Highbury.

I have a poor mother to look after and keep a home for but I shall lose nothing by it.”

We had done nothing for the writer, but the help given to his people was help given to him, and he could not let us go without a word. We went to see him and thank him, but only his mother was visible ; he, being too bashful or too smutty to show himself, had retired into the back kitchen, and left the old lady to do the honours, but she was too deaf for us to make her hear, so she was obliged to fetch him.

Another man, Isaac Denning, the first who had been discharged from the Hospital, set to work to raise a subscription. He went about after his day's work collecting it in quite small sums. He let us know of the fact by calling out to us one night as he passed, “The Job is on !” Their idea was to give us a silver teapot, and to have a thanksgiving service at his house. Of course this was out of the question, but the sum they collected was £3 10s. od., and their thought about it touched us very much ; and I don't think we shall ever forget our work amongst the Coleford people.

*The part of Coleford in which we worked.

A Long Railway Journey.

FROM time to time, through the last few years, we have been accustomed to mention made in the papers of the "Canadian Pacific Railway." Perhaps some small account of a journey over its Western half, may interest the readers of the St. Margaret's Magazine.

The first Railway across the American continent was completed in 1870, and was the wonder of the world for the time. Now, three distinct Railways run from the Atlantic to the Pacific across the United States alone, and others are incessantly in progress. But the Canadian Pacific Railway was a very remarkable fresh departure in Railway enterprise. In the States, already a great City, San Francisco, called loudly for communication with the East : and California was a state teeming with wealth, and traffic was ready made for any Railway as soon as completed ; but the Canadian Pacific Railway was made while nothing larger than a village could be found to be its terminus on the Pacific coast, and, for at least half of its extent, not as much as a village existed to furnish passengers or goods for its trains.

Nevertheless, it was built, and practically it was completed in the short period of five years ; and two years ago, in this month of June, the first through train left Montreal, and within the week arrived at Port Moody, opposite Vancouver's Island, on the Pacific coast.

Since then the line has been extended eastward from Montreal to Quebec, and is being pushed still further eastward towards the Atlantic coast, to give it an outlet on the eastern ocean during those winter months when the Gulf of the St. Lawrence is closed by ice.

There is no Railway company in the world which owns continuously such a length of rails : there is no line on which for such a distance, or through so many days, without change or break, through-carriages can be the traveller's home.

By any of the trans-continental lines in the States, a change of carriage is necessary three times between New York and San Francisco. On the Canadian line, the traveller who lands at

Montreal from the ocean steamer, can seat himself in the Canadian Pacific sleeping car, and need not leave it till, after traversing two thousand nine hundred miles, it lands him after six days and nights of continuous travelling, at Vancouver, on one of the loveliest inlets of the Pacific Ocean. The advantages of this Railway, thus rapidly constructed to create, rather than to answer a demand for traffic, are simply these: that it opens out wide boundless fields for emigrants into that vast Dominion of Canada, which few people know to be really of greater area than the United States; that it crosses America, and gives a route from England to the Pacific Ocean without leaving the Queen's realm; and that the principal port of Japan is, by the way of Montreal and Vancouver, nearly a thousand miles nearer Liverpool for mails and passengers, than if they made the journey by New York and San Francisco. For London can be reached in this way from Yokohama in thirty-two days: which might, if the demand arose, be still further greatly reduced.

But our readers will think St. Margaret's Magazine is turning into a Railway journal, or a very inaccurate geographical manual; it is full time the writer went on to describe his own passing experience of the journey from West to East by this long Railway.

It would be difficult to expend twenty-four consecutive hours on any railway journey in the United Kingdom. About sixteen hours carry one from London to Aberdeen, in twenty hours one can reach Inverness; but when at noon one Friday I took my seat in the train at Vancouver, I knew that three days and nights of incessant travelling would be my portion, that on that train I should have to find lodging, meat, drink, and (still more anxious consideration) washing, till late on the following Monday afternoon. But anxiety was needless. Bed and food and even baths were provided for by the Canadian Pacific Railway with comfort equal to most hotels; the endless change of scenery from sea to river, mountain to valley, forest to boundless plain, prevented any feeling of monotony, and made the days pass rapidly and pleasantly away. Vancouver was keeping the Queen's Jubilee that morning. The wooden houses were decked with flags, and a procession, consisting chiefly of the fire brigade (for Vancouver,

young though it is amongst towns, has twice been burnt to the ground) marched through the streets, the Pacific Squadron was in the Bay, and as we left the little station, we were enjoined to keep the carriage windows down, lest the reverberation of the big guns should break them. That afternoon was passed chiefly running through woods and swamps and then rising up the valley of the beautiful Fraser River. Like most other rivers on the Pacific coast, it swarms with salmon. "You can walk across on them dry-foot when they are going up or down," said a resident to me at Zele. That perhaps is a statement to be taken with a qualification; but I was more credibly informed that such is the rush of salmon in the Fraser at certain times that occasionally they crush each other against the rocks in certain places, till the river is tinged visibly with their blood. Here and there were Indian fishermen; then again there would be the patient (if heathen) Chinnee washing for gold, to earn about thirty shillings a week. The Indian quests after salmon, the Chinese after gold; the mosquitoes of the Fraser River had caught the spirit of acquisitiveness, and thirsted for blood through all that summer afternoon. It was the worst experience of mosquitoes I have ever had; for days afterwards my hands were coloured like the map of the world; but the insects had yielded to the sin of sloth, and were more easily caught and killed than their brethren of the eastern hemisphere.

In the southern portion of North America, two great ranges of mountains break the level of the continent, the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada in California; in British Columbia these two ranges approach much closer than they do further south, and are sub-divided into three, known as the Cascades, the Selkirks, and the Rockies, over all which the Railroad has to make its way before it comes out on the great central prairie of the continent at the foot of the Rockies: it is up and down the valleys of the different rivers which rise amidst the glaciers of these different ranges that the road has been built. *Up* the valley of the Fraser, *down* that of the Thompson, we pass over the Cascades. The Selkirks are crossed by the valleys of the Illecillewayet and the Beaver River; and the queerly named Kicking Horse River has eaten the pass

for the ascent of the Rockies. In this region, as in the States, nothing is more strange than the affinities and suggestiveness of the newly-named districts. Here the nationality of the early settlers is indicated by Fraser, Thompson, Donald; you can guess from its name when Lytton was founded; then some musical old Indian name like the river above mentioned reminds you that through ages the red man has climbed these passes, and fished these rivers.

This mountain part of the journey lasted thirty-six hours, mountain on every side, covered with dense forest and crowned often with glaciers. One great danger and expense to the line is the frequency of forest fires, and the risk lest the tressel bridges should ignite. So on all of them large tubs of water stand ready for any such emergency, only in most cases one could not quite understand where the human labour to use them would come from. Some of these tressel bridges are of great length and height. One near Revelstoke in the Selkirks leads the line over three-quarters of a mile of swamps. On another in the Selkirks you hang over the Ravine at a height of two hundred and ninety-eight feet. Sometimes you are in long wooden tunnels, built with the massiveness of a ship to protect the line from avalanches; the mere wind of an avalanche in the Rockies will sweep a path for itself a quarter of a mile wide, carrying away every tree from the mountain side, as if the great trunks were but matchwood. On every side were fires, sometimes near enough to scorch one's face in the passing train; frequently we were stopped by some tree fallen across the line.

At length, on the Saturday night, came the last of the mountain passes; in addition to the two engines in front of the train, a monster weighing a hundred and ten tons pushed behind. Slowly we made our way up under the great peaks which, from fancied resemblances, have been named the "Cathedral," the "Castle," the "Hermit," &c.; then at last, at a height of six thousand feet, the streamlets began to flow eastward; a tiny pebble will on that pass decide whether a raindrop shall find its way to the Atlantic or the Pacific Ocean; we were over the backbone of the Continent, and descending to the Prairie.

The following Sunday morning we were out on the plains with the Rockies only a cloud in the distance. My first sensation was keen sympathy with the mosquitoes of the Fraser valley, and a mental retraction of all the hard thoughts and murderous wishes I had felt about them ; for a broken bridge had delayed us in the night for six hours and our Restaurant car waited for us at Calgary, and waited there till afternoon, and before then we began to look at each other with hungry eyes. I felt decided speculations passing through my own mind as to which of us was the most "fit to kill," and a rapture of thanksgiving that no one could think myself good to eat under any circumstances. Calgary marks then in my memory the thought of relief from famine ; otherwise it is known as the first town of the Province of Alberta—the metropolis of cow-boys ; and, cluster of wooden sheds though it be, a very typical example of what all American cities have been in their first "boom."

Through that day and night, and the following day, we ran over the prairie : boundless it looked to me as the sea, and the slight undulations carried on the analogy. But apparently illimitable. You could look back, and the horizon alone bounded the little thread of the railway across the plain.

A few years ago, this country was full of countless heads of buffaloes, but now they have been driven far away to the north west, and only white piles of bones all along the line shewed how once this had been their peaceful pasturage.

However, a few antelopes springing away at the sight of the train shewed that we were not yet quite in the old world ; and at the infrequent stations a few Indians lounged about the cars selling buffalo horns, tomahawks (both made to order) and such like.

Then came Manitoba. As we journeyed eastward, gradually the signs of settlement grew more frequent, then the land on each side of the line was cultivated. It was the first week in July, but the grain looked much in the same state as in England at the end of May ; nevertheless such is the steady settled climate, that it would all ripen into luxuriant harvest, and, without fail, be ready for cutting in the early part of August.

Towards evening on that Monday, even market gardens appeared : then what might be called suburbs : lastly, the lines of converging railways ; and at seven o'clock, we ran into the station of Winnipeg, famous a few years ago under another name, as the scene where Lord Wolseley won his first laurels in command of the Red River expedition, and won them by the skill with which he overcame what were deemed almost insuperable obstacles to the transport of troops ; but now, a town of thirty thousand inhabitants, and with just a hundred private telephone wires hanging in front of the hotel where I passed the evening. I had travelled continuously seventy-nine hours, but my car would run on about an equal distance further, and only reach Montreal, after skirting the desolate country north of the great Lakes, and traversing the fertile provinces of the old settlements of Canada, on the following Thursday night.

Some day, probably before this century has long passed away, that vast prairie will look much like the farms we pass between East Grinstead and London ; those wooden clusters of huts will have grown into real towns, as Chicago has grown in my lifetime, from a trading port into a city more populous than any on the continent of Europe. The prairie part of the journey will all have changed, but thanks to the everlasting hills which in that latitude fringe the Pacific coast for a breadth of five hundred miles, the grandeur of the scenery must ever be the same, and the delight in it be an abiding pleasure to whoever traverses it.

The Half-yearly Chronicle.

FOR OUR ASSOCIATES.

LET us first thank you all, our kind and good friends, for the many things you have been doing for us. Your friendly words and acts are of great comfort and encouragement. And how much trouble and time and thought you have been spending on St. Margaret's ! Those theatrical entertainments in London, at St. Leonard's, and elsewhere, which were so beautifully managed, and went off so well ; those admirable parcels of

clothes that are so useful; those various helps of more kinds than can be enumerated; and, above all, the love and prayers you have bestowed, and still do bestow, upon us! Continue to us these latter, we beg you; and pray do not grow weary of the former. The sheep without a shepherd,—black, repulsive, indifferent, in wretched unconsciousness of their wretchedness, are crowded in myriads about our path: our Lord's sheep still, and He sends us to gather them in, and He has put it into your hearts to help us to do so. And then there are others of His flock who have not strayed from the fold: do you think we do not need your help to keep them from straying? And others yet again on whom the storms of this world have beaten heavily, and who are brought low by sickness and other adversity: these too you and we have to tend for their Lord and ours. And we can trust to your kindness for the time to come.

The Sisters have, as usual, been busily nursing. This is the list of places where they nursed during the year 1887.

Ardingly (4 times).	East Grinstead (16).	Newchapel.
Birmingham.	Florence.	Outwood.
Balham.	Findon.	Pippingford.
Byfleet.	Frome.	Penshurst (2).
Brecon.	Forest Row (3).	Pixton Hill.
Caterham (3 times).	Framfield.	Pilsham Green.
Chailey.	Grange Road.	Rome.
Colnbrooke.	Great Maplestead.	Reading.
Clevedon.	Henfield.	Rotherfield.
Castle Headingham (2).	Horley.	St. Leonard's (3).
Chichester.	Horne.	Southwater.
Chelham Castle.	Kensington.	Torquay.
Clehonge.	Kendal.	Turner's Hill.
Crawley (2).	London.	Uckfield (2).
Dorman's Land (3).	Long Milford.	Ventnor.
Danehurst.	Leicester.	Versailles.
Dulwich.	Newbury.	Worcester.
Dowlais.	Newick.	Weybridge.
Danehill.		

Do you remember that last summer we told you of a set of windows that we hoped to see painted for our Chapel? and that, last winter, we were able to say that one had been provided? Now we have a second, very beautiful, just finished. (All the windows, you know, are tall and narrow, and therefore allow of three subjects: type, antitype, and procession.) At the top of this one, the Type is the presentation of the little King Joash: a

sweet child, brought forward by Jehoiada the priest. Soldiers and others are clapping their hands, and underneath is written, "They clapped their hands, and shouted, God save the King." The Antitype is our Lord among the doctors. Our Lady and St. Joseph are coming in through a doorway in the background; the doctors are venerable old men. The text below this picture is, "They found Him in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors." The colouring throughout is very lovely. Underneath is the continuation of the Procession begun in the first window. In the first half are, Noah holding his ark, a dove hovering over his head; near him, Ezekiel's head just appearing; then Moses with the tables of stone; next, Aaron with the fire and the censer. In the other half St. John Baptist clothed in camel's hair; next him Isaiah as an old man holding a roll; then Daniel, and in front, Jeremiah.

That portion of the procession illustrates this verse in the hymn "Spouse of Christ:"

"John, the herald voice sonorous,
More than prophet owned to be,
Patriarchs and seers in chorus,
Swell th' angelic harmony."

Within the last six months, one of our associates has started the St. Margaret's Needlework Society, with the especial intention of gaining the interest and assistance of ladies who are *not* associates. She writes as follows:—

"The object of this Society is to supply an increasing need, much felt by the Sisters of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, when nursing in the homes of the sick poor, and also in other works of mercy carried on under their guidance in large Parishes, where warm clothing and other necessities are urgently required for the poor.

This Society shall consist of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and Members.

1. Each President shall find at least three Vice-Presidents, from whom she will receive the work collected by them from their respective Members, not later than the 1st November, and forward the same to the Secretary, adding three articles of clothing as her contribution to the Society.
2. Each Vice-President shall find at least ten Members, from whom she will receive their work, and send it on collectively to her President, before the 1st November, adding three articles of clothing as her

contribution to the Society. All useful garments will be thankfully received, but those on the appended list are suggested to our Members.

3. Each Member is bound to contribute three articles of clothing in the year (she may send any number beyond this), forwarding the same to her Vice-President, not later than 20th October.

The following articles are suggested :—Blankets, Sheets, Day and Night and Flannel Shirts for Men, also Flannel Waistcoats; Shawls, Shifts, Aprons, Woollen and other Petticoats, and Night Gowns for Women; Crossovers, Comforters, Mittens, Stockings, and any Knitted or Crochet Garments; Babies' Boots, Frocks, Pinafores, and all Clothing needed for Children and Infants.

N.B.—Should any President, Vice-President, or Member, find it more convenient to send 2/6 instead of each garment, she may do so. Such Donations shall be devoted to the expenses of the Society.

All Parcels *must be carefully packed and prepaid*, and communications or enquiries, &c., be addressed to the Secretary—

MISS L. VESEY-FITZ-GERALD,

3, PHILBEACH GARDENS,

S. KENSINGTON, S.W."

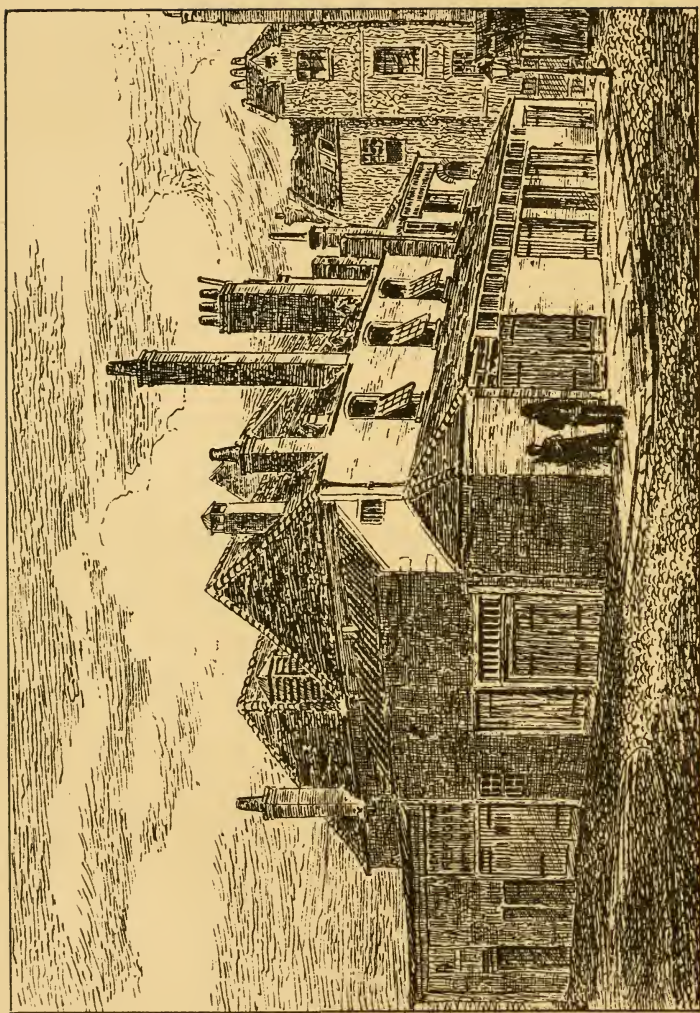
If any Associates will kindly undertake the office of Presidents or Vice-Presidents, and gather Members among their friends, we shall be grateful to them.

Good friends, we are growing old,—some of us. It might even be said that a few have grown old. There are not many of us left that were received into the Sisterhood by our Founder, who went to his rest now twenty-two years ago. This stately house of ours, as you know, is his Memorial, built by the contributions of many members of the Church. But it is not yet finished, and those Sisters who remember Dr. Neale are very desirous indeed to see it completed before their time comes to depart out of this world. You cannot do us a greater kindness than by furthering our earnest wishes in this respect, and we beg you to help us in this way first and chiefly, even though we have already enumerated so many objects which need your help.

The Magazine has, as you see, been greatly enlarged, and its price is consequently increased. Be kind enough to address all letters concerning it to the Sister in charge, 14, Golden Square, London, W. We do not ask only for subscriptions, but for contributions: in prose or verse, by pen or pencil, but particularly

as to letters or papers bearing on the subject of the *Memoir*. A similar request in the last number was very kindly responded to by Dr. Neale's brother-in-law and old college friend, the Rev. E. J. Boyce, who has given us the valuable account of the Cambridge Camden Society, which appears this month. As you will have seen, we have given a couple of extracts from the "Illustrations of Monumental Brasses," and we propose to continue the practice of reprinting passage; from those of Dr. Neale's works which are now out of print and generally inaccessible. His portrait, which forms our frontispiece, would have appeared more suitably together with the boyish letters in the previous numbers; but it was not then in our hands. We are indebted for it to the kindness of Mrs. Lawson.

Those of you who were present at the Associates' Retreat in 1877, will, we are sure, be glad to meet again in these pages the counsels of our good friend Mr. Bagshawe, who was so soon afterwards removed from among us. We knew that the notes of his Retreat would be acceptable to you. And we end by expressing our hope of welcoming many of you to the Retreat now about to be given at St. Margaret's.



J. Akerman, Photo-lith. London.

*Felix Nobis Annus.**

Translated by the Author of "Charles Lowder."

P R E F A C E .

THERE is a praiseworthy custom in Germany, at the beginning of the New Year, that friends should wish to each other that the course of the coming year may be happy ; but this custom is not of itself of great account among wise men ; because for the most part, while the wish is expressed, few suggest the means whereby the year may indeed be made happy.

I shall, therefore, observe this custom in a better manner ; not only wish thee, my friendly reader, a Happy New Year, laden with all good gifts of body and soul, but offer unto thee by this little book, a means whereby not only this year, but all years to come, may be spent with utmost peace and tranquillity of soul.

And in order to thy clearer apprehension and firmer belief of the singular efficacy of the means proposed, I lay before thee, in their own words, the fullest evidence of the most skilled Ascetics, so that nothing remains but that thou shouldest kindly accept this gift from me, and shouldest diligently use it, and abundantly gather from it all its fruit and comfort. Farewell.

* A little book five inches high, and containing 121 pages, published in 1731, at Dillingen, in Bavaria, by Father Lohner, a Jesuit. It is entitled "A Happy New Year, or, A Solid and Easy Method of passing, not only the present year, but also the whole remainder of life with great tranquillity and joy of spirit, by the Rev. Father Tobias Lohner, Priest in the Society of Jesus, offered to all the faithful in Christ, who desire true rest and peace of soul, etc.

Cum Facultate Superiorum."

The above translation was carefully revised, during his last years of illness and suffering, by the late Rev. James Skinner, to whom this rare little book belonged, and by whom it was highly esteemed.

LESSONS AND FOUNDATIONS PERTAINING TO TRUE PERFECTION
AND PEACE OF MIND TO BE OBTAINED BY RESIGNATION TO
THE DIVINE WILL.*

I.—INTRODUCTION.

1. If thou desirest by a short method to attain true perfection and tranquillity of mind, thou must, above all, strive to understand well the following three foundations, and by these to order thyself in all special matters, as will be presently set forth.

FIRST FOUNDATION.

The sum of our happiness and our perfection in this life and the next consists in perfect conformity of our will with the Divine Will. This is so perfectly accomplished in beatified spirits, that they far prefer that conformity to their own glory; and, therefore, cast their crowns before His Feet, ready to lose them, if it should ever seem to be His most holy Will.

As Father J. Drexel beautifully set forth, in the following words (Heliotrop. lib. 2, c. 4, s. 2), "This is specially to be noted, that the blessed in Heaven rejoice more abundantly in accomplishing the Divine Will, than in the greatness of their own glory. Hence, all are most perfectly content, each with his own reward; nor is any one displeased, that he has less than another. Thus also, they who behold God, are not only conformed to the Divine Will, but, being even swallowed up by it, are transformed into it, so that they already will the Will of God alone, and rather rejoice that their beatitude is the Will of God, than rejoice in that very beatitude. Upon this conformity of the human will with the Divine follows the highest affection of love, which may be called not so much conformity as oneness of the human with the Divine Will. And this so touches the blessed, that most ardently, and with every power of their being, they desire God to be that which He is,—as wise and mighty, as merciful and just as He is; as

* The book is divided into three "*Fundamenta*," followed by nineteen "*Corollaria*," to be drawn from the "*Fundamenta*." Each *Fundamentum* and *Corollarium* is followed by *Notæ*, differing much in number and length, illustrating the principles laid down by extracts from spiritual writers.

worthy of all honour, both through the greatness of His glory, and His majesty.

NOTE,

I. St. Katharine of Sienna, desiring to know the true and short way to perfection, was taught by God in these words : " Know, that the well-being and perfection of My servants consist in this one thing, that they should do My Will alone, and strive with utmost zeal to fulfil it. The more diligently they apply themselves thereto, the nearer they approach to perfection, because they cling the closer to Me, Who am the sum of all perfection." Our Lord also taught her, that all virtues, all the books of Scripture, and manifold teaching were contained in this exercise ; so that if she was to see His face in them, she should strive after it, and that thus she would fulfil all which was set forth or contained in His divine teaching, and would enjoy eternal gladness and peace.

II. Thomas à Kempis, speaking thus in the person of Christ, (Imit. Christ. l. 2, c. 25) : " Think not, therefore, that thou hast found true peace, if thou feel no heaviness ; nor that all is well, when thou art vexed with no adversary, nor that all is perfect, if all things be done according to thy desire. Neither do thou think at all highly of thyself, nor account thyself to be specially beloved, if thou be in a state of great devotion and sweetness ; for it is not by these things that a true lover of virtue is known, nor doth the spiritual progress and perfection of a man consist in these things. Wherein, then, O Lord, doth it consist ? In offering thyself up with all thy heart to the Divine Will, not seeking thine own interest, either in great matters or in small, either in time or in eternity. So shalt thou keep one and the same countenance, always giving thanks both in prosperity and adversity, weighing all things in an equal balance. If thou wilt be so courageous and so patient in hope, that when inward comfort is withdrawn, thou mayest prepare thy heart to suffer even greater things ; and wilt not justify thyself, as though thou oughtest not to suffer such and so great afflictions, but wilt justify Me in whatsoever I appoint, and wilt not cease to praise My Holy Name,—then art thou walking in the way of peace, and thou shalt have a sure hope to

see My Face again with great delight." "Nothing, therefore, ought so to rejoice a man who loveth Thee, and acknowledgeth Thy benefits, as Thy will toward him, and the good pleasure of Thine eternal appointment." (Ibid. l. 3, c. 22.)

III. Alphonsus, of Madrid, rightly says that this exercise exceeds others in excellence, as much as the sun exceeds a candle in splendour, and even as the whole sea is greater than one single drop.

IV. Alphonsus Rodriguez says, "For the rest, this is the principal point of divinest teaching,—that we should give and consecrate ourselves fully, wholly, and perfectly to His most holy Will, in all and everything. Nor, indeed, did He (when He taught us to pray) only by words instruct us to ask, from the Eternal Father, that His Will might be done, as in Heaven, so upon earth; but He conformed Himself most perfectly to this doctrine. 'I came down from Heaven,' He said, 'not to do Mine own Will, but the Will of Him that sent Me.' (St. John vi. 38.) And when about to accomplish the work of our redemption, although, in His prayer in the garden, His body and sensitive desire recoiled from death, which He sufficiently expressed by saying, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me;' yet His Will and higher desire was ever prompt and quick to drink with readiness the cup which His Father had given Him; wherefore, He immediately added: "Not what I will, but what Thou wilt."

But in order that we may consider this matter thoroughly, and to the bottom, we must lay down two brief but solid groundworks, upon which, as upon two hinges, the whole weight of the succeeding argument may rest.

The first is, that the cause of all progress and perfection consists in this conformity of our will with the Divine Will, so that the greater it is the greater progress we shall make. It is easy to understand this plain premiss. For it is certain that the essence of perfection consists in charity and the fear of God. The Gospels, the Epistles of Paul, the writings of Saints, are all filled with this teaching. "This is the first and great commandment." "Charity is the bond of perfectness." "Charity and the love of God is greater than these." But of this love of God, the higher,

purser, and more perfect part is this very conformity in all things with His Will.

It is said by the great Jerome and by Cicero that firm friendship consists in willing and not willing the same things. The closer, therefore, any one clings to the Will of God, the better and more perfect will he be. For it is clear that nothing is better or more perfect than the Will of God. Therefore, he will be nearest perfection who shall have submitted and united himself the most perfectly to God.

V. Blossius says, "Whosoever has set his will to deny himself, and renounce his own will, to resign himself freely and give himself up to the Will of God, his good will is perfect, and he spends his life free from fear and anxious care, despising all which fades and passes away, and feeling a certain assurance of obtaining everlasting life. His will is in all things with God, and he has peace with God and in God which cannot be moved. Such a one is born of God, and is a true disciple of Christ, for he is meek and lowly of heart. He knows how to bear with moderation, gentleness, and tranquillity, harsh words, angry gestures, cruel deeds ; and, in fine, whatever offences or injuries may befall either himself or his friends. Nothing can disturb him—neither the loss of earthly things, nor sickness of body, nor shame, nor death, nor life, nor purgatory, nor the devil, nor hell. For since he has resigned himself out of true love to the Divine Will, and has a conscience free from any deadly sin, it is easy to him to bear whatever by God's ordinance befalls him, whether in time or eternity. So, when he suffers anything, and in everything that happens, he thus thinks, and speaks: ' Lord, as Thou didst will from all eternity, before I existed, so be it, and not as I will. I ought not to seek my own interest or pleasure, but Thy honour and Thy praise. Thy Holy Will is sweeter to me than liberty of choosing. Lo, therefore, I give myself over, resign and commit myself to Thee, my God, not only for time, but for all eternity.' "

VI. St. Paul writes to the Romans, " Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." (Rom. xii. 2.) *Good* will, that is, well-pleased with

what God wills, and in the way that God wills it ; and *perfect* will, that is, doing each thing because God wills it. As P. Gaudier teaches (p. 2, s. 2, c. 12), in these words, "perfect conformity of our will with the Divine Will demands that not only should we will what God wills, and not will what He does not will, but also that we should will and not will in the same way and for the same reason that God wills it."

VII. P. Antoine Gaudier adds, "That this exercise has properties much to be desired—

"1. That it is very easy, and on that account most suitable, not only to the learned but even to the ignorant and simple, especially to those who, called to some affliction, do not perceive the reasons of the Divine Counsel, nor can by other means easily attain to perfection, since they are frequently hindered and cannot do many things, which, nevertheless, appear necessary for perfection. Such people gain much profit by this one act. For what is easier to an ignorant child, or to one blind, than to follow the guidance of a mother, or of any other? What, in like manner, is easier than to cast oneself into the embrace of the Almighty Father, and into the most secure bosom of Divine Providence?

"2. Because it is most simple, it requires little, and that not difficult to be known ; and yet, though it be simple, it contains all imaginable perfection, even as the simplest act of the Will of God has for its object all that is good, both His own and that of the creature, so that whatever the creature may possess of perfection, he possesses it by the virtue of that one act.

"3. Because it is most expedient ; since God has given us so many and evident tokens of His Will, in order that in almost all circumstances and actions we may know it ; which indeed greatly helps us to conform ourselves thereto quickly and easily."

VIII. Jeremy Drexel teaches us (in *Heliotrop*. l. 3, c. 4) that the value of all human actions depends upon the end towards which they tend : so that they are either good or bad accordingly. But we shall never find a better or sublimer end for our actions than the Will of God, that is, God Himself. Therefore, there are not any better or more sublime actions than those which are nearest to this end. Hence those words of Basil the Great, that the whole

sum of holiness in a Christian man consists in referring the cause of all things, whether great or little, to God alone, and in promptly submitting himself in all things to the Divine Will. Resignation is therefore so much and so entirely commended by the Holy Fathers, and by the masters of holy living, who call it the very principle of all tranquillity of mind ; since by it man submits himself so entirely to the safe hand of God, that he no longer desires to belong to himself, but to God ; nor to live to himself, but to God ; nor to do anything except for God,—content in adversity, as in prosperity. Such a one God so loves and delights in, that to David, the Hebrew king, He gave the augustest title, calling him the man after His own heart, who should do all His Will. For indeed the heart of that king was so united to the Divine heart, that he was ready and prepared to follow any sign from God. In this way a man can gain much profit every day, if he refer all actions not in themselves praiseworthy or blameworthy, such as eating, drinking, walking, sleeping, &c., to the Divine Will ; and therefore he neither eats nor drinks, hungers nor thirsts, but because it has pleased God that he should so do.

SECOND FOUNDATION.

It is always in our power, subject to the thorough aid of ordinary Divine grace, perfectly to fulfil the Divine Will, since nothing more is required for this than that we should do that which God wills, as He wills it, and because He wills it, which is always in our own power.

NOTE,

I. God Himself speaks (Deut. xxx. 11-14), "This commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in Heaven . . . but the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it."

II. Our Lord thus taught S. Katharine of Sienna, when she desired to know in what His Will consisted : "If thou desirest briefly and in few words to know My Will, it is this, that thou shouldest always and above all things love Me. If however thou wouldest love Me perfectly, these three things are necessary.

1. That thy will should be so set free from all earthly and carnal love and desire that thou shouldest love nothing temporal, except for My sake, since Divine love cannot bear to be on a level with earthly affection or any other love. 2. That thou shouldest direct all thy thoughts and works to My honour and glory, and shouldest strive by words, prayers, and example, that others also might know, love, and worship Me. 3. That thou shouldest not only be willing to give up evil, but also the good which I do not will; and that moreover thy soul should be unmoved whatever may happen, and that thou shouldest with unshaken faith continue to love Me, Thy Almighty God, more than thyself."

III. John Ximenes, coadjutor in the Society of Jesus, was wont to say that he had three interpreters of the Divine Will—to wit, God, in Heaven, his Superior in Chapter, his reason in every-day life.

IV. P. Gaudier said that the following were signs of the Divine Will:—"1. Precept. 2. The Counsel of God. 3. The life and example of Christ. 4. The call of God to our state of life or office. 5. The voice of obedience, either living, of superiors, or written, of rules or customs. 6. Counsel of good men, especially of those who after our superiors are the directors of our souls, also the judgment of all other men which is not evil, but appears better than our own, are ordinarily to be taken by him who is humble and a lover of God, unless they oppose other tokens of God's Will. 7. Supernatural operations of God, *e.g.*, inspirations, the example of others, preaching."

In doubtful matters the same father gives the following three rules:—"1. *Cæteris paribus*, we should always incline towards that which is lowliest, and involves most self-abnegation; for this is safest, and not only for our profit, but also according to the evangelical rule, which commands us to choose the lowest place, and it is certain that it must therefore be the most pleasing to the Divine Majesty. 2. In doubtful things we should lean to that which is to the advantage of our neighbour, and take the side most useful, honourable, and indulgent towards him, and which will lead to greater edification, and has least perils of disquietude. 3. If neither of these rules are sufficient, two things are to be done. First, to commend the matter specially, repeatedly, and continually

to God in prayer. Then constantly to intend to seek the greater glory of God, and to choose that which shall seem most conducive to that end. It cannot be but that God will give some sign by which He will either manifest His Will, or will at least bring to a prosperous issue what has been so sincerely intended for His glory."

THIRD FOUNDATION.

For the very reason that God is supremely powerful, wise, and good, He knows, and always wills, and can ordain that which is best for us, nor can we desire or choose anything better than what He in very deed has ordered for us, since without His Will nothing can come to pass.

NOTE,

I. St. Katharine of Sienna, who desired to know by what means she might attain to perfect conformity of will to God's Will, was thus taught by our Lord: "I will that with firm faith, high resolve, and frequent thought, thou shouldest consider that I, thy most glorious God, Who created thee for the enjoyment of happiness, am Eternal, Supreme, Almighty, and that I do for you all things which are pleasing in My sight. Nor is there any who can even in the least resist My Will, nor can anything happen to you but by the same Will, nor come to pass without My permission, as I have declared to you by the Prophet that there is no evil in a city which I have not done, that is, which I Myself have not permitted. (Amos iii. 6.) Thou shouldest likewise consider that to Me, thy God, belong supreme wisdom, perfectest knowledge and intelligence; that I behold all things with certainty of reason and exact perception, so that in no manner can I fail in the government of the heavens, the earth, or the whole world, or be disturbed through any error: for if it were not thus, I should neither be God nor Supreme Wisdom. And that thou mayest in some small measure perceive the power of this My wisdom, know that out of the evil of sin and punishment I can bring forth far more good than the evil itself. Also, I will that thou shouldest consider that I, the same God, am not less supremely good, and for this cause can will nothing for thee or for others but what is good, useful, and profitable; that nothing evil can be ordained

by Me, that I can hate nothing, and that, as I created man through My goodness, so I ever pursue him with My inestimable love. And having considered these things with firm faith, and meditated upon them in thy mind, know that tribulations, temptations, difficulties, sorrows, infirmities, and all adverse circumstances come to thee by My ordering for no other cause than for the sake of your profit and soul's health, so that by those things which seem to you evil, you may be driven away from what is wrong, and may be drawn on towards that which is right, and by the path which leads to the true and highest good, as yet to you unknown. And thy mind being enlightened through belief in these things, know moreover that I, thy God, know, will, and can bring to pass that which is good for thee more than thou thyself, and that without My grace thou canst not know it, will it, or bring it to pass."

II. Solomon saith, "Prosperity and adversity, life and death, poverty and riches come of the Lord." (Ecclus. xi. 14.)

III. St. Augustine teaches, "Receive thy chastening as from the Lord, for the devil can do nothing to thee unless he be permitted by Him Who hath power over him."

IV. Rodriguez thus discourses: "Another principle is that nothing in the world can happen beside the Will of God except sin, of which God is not the author, nor indeed can be. For as it is contrary to the nature of fire to freeze, or of water to grow hot, or of the sun to become dark, so infinitely more is it contrary to the immense goodness of God to love sin. 'Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity,' saith the prophet Habakkuk of God (Hab. i. 13), even as when we wish to say of a man that he hates another, we say, 'He cannot bear to look at him.' Therefore, it is not God Who wills the presence of sin. Of the hatred of God against sin all Scripture is full. But subject to this, all else, even the evils of punishment, come by the Will of God, and that Chance in the world, of which the heathen dreamed, is nowhere. For the good, which the world calls fortune, comes not from her, but from God alone. And although we do not deny to second causes their own effects, it is yet certain that nothing comes to pass in this vast republic of the world

except by the will and ordering of its Ruler and Monarch, Almighty God, Who controls it all. In respect of God there is no chance, but the right Hand of God worketh all things. He alone numbereth all the bones of thy body and all the hairs of thy head, of which not one shall perish except by His command and permission. But why should I speak of man? Not even a bird is taken in the snare of the hunter unless God permit it. 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.' (St. Matt. x. 29.) But not even are the leaves shaken on the trees without God. And what of casting lots? They are cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord. So the lot fell upon Matthias, not by chance, but by decree and Providence of the great God, Who willed by this means to have him for an Apostle.

V. Drexel says: "That all the evils of the world, sin excepted, are from God. For this reason, Theologians teach that in every sin there are two things: the guilt (*culpa*), and the punishment (*pœna*). God is the Author of the penalty, which is in sin, but not of the guilt. Therefore, if we dismiss the guilt, there is no evil of penalty, but it proceeds from God, or from His Will. As also the pains, or penalties of sin, proceed from the Divine Will, so do natural evils, such as hunger, thirst, sickness, sufferings, etc., which often have no connection with sin. Therefore, God, in fact, and (as the schoolmen say) effectively and positively, wills all natural penalties and ills (though, with a secondary intention), for most just reasons; only permitting sin or guilt. Therefore, this Will of God permitting, we call His ordinance. All, therefore, which we call evil, proceeds from God's Will. So far the Theologians. It is of the greatest importance to have this principle deeply implanted in our minds, thoroughly understood, and most firmly believed, that the first cause of penalties and all other ills, is the Divine Will always, as we have said, excepting the guilt of sin.

VI. Thomas à Kempis, (l. 3, c. 46): "He that trusteth in Me, and hath no wish to trust in his own judgment, shall be free from the fear of men. For I am the Judge, and the discerner of all secrets; I know how the matter was; I know him that offered

the injury, and him that suffered it. From Me hath this proceeded ; this hath happened by My permission, that the thoughts of many hearts might be revealed. I shall judge the guilty and the innocent, but by a secret judgment I would beforehand prove them both."

These are the three foundations upon which, as I said, a man ought most firmly to lean, if he desires to arrive at perfection by the shortest road, and to obtain true tranquillity of mind ; which will all be the better understood by the following Corollaries.

COROLLARIES DRAWN FROM THE ABOVE FOUNDATIONS.

COROLLARY I.—OF SADNESS.

Moreover, from the said Foundations, thou shouldest learn (1) Not to be saddened by anything, except by sin, for this alone deprives thee of true happiness ; nothing else can separate thee from the Divine Will, unless thou thyself consent to it.

NOTE,

I. God speaks by Solomon, "There shall no evil happen to the just." (Prov. xii. 21.)

II. St. Paul saith, "All things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. viii. 28.)

III. St. Augustine encourages us : "What can men fear, hid in the bosom of God ? Do not depart from His bosom, and whatsoever thou mayest suffer there, it will be for thy health, and not for thy hurt."

IV. St. Katharine, of Sienna, was wont to say : "That the righteous were like Christ, Who even in this life was not deprived of bliss."

V. Drexel thus narrates the story of a beggar (Heliotr. l. 2, c. 1), "There was once a Theologian of great repute, who for eight years besought God with most earnest prayers, to show him the man from whom he might learn the shortest way to Heaven. Therefore, upon a certain day, when he was greatly possessed by the desire to speak with such a one, and wished for nothing so much as to see the master who might teach him such a secret of truth, it seemed to him that he heard a celestial

voice which thus commanded him : 'Go forth into the vestibule of the Church, and there thou shalt find such a man as thou seekest.' He, therefore, went out, and on the threshold of the sacred building he found a beggar covered with running sores and ulcers, whose raiment was scarcely worth three oboles. The Theologian saluted him with a kindly 'good morning.' 'I do not remember,' said the beggar, 'to have ever had a bad one.' Here the learned man, as though correcting his first salutation, said, 'May God make thee fortunate.' 'But I,' said the beggar, 'have never been unfortunate.' The Theologian was astonished at the reply, but lest he should have mistaken his meaning, repeated his wish, though in other words, and said, 'I wish that thou mayest be happy.' The beggar again replied, 'I have never been unhappy.' The Theologian, thinking that the loquacious beggar was disputatious, said, as though to prove the mind of the man, 'Let it be so; I wish you what you wish.' 'There is nothing,' he replied, 'to seek here; all things fall out as I wish, although I make no appeals to fortune.' Then the doctor, saluting him afresh, as though taking leave, said, 'May God keep thee, my good man, if, indeed, thou despisest fortune. But tell me, I pray, art thou alone the happy one among wretched mortals? Was Job in error, who said, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery;" how hast thou alone escaped every evil time? I do not entirely follow thy meaning.' The beggar answered, 'It is even as I have said, my lord. When you wished me good morning, I said I had never had a bad one. I am perfectly contented with the lot which God has chosen for me here. It is my happiness, not to want happiness. Those monsters, fortune and misfortune, hurt nobody who neither wills nor fears to be hurt; nor do I seek anything from fortune, but from my Heavenly Father, Who overrules the issues of all things. So I say that I have never been unhappy, to whom all things fall out according to my desire. For if I am pressed by hunger, I praise God my most provident Father for it. If cold freezes me, or dew falls upon me, or other inclemencies of weather hurt me, I equally praise God; if I am a laughing-stock to other men, I none the less praise God. For I

am certain that God is the author of all these things, and that what God does cannot but be the best. Therefore, whatever God either ordains or permits to happen, be it pleasant or unpleasant, sweet or bitter, I take alike ; for I accept all these things joyfully as from the hand of the Almighty God, and the only thing I will is what God wills. Thus all things happen as I will them. He is miserable who thinks that fortune can do anything in herself, and that man is truly unhappy who dreams of I know not what felicity here below. True happiness in this life is to cling with the utmost tenacity to the Divine Will alone. The Will of God is the best and most perfect Will, which cannot be made better, and cannot do amiss. It judges of all things, nothing judges it. My whole study is to follow it with my whole mind. I devote myself to this one care, that, whatever God wills, I may never do other than will. For this cause I do not think myself unhappy, since I have so transformed my will entirely into the Divine Will, that with me there is no willing or not willing, except what God wills or doth not will.'

" 'Well, but,' said the Theologian, 'is it truly from thy heart that thou sayest these things? Tell me, I pray you, if God were to decree to cast thee into hell, wouldest thou be in the same mind?' The beggar quickly replied: 'He cast me into hell? He to be in hell? Know that I have two arms of wonderful strength, and with these I clasp Him most closely in an indissoluble embrace. One arm is lowliest humility by an oblation of self, the other purest charity by Love of God. With these arms I have so clung to God, that wherever I should be cast down, I should draw Him with me. And truly it would be far better to be out of Heaven with God, than in Heaven without Him.'

"The Theologian, astonished at these words, began to think within himself that this was the most perfect path to God. But it pleased him to enquire farther, and to draw out the wisdom which dwelt in so unsightly a habitation ; therefore he said to him, 'Whence didst thou come hither?' 'I came from God,' replied the beggar. The Theologian again inquired: 'And in what place didst thou find God?' He answered: 'There, where I had

abandoned all created things.' The Theologian continued: 'Where didst thou leave God?' The poor man replied, 'In men of pure minds and of goodwill.' 'Still, thou art a man,' said the Theologian. 'Whatever I am,' he answered, 'I am content with my lot, and I would not change it for the riches of all kings. He is a king who knows how to govern himself.' 'Am I, then, to consider thee a king?' said the other. 'Where is thy kingdom?' 'There,' said the beggar, and pointed to Heaven. 'He is a king whose kingdom is appointed to him on high by a sure hand-writing.' At last the Theologian, to make an end of his questions, said, 'Who taught thee these things? Who put these things into thy mind?' The beggar replied, 'I will tell you, Sir. All day I am silent, and am occupied either in prayers or holy thoughts, and for this alone I am careful that I may be always most close to God. Closeness and familiarity with God and with the Divine Will teach me all these things.' The Theologian wished to ask more, but, hoping to put it off to another day, for the present said 'Adieu.' As he went away, pondering much inwardly, he said to himself, 'Thou hast found a teacher of the true path to God.' How truly has Augustine said: 'The unlearned arise and take Heaven by violence; while as to us, we with our learning, without heart, behold how we flounder in flesh and blood.'"

VI. Rodriguez says, that "whoever, therefore, shall have perfectly and entirely attained this conformity of his will with the Divine Will, by eagerly embracing all things as coming from the hand of God, will both possess blessedness upon earth and will enjoy a certain profound and perennial joy and indescribable gladness of soul, with which felicity great servants and friends of God are made joyful in this life. True, indeed, is that Apostolic saying, 'The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' Rightly, indeed, is such a mind called peace and blessedness, for in a certain manner it makes us like unto the blessed. For, as in Heaven there is no change, no going and coming (as one may say), but an ever-continuing of the blessed in one, joying in and through God; so also those who have here attained to such conformity as that all

their pleasure and delight may be in the pleasure and good will of God, are delivered from all disquietude or trouble which befall others from the continued vicissitude of the things of this world ; also, their mind is so absorbed in God that when they see that all things are ordained by Him, and that in all His most holy and most righteous Will is fulfilled, the cares of the present life are turned into joy, because they rather seek the Will of God than their own. And thus there is nothing which can cause them any annoyance. For if all that goes contrary to them is accepted, as we said before, as special favours and consolations sent from God, there is truly nothing which can in the least disturb their sublime peace."

VII. Drexel (l. 3, c. b.) confirms this truth in these words : " Whosoever thou art that shalt perfectly attain to this conformity of thine own will with the Divine Will, and shalt have eagerly embraced all things as from the hand of God, this will be thy blessedness in this lower world : thou wilt enjoy a certain continual joy and gladness known but to few, for this happiness is enjoyed by men united to God by intimate familiarity. Blessed art thou, and happy shalt thou be. ' For those words of St. Paul are true : ' The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' He who in this thing serves Christ pleases God, and is approved of men. For, as in Heaven there is no vicissitude, no (as I may say) yesterday or to-day, but a certain continual and unchanging influx of eternal joy—never failing, and ever the same, for a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday, which is past—so also, those who have attained to this union of their will with the Divine Will, even on a foundation which cannot be moved, whatever anxieties and changes may interpose, strain the power of mere reason ; all their tastes and delights are in the good pleasure of God ; disquietude and unrest are banished, which otherwise daily arise in numberless ways ; their will is so sweetly steeped in the Divine Will that when they perceive that all things are ordered by God, and that His most holy Will is fulfilled in all things, hindrances themselves and troubles bring with them a special joy, because in these very hindrances and troubles they find the

Divine Will, and that more certainly than in the greatest prosperity. Therefore, if by chance anything should assault it, there is nothing which can destroy their most sublime repose. They that put their trust in the Lord shall be even as the Mount Sion, which cannot be removed, but standeth fast for ever."

VIII. Our Lord Himself taught St. Katharine of Sienna: "I will that thou shouldest know that all sufferings with which men are afflicted in this world have their essence in the will, for if the will were brought under rule and into harmony with My Will, the suffering would in a certain way cease. Although, indeed, he who is endued with this holy and subdued will may feel trouble and grief, yet such a one suffers willingly for the sake of My love, bears and most freely endures them almost without pain, considering and knowing that it is by My Will and permission that he suffers. In whatever pain of body, his mind is free, while his will is in all things conformed and united to My Will."

COROLLARY II.—OF ENVY.

That thou oughtest never to envy any man on account of any temporal or spiritual gift, since thou hast always opportunity to enjoy the same, that is, the good pleasure of God.

NOTE,

I. David taught thus when he said: "I am a companion of all them that fear Thee and keep Thy commandments."

II. Seneca, who says: "Know that the good man envies none, for who is more endued with goodness than he who in all things conforms himself to the rule of all goodness, that is, to the Divine Will?"

III. Thomas à Kempis (l. 3, c. 22), speaking to God, saith: "All that we have in our soul and body, and whatsoever we possess outwardly or inwardly, naturally or supernaturally, are Thy benefits, and do speak Thee bountiful, merciful, and good, from Whom we have received all good things. Although one have received more, another less, all notwithstanding are Thine, and without Thee even the least blessing cannot be had. He that hath received the greatest cannot glory of his own desert, nor extol

himself above others, nor insult over the lesser. For he is the greatest and the best who ascribeth least unto himself, and who, in rendering thanks, is the most humble and most devout. And he that esteemeth himself viler than all men, and judgeth himself most unworthy, is fittest to receive greater blessings. But he that hath received fewer ought not to be out of heart, nor to take it grievously, nor to envy them that are enriched with greater store; but rather to turn his mind to Thee, and highly to praise Thy goodness, for that Thou bestowest Thy gifts so bountifully, so freely, and so willingly, without respect of persons. All things proceed from Thee, and therefore in all things Thou art to be praised. Thou knowest what is fit to be given to everyone; and why this man hath less and that man more it is not for us to judge, but for Thee, Who dost exactly know what is meet for everyone. When, therefore, a man loveth Thee and acknowledgeth Thy benefits, nothing ought so to rejoice him as Thy Will toward him, and the good pleasure of Thine eternal appointment. And herewith he ought to be so contented and comforted that he would as willingly be the least as another would wish to be the greatest, and also would be as peaceful and contented in the last place as in the first; as willing to be a despised castaway, of no name or character, as to be preferred in honour before others, and to be greater in the world than they. For Thy Will and the love of Thy glory ought to be preferred before all things, and to comfort him more, and to please him better than all the benefits which he hath received or may receive."

COROLLARY III.—OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF TALENTS.

That thou oughtest not to be sad if thou perceivest thyself to possess fewer talents than others, for all talents are only instruments for doing the Will of God; therefore, if He gave thee fewer talents, He also requires the less from thee, and thou canst equally fulfil the good pleasure of God by thy lesser than others by their greater talents.

NOTE,

I. St. Jerome taught (in prolog. Galeat.), saying: "In the temple of God each one offers what he can—some gold and silver,

and precious stones, others fine cloths of scarlet, and purple, and yellow, and blue; with me it will be well if I may offer skins of animals and the hair of goats."

II. John of Avila (l. 23, sup. ad filia) says: "I do not believe that there ever was a Saint in the world who did not wish to be better than he was, but the Saints did not on this account lose peace, nor did they desire it so much because of the selfish longing which never says enough as for God's sake, with Whose division and distribution of gifts they were entirely contented, although even to them He might give less, believing that in Him there is true love; because they are more content to live upon that which He is pleased to give them than upon the longing for possessing more, although self-love might suggest that it was for the better serving of God."

III. Thomas à Kempis says (l. 3, c. 22), speaking to God: "Wherefore, O Lord God, I even esteem it a great mercy not to have much of that which outwardly and in the opinion of men seems worthy of glory and applause, for he who considereth the poverty and unworthiness of his own person should not only conceive no grief, or sadness, or dejection thereat, but rather comfort and great gladness. For Thou, O God, hast chosen the poor and humble and the despised of this world for Thyself and as Thy familiar friends and servants. Witnesses are Thine Apostles themselves, whom Thou hast made princes over all the earth. And yet they lived in the world without complaint, so humble and simple, without all malice and deceit, that they even rejoiced to suffer reproach for Thy name, and what the world abhorreth they embraced with great affection."

IV. St. Paul saith: "These all worketh the one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as He will." (1 Cor. xii.)

V. Rodriguez says: "It is always fitting that each one should be content with those talents of intellect, genius, ability, and other qualities which Divine goodness has imparted to him, nor be cast down because He has perchance granted more to others. These things are so ordered and disposed in this world that there is no one to whom something is not wanting, and though some seem to themselves to excel in certain things, and really do so, yet there

are always other things which humble them, and in which they need this conformity. Holy men, who thoroughly appreciate the danger of great talents, not only do not reach after them, but also earnestly flee from them. David said, 'I do not exercise myself in great matters which are too high for me,' and in this way they the more pleased God, Who wills that His servants should be humble, not set up. O, if once we could receive this most wholesome doctrine, to wit, that all is trifling and vain except to do the Will of God! If, without learning, or with slight learning, thou knowest more and art more pleasing to God, of what account should learning be to thee? If thou oughtest to desire it for any object, certainly it ought to be for this one end, that thou mightest please God. Now, if thou art more pleasing to Him, either knowing nothing or a little (as indeed thou art when it is indeed He Who has so apportioned it), why shouldest thou be troubled? Why shouldest thou wish to be more when God wills thee to be less? Those great sacrifices which King Saul desired to offer to God did not please Him, because they were not conformable to the Divine Will; and neither are thy lofty and high desires pleasing to the same. Our well-being does not consist in our literary attainments, nor in great qualities, nor in any other thing than the Will of God, and in rendering a good and exact account of those things which God has committed to us. The eye of the heart must be fixed on these considerations, and not upon the gifts themselves."

COROLLARY IV.—OF INDIFFERENCE.

Thou oughtest to be indifferent as to all places, or occupations, since in one and another thou hast equally the opportunity of attaining thy end—that is, the good Will of God.

NOTE,

I. St. Paul saith: "We are made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men, etc.; he does not, therefore, consider the character which you personate, but how well you personate it."

II. St. Augustine says: "He is the best servant who is not so much set on hearing from thee what he himself desires as upon desiring what he shall hear from thee."

III. The blessed Aloysius was wont to say that "religion was like a ship, in which those at the oars contribute to the motion of the vessel equally with him who sits at the helm."

IV. Thomas à Kempis says (l. 3, c. 27): "No place availeth if the spirit of fervour be wanting, neither shall that peace long continue which is sought from without. If the state of thy heart be destitute of a true foundation—that is, if thou stand not steadfast in Me—thou mayest change, but shalt not better thyself."

V. Rodriguez thus writes: "It is convenient to set forth this matter by the example of those who act in a play, who receive praise not according to the character which they represent, but according to the manner, the skill, and the grace with which they act, move, and speak. Therefore, if he excels more in this who is representing a peasant than he who takes the part of Cæsar, praise and reward are by competent judges assigned to the former, not to the latter. So what God chiefly expects from us in this life (and what is Life but a comedy? may it not become a tragedy!) is not the character which we represent (such as Superior, Preacher, Sacristan, Porter, etc.), but this only, that each one should play his part as well as possible. Therefore, if the Coadjutor should fulfil his office better than the Superior or the Preacher, he will receive the greater reward in Heaven, and will be the more honoured by God. It might happen that one who could not play the part of a king might receive honour and praise by playing the part of a servant or a shepherd; in like manner, thou perchance mightest not be fit to fulfil the office of Preacher or Superior, but mayest fulfil the office of Confessor, Minister, or Coadjutor in a good and praiseworthy manner. God knows best how to give to each what suits him and his special capacity. No one, therefore, ought to wish for, or aspire to a character not suited to him, or to talents which are not justly his. But let this be the study of everyone—to lay out the gift which God has dispensed to him profitably to His glory, and this, indeed, will be far more pleasing to God, and will receive more abundant reward in Heaven."

VI. St. Ignatius Loyola says that "those in his Society ought to be indifferent as to what part of the world they go to, or where

they reside—wheresoever obedience may send them, amongst the faithful, or infidels, to the Indians, to heretics, etc. And indeed, on this account the professed make a fourth solemn vow to the Roman Pontiff, binding themselves to go at once and willingly, seeking no excuse, to whatever part of the world His Holiness may send them, asking no provision for the way, neither for themselves, nor for others, nor anything temporal whatsoever, but to go on foot or on horseback, with money, or without it, asking alms, as shall, in the Lord, seem best to His Holiness. And our holy father here declares that the end and intention of this vow is greater conformity to the Divine Will, for since these early fathers were of various countries, and it was not certain in what part of the world more especially it should be God's pleasure to employ them, whether among the faithful or unbelievers, in order to adapt themselves to the balance of the Divine Will, they dedicated themselves to the Vicar of Christ by this vow—that it should be for him to determine whither for the best to send them to the greater glory of God. No mere member of the Society (he says) ought to push himself, or in any way arrange for going or staying in one place rather than another, but ought to be wholly indifferent, leaving the whole ordering in the hands of the Superior, who governs him in the stead of God to His greater honour and glory. That we may know how indifferent in this matter our holy father wished us to be, we read in his life that J. Laynez once said to him that he felt a wish to go to the Indies, to bring about the salvation of that people, who were miserably perishing for want of labourers in the vineyard. 'But I,' said Ignatius, 'wish for nothing of the kind.' On being asked the reason why, he replied, 'That, having bound ourselves to the supreme Pontiff, in order that it may be left with him to discover the place of our service to God, we ought to be indifferent, so as not to incline to one place more than to another. Indeed,' he added, 'if I should feel myself disposed, like you, to go to India, I should try to drive myself in another direction, in order to attain that evenness and indifference which is necessary for carrying out the perfection of obedience.' But we do not hence mean to say that those kind of wishes are evil or imperfect, for indeed they are holy, whence it is good to

lay them before one's Superior when God inspires them. Thus, indeed, our father said that Superiors were glad that such desires should be expressed to them, for they are signs of a Divine vocation to special places, and all is done sweetly in this way. But this I say, in order that *that* indifference and readiness of mind and soul may be seen which our father desired should flourish in each of us, as to going to or quitting any part of the world."

VII. The blessed Egidius, to whom St. Francis gave leave to go whithersoever he would, and to live in the province and monastery, which was most pleasing to him, giving him liberty in all things on account of his goodness and sanctity—what happened? Scarcely had he passed four days in this freedom when he began to feel great disquietude in his mind. He, therefore, returned to the holy Francis, and instantly entreated him that he would tell him the place and the monastery in which for the future he wished him to live, saying that such a liberty and license was too much for him, and that he was sure that this wide and liberal form of obedience would leave him no rest. Good and fervent religious do not find peace in fulfilling their own will, but trouble and bitterness, and on that account they do not affect this place or that, but commit themselves wholly to God and to their Superiors, being persuaded, which indeed is true, that this is the Will of God, in which alone they find rest.

COROLLARY V.—OF SCANT TIME FOR PRAYER.

Thou shouldest not be disturbed, if thou findest that thou hast little time and opportunity for making many prayers, since the only duty of prayer consists in the Will of God, that thou shouldest dedicate it to His praise, and to the obtaining for thyself and others various gifts. But thou shalt the better compass these ends by doing what thou doest according to the Will of God.

NOTE,

I. St. Augustine says: "Wilt thou always be praising God? do all things well, and thou hast praised God." (In Psal. 158.)

II. Blossius saith: "The truest devotion is in the truest resignation, abnegation, and annihilation of self. Whosoever trust-

ing to the help of Divine grace possesses this devotion, ever clings to God through love, and that whether in penury or abundance, in sorrow or in joy. Therefore he who in whatever event remains in entire peace with God, and united to God, he has apprehended what is the true and perfect life and true devotion." And in his *Speculum spiritus* (c. g.) he says: "Thou canst ask nothing better, or make any more excellent prayer to God, than to ask that His Will may be done."

III. Father Balthasar Alvarez, of the Society of Jesus (Vita, c. 2), when he perceived in himself a great desire for prayer, decided not to give more time to prayer than obedience should permit; embracing as his rule for prayer the counsel given by Tobias to his son concerning almsgiving: Be merciful after thy power: If thou hast much, give plenteously: If thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little. For if thou prayest, though thou be with God, at the time when He wills to use thy labour, thou defraudest Him, and He will not be with thee. And if He be not with thee, how can thy solitude be prayer? A servant, doing whatever his master may order him, and spending his time on that which he directs, ready for all his commands, does not eat his bread for nothing, and may put away every scruple. (Vita, c. 43.) Elsewhere, he says to some one: "Dost thou seek to advance and to attend well to thy prayer that thou mayest please God? Allow thyself to be governed by Him, and begin to show the love which thou hast towards Him by being contented and peaceful howsoever and wheresoever He shall be pleased to appoint, with little or much, or nothing. And believe, certainly, that thou wilt please Him more if thou art joyful and tranquil in thy poverty, as long as He does not deliver thee from it, than if thou shouldest obtain thine imaginary height. Let it suffice that hitherto thou hast served God in thine own way, begin now to serve Him, even for one day, in His way." (Ibid, c. 50.) Indeed, once, when it seemed to him that he was pressed by many external occupations, and had lovingly complained to God that there was no time for remaining alone with Him, "this word," he said, "came to me from the Lord: 'let it suffice for thee that I use thy diligence, although I have not thee with Me.' Having

heard this, I became joyful and glad." Elsewhere, about the same matter, he thus expresses himself: "It might indeed happen that free time might fail to many men of the Society for carrying out their own will, but there never fail occupations in the way of the Divine Will nor opportune occasions for carrying it out. For if it is necessary that the grain of wheat should die, if it is to bring forth fruit, what can be better or greater happiness, and indeed what greater folly, than to grieve at such an event? If God were to permit us to choose death, what could we find more joyful than that in which there is no place for either cauteries or reproaches? But what else are the functions of the men of the Society than stations in which God has placed them; certain fields full of obedience to Him; open veins, from whence has flowed forth all the blood of self-will, which shine brighter in God's sight than precious stones, the richest and fittest paths to perfection." He used also to say that "the principal end of all good prayer, and the best fruit to be drawn from it, was to give to God whatsoever He should ask from us, and, with great submission, to acquiesce in all which He should ordain for us. And as a virtuous wife only adorns herself to please her husband, and if she pleased him without these ornaments would be ready to cast them aside, although she might be thought ill-favoured by others and despised, so let us strive in all things to please God alone."

COROLLARY VI.—OF ANXIETY FOR FRUIT.

That thou shouldest not be disturbed in thy work if the desired fruit does not follow, since thy intention should be directed solely to pleasing God, which fruit thou canst always obtain; and for the rest, that fruit and labour must always be thought the best which Divine Providence bestows upon us.

NOTE,

I. God Himself saith (Isa. v. 2, 3): "What could have been done more to My vineyard that I have not done in it? I fenced it and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choicest vine, and built a tower in the midst of it; and I looked, that it should bring forth grapes, and it brought forth wild grapes.

And now, O inhabitants of Jerusalem and men of Judah, judge, I pray thee, betwixt Me and My vineyard."

II. The blessed virgin St. Brigitta said: "The friends of God ought not to be wearied in the service of God, but to labour, that the bad man may become better, and that the good man may arrive at perfection. For if anyone should desire to cry in the ears of all passers-by that Jesus Christ is truly the Son of God, and by doing so should strive, as far as he could, for the conversion of others, although he might convert none, or few, notwithstanding he would receive the same reward as if he were to convert all; as, for example, if two workmen were, by their master's order, to cut through a very hard mountain, and one were to find choice gold and the other nothing, they would be equally worthy of reward on account of their labour and good will."

III. St. Chrysostom saith: "Would that our exhortation profited somewhat! Yet, if after much warning, men should persevere in the same vices, we do not leave off urging upon them to do right. Just as the water-springs continue to flow, though no one may come to drink, and the fountains send out their streams, although none may draw the water, and the rivers nevertheless run on, though no one may drink of them—so he who has to preach or to advise must persevere as far as in him lies, although no one may listen. This, indeed, is a law to us who have undertaken the ministration of the Holy Word prescribed by the Blessed God."

IV. St. Bernard (l. 4, etc., *Consid.* c. 2), exhorting Eugenius, says: "Do not doubt—think of the charge, not the cure. For indeed thou hast heard, 'Take care of him,' not cure or heal him. Truly has one said, 'It is not always in the physician's power to cure the sick man,' but I propose to thee a better thing for thy people. Paul saith, 'I laboured more abundantly than they all.' He does not say, 'I was of more profit,' or 'I brought forth more fruit than they all,' but most religiously avoids a word of boasting. Besides, also, the man whom God has taught knows that every man shall receive according to his labour, and not according to his success. So I entreat thee do what is in thy power, for God will take sufficient care of that which is His own without anxiety

and carefulness on thy part. Plant, water, take trouble, and thou hast fulfilled thy part; verily the increase, where He wills it, God will give, not thou. Where it is clearly against His Will nothing shall be lost to thee, as saith the Scripture (Wisdom x. 17): 'God rendereth to the righteous a reward of their labours.' That labour is safe, which no defect avails to bring to nought."

V. St. Ignatius, if, having tried all means, he yet failed to draw anyone from the slough of sin, did not on that account trouble his soul, nor distress himself, as though he had lost his pains and labour, but, being satisfied with the fruit of his conscience and his office, acquiesced in the high counsels of Divine Providence. Ribadeneira (l. 5, c. 11) tells us that he exhorted others to do the same, after the example of guardian angels, who accept those committed to them by God, warn them as far as they can, defend, guide, urge, and help them towards that which is good; but if they abuse their liberty of choice, and are disobedient and obstinate, yet are not on that account troubled by any grief. "We would have healed Babylon," they say, "but she is not healed." (Jer. li. 9.)

VI. Thomas à Kempis, speaking in the person of Christ, saith (c. 11): "My son, various longings oftentimes inflame thee, and drive thee forward with vehemence, but do thou consider whether thou be not moved rather for thine own advantage than for My honour? If I be the cause, thou wilt be well content, howsoever I shall ordain; but if there lurk in thee any self-seeking, behold this it is that hindereth thee and weigheth thee down." And again (l. 3, c. 27): "Why dost thou consume thyself with vain grief? Why dost thou weary thyself with needless cares? Submit to my good will, and thou shalt suffer no hurt. If thou seek this or that, and wouldst be here or there, the better to enjoy thine own profit and pleasure, thou shalt never be at peace nor free from trouble of mind; for in every case somewhat will be wanting, and in every place there will be someone to cross thee."

COROLLARY VII.—OF ZEAL FOR SOULS.

That thou oughtest not even to be troubled if thou hast not opportunity to advance thy neighbour's salvation. Because even this thou

shouldest not otherwise wish to obtain than according to the measure of the Divine good pleasure ; and besides, a will conformed to the Divine Will is the best way of obtaining necessary help for the salvation of our neighbour.

NOTE,

I. Blossius says : " It is much more acceptable to God that we should say from the heart, with the Apostle, ' Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ? ' than if we were to say that we wished to do any wonderful things freely for His love, of our own will, since above all things, in all that we can either say or do, God chiefly requires this of us—that in our innermost heart we should say, ' Lord, let Thy most sweet Will be done.' "

II. Avila, writing to a certain friend, says : " Do not, I pray thee, think of that which thou wouldest do if thou wert in health, but think, rather, how pleasing thou wilt be to God if in thy sickness (or in any work) thou conform thyself to the Will of God."

III. Bonaventura saith : " It is more perfect to bear contrary things patiently than to weary oneself in good works."

IV. Father Balthasar Alvarez was visiting a sick man, fervent in good works, and who complained to him that lying in bed he could neither pray, nor celebrate, nor receive confessions, nor do any other ministerial work as he did in health. Alvarez replied that he who in sickness should for one month patiently endure, would do more in the sight of God than by a whole year's service in ministrations of that kind.

COROLLARY VIII.—OF SAD LOSS OF FRIENDS.

That although it is natural to sympathize with the mischances of friends, yet that thou oughtest never to be inordinately saddened for their sake, since the same cause—namely, the Divine good pleasure, which ought to impel thee to sympathize with them, ought also to move thee to leave them alone.

NOTE,

I. Christ bade farewell to His mother, and she on her part gave up her Son to a death so bitter, because they saw that God so willed it.

II. So holy Job, mourning for the loss of his children, only said : " The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." (Job i. 21.)

III. Thomas à Kempis (l. 3, c. 42), speaks thus in the person of Christ : " My son, if thou rest thy peace on any, because of the opinion which thou hast of him, or because thou livest with him, thou shalt ever be inconstant and enthralled. But if thou have recourse unto the ever-living and abiding Truth, the departure or death of a friend shall not sadden thee. Thy love for thy friend ought to be in Me, and for My sake is he to be beloved, whosoever he be that thou thinkest well of, and who is very dear unto thee in this life. Without Me friendship is of no worth, nor does it last ; neither is that love true and pure which is not knit by Me. Thou oughtest to be so dead to such affections towards thy friends, that (as much as appertaineth unto thee), thou shouldest be willing to be without all human companionship."

IV. S. Jerome writing to Paula, said : " God is good, and it must be that all things which He Who is good doeth, are good. Is the death of a husband mourned for? I weep that it has happened, but because it so pleased the Lord, I will bear it with a calm mind. Is an only son taken away? It is hard, indeed ; yet to be borne, because He hath taken away Who gave."

V. S. Augustine thus exhorteth : " I seek Him Who cannot fail me ; things are taken away which He hath given, but can He Who gave be ever taken away? Refer it to the Divine Will itself."

COROLLARY IX.—OF ANXIETY FOR THE FUTURE.

That thou oughtest not to be inordinately distressed, on account of any future event, since thou canst and oughtest to be certainly persuaded, that that which shall have pleased God will come to pass ; therefore, the future cannot be evil to thee unless thou, of thy free will, turn it into evil for thyself.

NOTE,

I. Our Lord, waiting even to the time of His Passion, and then fleeing to prayer, said : " Father, if it be possible, let this

cup pass from Me." Also, He earnestly exhorted others: "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Seek ye first the Kingdom (that is, the Will) of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

II. Thomas à Kempis (l. 3, c. 30), saith: "Of what avail is anxiety about future contingencies, except to bring thee sorrow upon sorrow? Believe in Me, and have confidence in My mercy."

III. Balthasar Alvarez would not suffer anyone living under obedience to think what should happen to him on the morrow, or what he himself should do, for the answer was quickly ready: "I will do what I am commanded; it shall be as God wills. And thus my whole gain is to have Thee, my God, satisfied with me, and that I should please Thee."

COROLLARY X.—OF GRIEF FOR THE PAST.

Neither oughtest thou to grieve inordinately for the past, but oughtest to acquiesce with most profit in the Divine Providence, which for most high causes permitted such things to be.

NOTE,

I. St. Katharine of Sienna, in a certain epistle, thus wrote: "If all sins were intensified in one man, they ought not to prevent him from receiving inwardly the fruit of the Blood of the Son of God, if only true faith and hope in the infinite mercy of God remain in him. For since sin only consists in an evil and perverse will, a man who perceives that God has granted him a good will ought, with utmost humility of spirit, to persevere in holy works and exercises, and to walk in the light of grace, which he who has good will within his heart finds hidden in himself by the gift of God. If the devil should suggest confusion or despair to him, he ought to answer him thus: 'If the grace of God be not in me, and I follow thy wicked suggestions, yet truly I confide in my sweet Lord Jesus Christ, Who will ever defend me and save me for His immense mercy's sake.'"

II. Blossius says: "When a pious person sins, he imputes his sin only to himself, and grieves and mourns more that he has offended God, his most faithful and sweet Father, than

because he has deserved to be punished with heavy or even eternal chastisements. He does not seek to fly from the burden of that bitter self-reproach, with which he is inwardly afflicted by God, but bears it humbly, as a salutary antidote. He even exaggerates his offences, yet does not despair. If from his lapse he be made more humble, and more cautious, things have not gone so badly with him. Therefore, after he has fallen, let him not too scrupulously enquire from whence it came about, nor dwell inwardly longer than he ought upon his own sin, as though he were fleeing from God, but quickly let him gather himself up into God, and turning with a contrite and loving heart to Christ (even though he have not sensible contrition), let him say: 'Lord, I flee to Thee, I acknowledge my guilt, be gracious to me a sinner, I cast my sins and negligences into the depth of Thy mercies, I renounce all things that displease Thee; and whatsoever Thou art not, I give up. I propose through Thy grace to correct myself; wash me in Thy precious blood. In Thee I hope, O most merciful, and I kiss Thy sweet Right Hand, which when I fell hath always held me up.' "

It is much more important after sin is acknowledged, to return at once, than to be taken up and kept back with a long discussion about the sin. Nor can the rebellion of which thou hast been guilty, be anywhere better disposed of, than by laying it before God. Truly, since God is a Fountain of immense mercy, He cannot but support, He cannot but pardon him who humbly and confidently calls upon Him, even though he had committed all the sins in the world a thousand times. A bundle of flax cast into the fire is not so suddenly consumed, as God is ready to pardon the man who truly grieves for his sins. Between the goodness of God and the penitent sinner there is no middle wall."

III. The same Blossius says, as follows: "A pious man is not disturbed on account of those defects in himself, which he cannot by any means overcome; but resigning himself to God, he thinks of them as of dung, which is spread upon the field of his soul, and by which it may bring forth richer fruit, for God often leaves spiritual blemishes and slighter faults, even in His most precious elect (as being very often more prone to anger and

vehemence, or worn out with the long assault of natural passions) in order that being made manifest both to themselves and to others, they may be the more humbled, and that by this means the grace, which they have received of God, may be hid like fire under ashes, and the better preserved. It often happens, that those who are unsubmissive and great in their own sight, more manfully subdue the first motions of anger in themselves, and bear outward and contrary things more courageously, than the humble and truly resigned friends of God. For these, indeed, remain tranquil in adversities after the inward man, but after the flesh they are much troubled, and dread their trials.

“Therefore, a pious man beseeches Christ to supply everyone of his imperfections. If he shall endure, at length he shall be rewarded by hearing inwardly from Christ Himself. ‘I thank thee, my son, because by patiently bearing thy defects to the end, thou hast borne thy cross with Me.’”

IV. The same writer says : “The holy fathers affirm that he who kisses the rod of God when it is laid upon him, as he would the hand of His mercy to the eternal glory of the same, his Lord as easily obtains the pardon of his sins, and of their penalty, as a drop of water is easily consumed in a burning furnace.”

V. The blessed Aloysius taught the same by his example ; who, if he found he had committed a fault, was not troubled in mind by too much sadness, but casting himself at the feet of the Lord, and determining by confession, to get rid of his sin, grieving over it with all his soul, was accustomed to remain quiet. He was also wont to say, that to be too much grieved by slight faults, is a token of a man's ignorance of himself ; for he who knows himself, cannot but know that he is, as it were, a wild garden, in which thorns and weeds come up of their own accord.

VI. Thomas à Kempis (l. 3, c. 57), in the person of Christ, thus encourages men : “Be more patient of soul, and gird thyself to greater endurance. All is not lost, although thou feel thyself very often afflicted or grievously tempted. Thou art a man, and not God ; thou art flesh, not an angel. How canst thou continue always in the same state of virtue, when an angel in Heaven hath fallen as also the first man in Paradise ? I am He Who lifts up the

mourners in safety and soundness, and those that know their own weakness I advance to Mine own Divine glory."

COROLLARY XI.—OF PERSECUTIONS.

That thou oughtest not to be angry or indignant on account of any persecution; since no one can harm thee, or afflict thee more than God permits; and whatever God shall have permitted, that He wholly ordains for thy highest good.

NOTE,

I. We have first the example of Christ, not opening His mouth when sinners rose up against Him.

II. So the holy David said (2 Sam. xvi. 10): "Let him curse, because the Lord hath said unto him, Curse David. Who shall then say, Wherefore hast thou done so?"

III. Thomas à Kempis (l. 3, c. 36): "Who art thou that fearest a mortal man? to-day he is, and to-morrow he is not seen. Fear God, and thou shalt not shrink from the terrors of men. What harm can the words or injuries of any man do thee? he hurteth himself rather than thee, nor shall he be able to avoid the judgment of God, whosoever he be."

IV. St. Antony said to the devils appearing to him under diverse forms of animals: "If God have given you any power over me, here I am, rush upon me; but if you have no power from God for this end, why do ye labour in vain?"

V. St. Lupus asked Attila, when he wished to occupy Troyes, a city of Gaul: "Who art thou?" and when Attila replied that he was the scourge of God, immediately St. Lupus desired that the gates might be opened, saying, "Hail, scourge of God." Therefore do thou open wide the gates of thy heart, and receive thy persecutor with the highest emotions of charity and joy.

VI. There was that monk (Vitæ P. P. l. 7, c. 7, n. 4), who, the more anyone injured him and excited him, so much the more was wont to reply: "These are they who give us the means of perfection: but those who flatter us themselves deceive us, and turn our footsteps out of the way."

VII. Our Lord said to St. Gertrude (l. 3, c. 63), when she

was troubled by the persecutions of others : " Do not be grieved, for I delight to dwell with thee ; therefore, that thou mayest keep close to Me, I send thee uncongenial friends, so that finding faithfulness in no creature, thou shouldest fully turn to Me." He said further to her : " Take every word of those who defame thee as ornaments with which adorned, and coming to Me, I, most compassionate, moved by My pity, will graciously receive thee. And the more thy faultless conversation is reprov'd, the more My Heart with loving blessing inclines towards thee, because in this thou becomest most like to Me, Who in all My works have suffered contradiction."

And again (l. 4, c. 40), He told her that before all the earthly things which in His Humanity had served Him for bodily comforts (such as the vessels in which He was bathed in His Infancy), He had laid chiefest honour upon the crown of thorns, the spear, etc., so that His beloved ones should spend more love upon their enemies than upon their benefactors.

VIII. When serious troubles were raging against Balthasar Alvarez, he sought comfort only in prayer and in the Blessed Sacrament, in which, when his soul was once much troubled by contrary events, he received the following answers :—1. " God is faithful, Who will not suffer thee to be tempted above that thou art able to bear." 2. If there were no bitterness of this kind in religion, what would there remain for thee to bear for My sake ? " And then," he said, " it seemed to me, if I were such as I ought to be I should rather desire such draughts of gall, and even bitterer ones ; and that if difficulties and painfulness in life of this kind were wanting to the righteous, it would be the same as if thorns were wanting to the crown of Christ our Lord, or cusps of gold to a precious vesture." 3. " This do, take My Body and My Blood " (he was then celebrating), from which thou wilt receive strength to bear thy troubles. 4. Rest and console thyself in this, that this thy burden shall be borne by God, Who sees and knows ; Who, though He still will, cannot remove it, though He loves thee more than thou lovest thyself. And he was also wont to encourage himself, and to refresh his soul, speaking to himself, and saying, " Thou art in error if thou

thinkest to arrive in Heaven whole, and not full of bruises ; for of the Kingdom of Heaven are the maimed, the tempted, the afflicted, the despisers of this world, and those who have suffered these and other-like troubles and calamities. How then wilt thou dare to appear as such a craven amidst so many celebrated and renowned chiefs and captains." (Vit. c. 40.)

COROLLARY XII.—OF DESOLATIONS.

That thou oughtest, even in utmost desolation, to preserve perfect equanimity of mind ; since that solid consolation, which thou oughtest to seek, ever remains, of fulfilling the Divine Will.

NOTE,

I. There is first the example of Christ, sorrowful even unto death, taking up that prayer, "Father, if it be possible," etc.

II. There was that friend of Christ, who, after five years of desolation, refused the offer of the angel's consolation, saying, "That the consolation that God's Will should be done in him was for him sufficient and abundant consolation."

III. Another servant of God said : "For forty years now I serve the Lord; and exercise myself in prayer ; but I have never had any consolation or sweetness in it, yet whenever I devote myself to it thereafter do I feel within me increased strength for undergoing any labour of holiness ; but if I ever omit, then am I so dull and flat that not even wings avail to raise me from earth to do any good work."

IV. S. Katharine, of Sienna, spoke thus to herself in a time of desolation : "Thou vilest sinner, thou art worthy of no consolation. What then? Will it not satisfy thee if thou art not damned, even though through thy whole life thou must bear these crosses and this darkness? Certainly thou didst not elect to serve God in order that here thou mightest receive consolations from Him, but that thou mightest enjoy Him in Heaven to all eternity. Arise, therefore, and continue thy accustomed exercises ; keep faithful to thy Lord."

V. Avila said : "It is infinitely greater and more worthy to live always in adversities, crosses, desolations, dryness, and

temptations, if God so wills it, than to have any sweetness, consolation, or contemplation whatsoever, if they be not according to the Will of God."

VI. Tauler said, excellently well: "After a man, weaned from distractions, has ceased to be a child, and been amply invigorated by the nourishment of Divine sweetness, then God offers him substantial bread, as befits his manhood in the spiritual life; henceforth, it is convenient for him to feed upon solid food, nor any more to be nourished with milk. It is necessary that, having put away childish things, he should learn to do business and to obtain his living by his labour, and to bear the rough weather of this life. God, therefore, puts before him a vast, dark, and desolate path, and, leading him therein, takes from him all the gifts which He had ever bestowed upon him. Here is a man utterly left to himself, so that he may think that God no longer takes heed of him. All his labours, both what he does and what he leaves undone, is henceforth lifeless, so that his soul goes to sleep therein for very weariness. Hardly for a moment can he persevere in any holy thought, so restless is his mind; if he recalls the thought of God to help him, instantly he is, as it were, repelled and shaken off. He thinks he loses all his time, and, in those things which he does, although they be good, that he offends the Heavenly Spouse, for which also he fears that he will suffer heavy penalties after this life. In the beginning of his conversion, God, willing to draw him to Himself, as a bird-catcher allures a bird with bait thrown down, frequently is wont to visit him with His light, and to inflame him with the fire of His most sweet love, and to make him taste His sweetness, so drawing his will by the gifts of His grace that whatever Himself should will, he also should will. But now he must advance in another way; for now God shows severity, and deals hardly and bitterly with him. Wherefore, being left to himself, he feels most intense inward rebellion, and has very often to bear so great a strain that he is utterly without knowing whether he has ever stood well or ever shall so stand with God at all. He is restrained by such bitter grief, that the amplest fields of action seem to him too narrow. He does not feel God, he does not know God, and yet nothing

else yields him any pleasure or savour. He hangs, as it were, between two walls, within neither of which he can find rest. There is nothing to which he can turn—nothing which he can do, except this alone, to seek retreat, and to say, ‘Hail, most bitter bitterness, full of grace.’ Certainly if hell could possibly exist in this life, worse than hell would it be to him intensely to love God, and yet wholly to miss His Presence. Now, truly foul and bitter thoughts and vices, which before he believed he had already conquered, resume their power in him and fiercely attack him, and perchance more strongly than formerly, when he lived in subjection to those same vices. But mostly, the holier are the seasons and the greater the sacred offices, the more he is afflicted and overwhelmed by hindrances, so that he cannot even heartily say our Lord’s Prayer or Angelical salutation. Besides this, God permits that all his life and conversation should be mocked at by many as vain, so that he is esteemed vile and contemned even by those who are good, and who appear to excel in outward sanctity. Whoever thou art who dost experience this, do not decline to vain solaces, but be faithful to the Heavenly Spouse, play the man, bear thyself uprightly, for most certainly thy God is very near to thee. Only lean manfully upon the staff of a living faith, without doubt it shall be better with thee; all things shall turn out well. But what shall we say when a man, desolate and miserable after this sort, cannot be persuaded so long as he remains in this mournful state that this intolerable darkness from within can ever be changed into light; by all means, if he desires to enjoy true peace, let him be resigned to this desolation, distress, and poverty of spirit, and hold himself free and disentangled from all internal joys. Let him, therefore, bring himself down to the most gracious Will of God, ready to bear this calamity, so long as it shall seem good to Him. By and bye, he will have God present with him more truly and profitably in so great severity of spiritual winter than ever he found Him in all the summers of joyous consolation. Meanwhile, therefore, so long as he is tried by so great afflictions from the Lord, let him eat and drink enough to be able to bear them. Troubles of this kind are wont to arise sometimes from the indisposition of the natural man, sometimes from variation of

climate, sometimes from the operation of evil spirits, but whence-soever they arise, they are to be received from the hand of the Lord, by Whose permission they happen."

VII. Blossius says: "When thou shalt seem to thyself to be faint through great darkness and dryness, and art weighed down by heavy sorrows—if then, being conformed to the Divine Will, thou bear that misery and affliction with gentle tranquillity for God's sake, thou wilt be much more acceptable to God, than if thou wert irradiated with Divine light, and that all were inwardly flourishing. In straits and affliction men cannot so easily seek their own, as in the wealth of sensible sweetness, and consolation; for in this often nature mixes itself up, and the soul, if it be not careful, through unmeasured joy, quickly contracts a stain. In truth it is impossible for anyone to bear anything with a resigned heart for the glory of God, without tasting a certain flavour of the Divine nature. And although he does not feel anything, that is, does not taste it sensibly (God hiding Himself for a time), yet even that which he suffers he relishes well, because he recognizes that he is bearing it voluntarily for the eternal glory of God." The same Blossius in his *Farrago* says: "If at any time thou feelest a natural drowsiness and sadness, a heavy weight on thy spirits, and thyself altogether deprived of taste and appetite, and desire for spiritual things, miserable, helpless, desolate, and bereft of all spiritual consolation by God, and labouring under a certain weariness for all work, both external and internal, do not on this account be any ways disturbed in thy mind, but giving thyself over, and resigning thyself into the hands of the Lord, desire His Will to be done, and what is to His honour. Believe me, this black and thick cloud will be speedily dissipated, and the light and splendour of the brilliant Sun (which is our Lord Jesus Christ) will shine through and enlighten thee with greater grace and consolation than ever before; and thou wilt feel this—that thou art loved by God, and that thou art pleasing Him. If anyone were to desire greatly to feel Divine inward consolation and the presence of God more than other pious men, but that God were to deny this to him, and that he in these circumstances were to resign himself wholly, for the glory of God, to the Divine good-

pleasure, that very consolation would be much more truly granted to him than if he were to perceive it sensibly. In abnegation of self-will there is a hundred-fold more grace and reward than in sensible consolation, in which love itself is reserved."

VIII. Thomas à Kempis writes (l. 2, c. 9): "It is no hard matter to despise human comfort when we have Divine. It is much, and very much, to be able to want both human and Divine comfort; and, for God's honour, to be willing cheerfully to endure banishment of heart, and to seek himself in nothing, nor to regard his own merit."

IX. Father Balthasar Alvarez said (Vit. c. 50): "I have understood that God pours forth spiritual consolations sparingly because it is expedient for His honour, for the soul is so much the better prepared and disposed as it is more conformed to its Redeemer, Who in this life was full of calamities, and His soul fed with manifold desolations and sorrows. But solace ought to be like the refreshment and relief with which a traveller is recruited in the inn; not that he may remain there, but that with greater spirit and strength he may press onwards."

X. Rodriguez wrote thus: "That thou mayest clearly perceive the fruit and value of such prayer, and how pleasing it is to God, I ask thee thyself, what better and more acceptable prayer could any one make than one full of resignation to God, and the fruit of much toil, fatigue, and patience? Now, what else or what more do we seek in our prayer? When, therefore, God sends us dryness and temptation in it, why dost thou not in that thing conform thyself to God? Why dost thou not patiently accept this desolation of soul, by which thou canst perform greatest and most excellent acts of patience, and of the love of God? It is said, and it is true, that love consists in bearing bitter things for the sake of another, and the harder the trouble which is borne, so much the greater is the love. Now, therefore, the hardest labours of all God's servants are those spiritual crosses and mortifications, far more afflictive than those temporal, or even bodily ones, which come through sickness or mischance. Therefore to rise so high that the said crosses and troubles may be borne with equanimity, and even with joy also (if it so please God), for a

very long time, even for a whole life, and that alone for love of Him, is truly a most noble thing, and belonging to the greatest perfection ; and such a prayer is so eminently profitable that some doctors call such persons excellent martyrs. Lastly, I would only ask for what else dost thou look and labour in prayer but to obtain humility and knowledge of thyself? How often hast thou asked God that thou mightest know what thou art? Behold now thou hast obtained the same, for in this way God has opened thine eyes to know thyself. Some make prayer to consist in many tears and much feeling of grief for sin. But they err, for this is of God, not of themselves. But if thou liest here like a stone and a stick, that is just what thou art ; and unless God strike the rock, neither water nor honey will flow thence. In this, therefore, is the knowledge of thyself, the source of a thousand blessings, of which thou shalt have both hands full if thou art, as has been said, resigned to His Will ; and this ought to be the fruit and reward of thy prayer."

COROLLARY XIII.—OF PRAISE AND VAIN-GLORY.

That thou oughtest not to do anything on account of praise or vain-glory, since other and infinitely greater praise and glory is offered to thee by pleasing God.

NOTE,

I. St. Chrysostom said (Hom. 43, ad popul.) : " Let not any man be praised, for it will do him no good, and if he be reproached it will do him no harm. Yet in the sight of God there is on both sides some gain or loss ; but with men all is vanity, and in this we are like unto God, that He does not need favour from men, for He said, ' I receive not honour from men.' (St. John v. 41.) Is this then a small matter? When thou art unwilling to despise glory say, ' I shall become like God if I despise it, and straightway thou wilt despise it.' "

II. St. Clara said of herself (Vit. p. 2, cap. 27) : " That if she should be honoured by the whole world it would make no difference in her, nor would she receive hurt ; neither if she were held in contempt by men would she be troubled on account of it."

III. Thomas à Kempis saith (l. 2, c. 6) : " He that seeketh

temporal glory, or despiseth it not from his soul, sheweth himself to have little love of heavenly glory. Thou art not the more holy if thou be praised, nor the more worthless for being dispraised. What thou art that thou art, nor canst thou be made greater than what thou art in the sight of God. If thou consider what thou art in thyself thou wilt not care what men say of thee." And again (l. 3, c. 14): "How can he be lifted up with vain words whose heart is truly subject to God? Not all the world will make him proud whom the truth has subjected unto itself, neither shall he who hath firmly settled his whole hope in God be moved by the tongues of all his flatterers." Read also the whole of chapters ix. and xl., book 3. And say with the same Thomas: "Let the Jews seek the glory which comes from one another, I will seek that which cometh from God alone." Indeed all human glory, all temporal honour, all worldly height, compared to Thine eternal glory, is vanity and folly.

IV. The nature of the Divine good pleasure as the end of life is this, that it is man's highest reward (for the Saints prefer it to their own glory), that it is immediate (for it is conferred at the very moment in which the work is done), and that it cannot be taken away, for it is impossible that what has once pleased God should not please Him for all eternity.

V. St. Thomas Aquinas, being asked of God what reward he desired, replied, "Nothing but Thee, Lord."

VI. St. Ignatius for many years not having suffered even the least temptation to vain-glory, said that he feared nothing so little.

COROLLARY XIV.—OF TEMPTATIONS.

That thou oughtest not to be disturbed, if God permit thee to be vexed by various temptations, since the most holy Will of God orders these very things for thy good; nor will it suffer thee to be tempted above that which thou art able to bear; and, moreover, He will cover thee with the shield of His loving-kindness.

NOTE,

I. God speaks thus (Deut. xiii. 1-3): "If there arise among you a prophet (the evil one) . . . saying, Let us go after other

gods (creatures) . . . and let us serve them ; thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet, or that dreamer of dreams, for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul."

II. So St. James saith : " My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations ; knowing this, that the trial of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work." (St. James i. 2-4.)

III. The Abbess Sara, tempted for thirteen years by the spirit of fornication, never prayed that the struggle might depart from her, but only said : " Give me strength, O God."

IV. Our Lord said to St. Brigitta, who was troubled by useless imaginations and temptations : " This is, indeed just, that since formerly thou didst delight in worldly vanities against My Will, so now manifold and perverse thoughts should trouble thee, against thy will. Nevertheless, fear my judgment with moderation and discretion, ever firmly trusting in Me, thy God. For thou oughtest to know most surely that evil thoughts which the mind resists, and which it detests, are the purgation and crown of the soul.

Thomas à Kempis says (l. 1, c. 13) : " Temptations are often very profitable to us, though they be troublesome and grievous ; for in them a man is humbled, purified, and instructed."

COROLLARY XV.—OF PROGRESS IN VIRTUE.

That thou oughtest not to be saddened, if thou dost not advance in the study of perfection, as much as thou desirest, since thy highest progress is to will what God wills, and it ought to suffice thee, to attain that measure of progress and supernatural grace, which God has appointed for thee.

NOTE,

I. Blossius says : " Although it be delightful, when we pray for virtues and graces, to obtain from God that which we ask, yet it is far more delightful and more useful, to resign oneself wholly to the good pleasure of God. For above all that we can either do or say, God requires this chiefly from us, that in our inmost heart we should say, ' Lord, let Thy most gracious Will be done.'"

II. St. Bonaventura says : " That many men without the possession of virtues serve God more by desiring them, than if they had them, because in this way they walk in humility, ever striving to go from strength to strength, and through this very thing they more frequently have recourse to God ; whereas if they had the virtues they would perchance be puffed up, thinking that they already had all that they needed, and would not have regard to further progress."

III. Rodriguez says : " That even as thou oughtest to acquiesce wholly in the supreme Will of God, howsoever He may deal with thee in prayer, so thou oughtest to rest in the same, howsoever He may deal with thee in all His other virtues, gifts, and spiritual privileges. The desire for all virtues is a most excellent and holy thing ; most excellent is it to sigh, and strain hard to attain them. But nevertheless we ought so to desire always to advance in them, that yet, if we do not attain to them, we may satisfy the Will of God, and conform ourselves thereto. If God deny thee purity, and angelic chastity, but wills thee to be tried by manifold and serious carnal temptations, bear them, and do not break thy heart at the want of great purity. Indeed the more will patience then become thee. If God wills not to give thee the humility of St. Francis, nor the meekness of Moses, or of holy David, nor the patience of Job, be so much the more confounded and humbled, and seek thence occasion the more to do violence to thine own pleasure. But do not complain much, or vex thyself with foolish anxieties on that account ; otherwise thou wilt never enjoy true and solid peace."

COROLLARY XVI.—OF SICKNESS.

Thou oughtest also in sickness to be tranquil and resigned, since this also, as well as health, proceeds from the Divine Will, and is so ordered by God to thy especial profit, that serious infirmity at length makes the soul not only sober, but also holy and rich in grace.

NOTE,

I. St. Clara, having been tried for twenty eight years by most grievous sickness, said to Reginald, her confessor : " I knew the

grace of our Lord Jesus Christ through His servant Francis ; no infirmity appeared dreadful to me, no pain troublesome, no penance burdensome."

II. There was that old man who said to his sick pupil : " Be not sad, my son, on account of this infirmity, but rather give God great thanks for it ; for if thou art iron, by this fire the rust and scoria is taken from thee ; if gold, thou art purified by the same, and made more pure, since it is a high virtue and special exercise of piety to render thanks to God in weakness."

III. Blossius writes (In Farrag.): " If the Will of God be sweet to thee when it wills thee to be in health and to live, but is bitter-when it wills thee to be infirm or to die, thou art not yet fully resigned, thy heart is not yet entirely right ; if thou wishest that thy heart be not crooked, submit it in all things to the Divine Will, which is ever straight. Wish for one thing—that His Will be ever done, and that the same Will be thy supreme consolation."

IV. Cassian wrote (cap. 7, de instit.): " The infirmity of the body is no impediment to purity of heart, which it rather wonderfully helps, if anyone know how to accept it as he ought ; be careful, therefore, that sickness of body pass not to the soul, which will be if thou take occasion therefrom to do thine own will or to be impatient."

V. Balthasar Alvarez said (beside the passage already quoted, Corollary VII., IV.): " When God wills that a spiritual man should be sick, he can then do nothing which can better please His Divine Majesty than to bear well what He sends and because He sends it."

COROLLARY XVII.—OF THE TIME AND KIND OF OUR DEATH.

Thou oughtest not to be anxious as to the hour or kind of thy death, for that hour and time ought to be the best to thee which the most wise Will of God has ordained for thee, since He alone knows when it is expedient for thee, on all accounts, to depart out of this life.

NOTE,

I. Blossius says (In Spec. c. 9): " Although thou hast not

previously begun to amend thy life, and that now thou must die, notwithstanding be resigned, and do not desire to know or to enquire whether after death God will send thee to purgatory, or receive thee speedily into Heaven; let the sweetness of His mercy so please thee that yet the beauty of His justice may not displease thee. These are the words of one truly resigned: 'O Lord, my God, if it shall turn to Thy praise that after my death I should suffer for fifty years in purgatorial fires, I would instantly cast myself beneath Thy feet, and would accept those penalties with a most ready mind, for Thine honour.'"

II. St. Cyprian writes (In Laud. Mort.): "We ought to remember that we ought to do not our own will but the Will of God, according as our Lord commanded us to pray daily. How preposterous, and how perverse is it, that when we ask that the Will of God may be done, we should not instantly obey the command of His Will when He calls and summons us from this world? Why do we pray and entreat that the Kingdom of Heaven may come if our earthly captivity delights us? Why do we ask and demand, with frequently renewed prayers, that He may hasten the day of His reigning if our desires and aims are rather to serve the devil here than to reign with Christ."

III. St. Ambrose (De Bona Morte) says: "Christ is our King, and, therefore, what our King commands we cannot leave undone and despised. How many men does not an earthly general order to occupy foreign stations either for honour or for gain? Would they abandon these without his consent? And how much more is it to obey Divine than human decrees? To a Saint, therefore, to live is Christ, and to die gain."

IV. St. Bernard writes (Ep. 105): "Though I would not have thee flee from death, certainly I would not have thee fear it. For the righteous man, although he does not avoid death, nevertheless does not fear it; finally, if a man shall have been pre-occupied with death, he will be in rest."

COROLLARY XVIII.—OF PERSONAL CALAMITIES.

That thou oughtest not to pray for deliverance from any calamity of thine own, without adding the clause, "Not my will, but Thine be

done." Indeed thou wilt act more absolutely perfectly if thou do not desire or try to be freed from the cross, but choose to persevere in it with Christ even to thy death.

NOTE,

I. Our Lord would not come down from the Cross, although the Jews said (St. Matt. xxvii. 40): "If Thou be the Son of God come down from the Cross."

II. St. Andrew prayed to God that He would not suffer him to be taken down from his cross.

III. Tauler says (Surius in vit.): "He is happy, who, being afflicted by troubles and difficulties, does not at all enquire how he may avoid them, but bears them to the end, and even to the very last extremity not wishing to come down from his cross, unless God loose him and take him down. He is plainly happy who so casts himself into the abyss of the Divine good-pleasure, and so resigns himself to the terrible and hidden judgment of God, that he is ready to continue in these pains and straits not only for a week or a month, but even to the last day of Judgment, or even eternally, not refusing to accept infernal torments if God so will it. Such resignation truly surpasses all other resignation; to give up a thousand worlds, compared to this resignation, is nothing. Even this, that the holy martyrs laid down their lives for God, is little compared with such resignation. For they, abounding in Divine consolation, mocked at all sufferings, and joyfully accepted death; but to be without God inwardly, immeasurably, exceeds all pains."

IV. There was that virgin (Blosius, in monil. c. 10) who, being asked by what exercises she had attained to perfection, replied: "I have never been so overwhelmed by sorrows and straits but that I could long to bear still greater for the love of God, judging myself unworthy of those very excellent gifts of God."

V. Another virgin (Idem, Ibid), mentioned by the same author, suffering, by God's permission, unspeakable distress, seemed to herself to feel infernal tortures; and when she had for a long time been thus afflicted, at length, turning to God with her whole heart, she said: "Most sweet Lord, I beseech Thee to

remember and mercifully to consider that I am Thy poor creature, but Thou my Lord and my Creator. Behold I offer myself to Thy most just judgment, and resign myself wholly to Thy most gracious Will, and am ready to bear this infernal torture as long as it shall please Thee. Use me as thou wilt, in time and in eternity." Soon after this act of resignation, our Lord united that virgin to Himself, and happily plunged her into the loving abyss of His own Divine Being.

VI. The Emperor Ferdinand II. used this daily prayer : "Lord, if it be to Thy praise and glory and my own salvation that I should be greater than I am, exalt me, and I will glorify Thee ; if it be to Thy praise and honour that I should remain as I am, keep me thus, and I will glorify Thee ; if it be to Thy praise and glory that I should be in a lower station than I am, bring me down, and I will glorify Thee."

VII. St. Lydwina many times said these same words : "O Lord, this shall be most acceptable to me, even that in afflicting me Thou sparest not, since the fulfilment of Thy Will is my highest consolation."

VIII. Balthasar Alvarez was wont to say that on occasions of this kind we ought to consider all the saints who are in Heaven one by one—regard, and learn from that one how he overcame his difficulty, and out of it made progress ; yea, even Christ Himself, that we may not rightly be blamed for making light of His Word and example.

"Think," he says, "what a Superior would feel, if, when he came first to the common occupations of the community, it did not suffice to make others come punctually, and at the first call ; or, when he were cleaning the house, others did not imitate him ; or, when he rose for prayer, others remained, through indolence, in bed. If, therefore, it is hard for a man, who is but dust, to lack the hoped-for fruit of his words and his example, what must our Lord feel if His Word is not obeyed, and His example forgotten ?" He also wrote to a certain person : that God greatly longed to see in us the image of His Son livingly set forth, so that if He desires to see us contrite and bowed down with grief, His care and thought for us is only that that image may be

perfected in all. Since His Son (in Whom He is indeed well pleased), was clothed with those attributes which faith teaches us and sets forth to us, it could not please Him that we should not strive to be clothed with the same ; or that when He Himself has clothed us with them, we should not bow the knee, and render Him thanks with every mark of love and reverence.

COROLLARY XIX.—OF THE POSSESSION OF ETERNAL GLORY.

That neither of the good gifts of glory oughtest thou to desire, or to wish to possess more than shall please God, but to be most perfectly content with that measure which His supreme wisdom and eternal goodness shall have determined to give thee.

NOTE,

I. Our Lord teaches us to pray, “Thy Will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven ;” which comes to pass when we esteem the Divine good pleasure of more value than every interest of our own, yea, the very possession of Heaven and earth.

II. The blessed in Heaven rejoice more in the fulfilment of the Divine Will, than in the greatness of their glory.

III. St. Ignatius preferred rather to set forward the glory of God through noble deeds, and to remain doubtful of salvation, than, omitting such deeds, immediately to pass to Heaven.

IV. St. Martin said : “If I am still necessary to Thy people, I do not refuse work.”

V. Rodriguez said : “This is most excellent in a man, if he prefer rather to die at once, conforming himself to the Divine Will, and to have less glory, than to die after twenty years and to have more ; and on the other hand, although I may be certain of being received into eternal glory, if I were to die now, yet that notwithstanding I be content to remain in this exile, overwhelmed and oppressed by endless troubles and labours, if it so please God. And indeed, what King or Prince would not count himself obliged to protect and defend any servant of his, on whom he had conferred a most gracious favour, even though he should withhold it until he had performed some heroic action—who, I say, would not defend such an one when in danger of losing the said favour, out

of honour and homage to his Prince and Lord alone? If, therefore, men do this who are otherwise ungrateful, and often little mindful of the deserts of their dependents, what may then well be hoped from that King Who is eternal, Who with His grace prevents, accompanies, and follows us? What danger, I ask, need we ever fear? For what reason could He abandon us, who so often have rejected and deferred our own happiness and the enjoyment of that bliss which is His honour and glory alone?"

CONCLUSION.

That man lives blessedly and perfectly who for ever enjoys the supreme good which cannot be taken away from him. Or, as St. Augustine says (*de Trin.*, l. 1, c. 3): "He who hath whatsoever he willeth, and willeth nothing amiss,—this he hath who perfectly conforms himself to the Will of God, or who always doeth and suffereth what God willeth, as He willeth, and because He willeth it; therefore for ever he liveth happily and perfectly.

A METHOD OF CONFORMING OUR WILL WITH THE DIVINE WILL, BY THE R. P. ALPHONSO GIANNOTTI, S.J.

If our God be intimately present to all His creatures, and hath granted to them all the gifts of being, of power, and a field of labour, and hath done this for the highest end of His own greater glory, and of thy profit (especially if thou shouldest draw to thyself His love), it follows that all things whatsoever which befall thee or other men, in body or soul, be they for weal or for woe, are to be accepted at the hand of thy present God, with great thanksgiving, and with as much conformity of thy will to His as if thou shouldest hear Him speaking thus to thee with His own mouth: "O My beloved child, I am thy Father, Who, by My infinite wisdom, know most perfectly what is best for thee, and for other men; and because with My infinite love I pursue thee, I will that this or that shall befall thee and other My servants; what hath hitherto befallen thee or others I have willed or permitted; do thou, therefore, bethink thyself of what it most becomes thee to believe—that all these things are good, yea, the highest good; and rejoice in My good pleasure and My holy Will, and let not

thy words break forth but in those sweet accents of Job : 'As the Lord pleased it hath been done : blessed be the name of the Lord. Not as I will but as Thou wilt. Thy Will be done.' "

COLLOQUY.

O Lord, Thou art of so great goodness that Thou wilt to bring me to Heaven by a certain continual peaceful repose and joyfulness of heart, and, if I may so say, through a certain Paradise of grace, and of gifts ever flowing from the sweetest union of the soul with Thy Divine Will. Thou desirest to draw me into the Paradise of Thy glory, and I am so foolish that I had rather lose true inner peace with great waste of grace, not regarding Thy blessed hand, which wounds or heals, which gives or takes away, than, reverently submitting myself to it, and kissing it with cheerfulness of spirit, give myself wholly up to that love which it bestows upon me. So it is, Lord, Thou from all eternity, foreseeing all things possible and future, hast in Thy wisdom not only decreed for Thy creatures their determined end (specially for those endowed with reason, as being capable of Thy love, and of the enjoyment of Thy Divine Majesty), but hast ordained also the proportionate means whereby they shall attain it, though haply far removed from the short-sight of our understanding. In this created world Thou art the beginning of every being, and of every operation of Thy creatures Thou bringest to pass Thy eternal decrees not only by working out immediately that which all Thy creatures work in themselves and towards others (sin only excepted, which being essentially evil is impossible in the highest and essential good), but by Thy wonderful and inscrutable wisdom Thou directest all things by divers ways and means to their end, which is always Thy greater glory and our good (if on our part we fail not), because that end is so befitting Thine infinite power, wisdom, and goodness.

But alas ! miserable that I am, all Thy provision so dissatisfies me, because what Thou doest does not always square with the rules and requirements of my blind ignorance, and worldliness, and self-love ; in one word, does not favour my sensual interests. If a fever attacks me, or pain afflicts me, or any temporal good or

distinction that I have hoped for come not, or no sooner comes, is taken away—if even a little sharp word reaches my ear, then am I doubly distressed in mind and body ; and no wonder, for like a dog wounded by a stone thrown at him, I turn upon the stone, and regard not the hand which worketh all things for me, even Thine, O my God, Who art my ever-present and ever-loving Father—Who, by the same fire of burning love wherewith Thou chastenest us Thy children, preparest also that food and nourishment wherewith abundantly Thou refreshest us.

Let us begin a new compact, O God, my Love ; do Thou pardon me (as I hope) the numberless errors which I have committed at such cost of mental sorrow and loss of grace when I have failed to acknowledge in a practical experience that all things, good and bad, have befallen me and others of Thy loving and Fatherly Providence, which cannot err ; I on my part firmly purpose, by Thy grace, for the future, to accept whatever shall happen, how hard soever and how contrary soever to my own desire, as the gift of Thy loving Hand, thoroughly knowing that no mother when she weans her child, nor surgeon when he cuts off corruption from a wounded limb, can ever cease to love.

I will, O my God, that my will should be Thy Will, that whatever Thou willest I may will, that by transforming my will into Thine it may become impossible to me to will otherwise than as Thou willest, be the sky bright or cloudy, be the air still or stormy, be the earth barren or fruitful, be the harvest scanty or abundant, be the sea calm or tempestuous, be the nations at peace or at war—in a word, let good or evil be happening to me or to others, I will that all shall satisfy me, since all shall have been done, or permitted, or granted by Thy Divine Hand, directed by Thine Infinite Wisdom, which hath first weighed from all eternity the things which Thou shouldest do and the gifts which Thou shouldest ordain.

Whether Thou willest me to be sick or well, I am content ; to be rich or poor, I accept either ; to be weighed down and afflicted with sorrows, let the sorrows and afflictions be blest ; if Thou willest me even to die, yea, this also I will, and that alone because Thou willest it ; if Thou shalt refresh me with comforts, it will be

to me the highest consolation that I receive the comforts from Thee ; if Thou shalt grant me life it is Thy good pleasure in that gift which I will love ; and if, when I am dead, Thou shalt receive me into Heaven, let the height of my glory there consist in this, that Thou hast willed it that so it hath pleased Thee.

O my God, the highest, yea, the one true measure of every rightly-directed will, grant me grace that, together with all Thy creatures, I may cast myself wholly into Thy more than mother's Bosom, Thy loving Providence, that I may will that only which Thou willest, and because Thou willest it ; that, as every sorrow of mine is none other than some departure or separation from Thy supreme Will, so every blessing of mine in the future, and every compensation for past loss, may henceforth consist in the most intimate union with Thy Divine Will.

Especially now I accept this trouble [*M.* or *N.*], wherewith Thou visitest me, to punish my sins, to try my patience, my humility, my conformity to Thy Divine good pleasure, humbly beseeching Thee to help me, either by removing the cause on my part of this evil, that is, my sins, or by gathering in from it those fruits of grace which Thou wouldest have me to bear.

A DAILY EXERCISE.

In everything which may happen to thyself or others, seeing, hearing, or reading, acquire the habit of saying at once, as if thou wert conscious of the presence of God, ordering this or that : O Lord, Thy Will be done. Or with Job : Let it be as the Lord willeth, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the Name of the Lord. Or with Eli : It is the Lord ; let Him do what seemeth Him good.

Or : Blessed therefore be God, Who hath willed this ; praised be the Lord, without Whom this had not come to pass, etc.

Say it also when any misfortune happens at home ; when any of those thou lovest is taken with sickness or death ; when any business, or suit, or work, or effort, does not meet with the success thou hadst hoped for ; when, after the application of all due diligence, thy prayers and other spiritual exercises do not seem to prosper ; when thou perceivest that neither thine own progress

in spiritual things, nor that of others whose improvement thou desirest is what thou hast longed for.

In these and other similar cases, with much calmness of mind, conform thyself to the Will of the Lord thy God, on Whom all events immediately depend, prosperous or adverse, for body and for soul, sin only excepted, according to His own inscrutable, but most wonderful and just judgments.

John Mason Neale.

A MEMOIR—(*Continued.*)

1840—1842.

ONE day, in the course of Dr. Neale's last illness, when speaking with a friend about former times, he remarked that it really had been very audacious on the part of a few young men at Cambridge to undertake the entire reform of Church Architecture, and to assume for their motto, "*Donec templa refeceris.*" But, he added, the temples *had* been rebuilt.

They had indeed, by that time, and by means of those young men's efforts. Let us now try to see a little more clearly what they did, and how they did it.

It is being repeated on all sides, and with regard to a great variety of subjects, that the last fifty years have seen more and greater changes than ever before occurred within so short a space; and therefore it is almost impossible for the present generation to realize the general state of things in 1839, at which date, as we have seen, the Cambridge Camden Society came into existence.

In Church matters, more particularly, knowledge and practice have gone hand in hand, and have produced an amazing transformation both outward and inward. Great was the faith, and wonderful the enthusiasm, of those men who could see and love the beauty of holiness concealed beneath cold squalor; who believed that their Mother Church was not dead, but sleeping;

who cried aloud to her, "Awake, awake ; shake thyself from the dust ; put on thy strength, O Sion."

The Cambridge Camden Society set to work in a very practical manner. First, they studied, to find out what was right ; and when they had found that out, they set themselves to teach it.

Years before the Society was formed, and while Mason Neale was yet a lad, he had delighted in making what he called Church Tours. He brought the habit with him to the University, as extracts from his journal have already shewn. Many and many were his expeditions, walking, riding, or driving, alone or in company, to visit and study all Churches within reach. The Cambridge Camden adopted the practice, and regarded as a most important point in their system the filling up of "Church Schemes," or forms for the classified descriptions of Churches. Sixteen successive editions have been published, gradually increasing in size and in voluminous detail.* Besides practical study of Church Architecture, much research was also made into its history, as we shall see a little later.

The first publication issued by the Society was written by Mr. Neale. It was called "A Few Words to Churchwardens on Churches and Church Ornaments : " No. 1, for use in the country ; (No. 2, for use in towns, written by Mr. Webb, followed some weeks afterwards). A very large edition was sold off in six weeks, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge asked and received leave to place it among their own publications. It has passed through many editions, but without the author's name. Some extracts will give an idea of the then state of our Churches, and of the spirit in which the new reformers set to work.

"You may be sure that nothing I say will interfere with [the Arch-deacon's] authority, or that of the Rural Dean. I take for granted your Clergyman will put you on your guard against doing anything without their consent, which in any but the commonest matters is altogether necessary." . . .

"So that if it should happen—as happen it may, for what in this world is perfect ?—that in anything here said I differ from the Ordinary or the Clergyman, you will at once make up your minds that they are right, and I am wrong. For I do not pretend to speak, as they do, with authority,

* Still in print, and published by Masters.

being but a wayfaring man that goes about visiting Churches for the love of Him Who is worshipped in them ; nor to pass for an oracle just because nobody knows who I am." . . .

"Many people who have not troubled themselves about the subject seem to believe that, so long as a Church is in such repair as will keep it from tumbling down, so long as its windows give light enough, and the doors turn on their hinges, it matters not how much the building has been spoilt, how much of its beauty it has lost, how damp and unhealthy it has become. But, do you think it befitting the Majesty of Him Whose house this is, that things should be done in it which the poorest peasant would not do in his cottage? Do you think—that it is, I will not say right, but even decent,—that the Church windows should be blocked up with brick or boarded over with wood, the roof patched and plastered till it can hardly be called the same, and the floor made up of bricks and stones and tiles, and these the cheapest of their kind?" . . .

"The great cause of almost all the ruin and unhealthiness that are found in our Parish Churches may be told in one word, DAMP. And, as matters commonly stand, how can it be otherwise? In the first place, there is a mass of soil in the churchyard mostly heaped up to some height against the walls; the mound, so raised, becomes higher every week by sweepings from the Church, pieces of old matting, and all the odds and ends that the sexton carries out on the Monday morning; and on this pile, damp and decaying of itself, the eaves of the roof are every now and then discharging fresh water, and the sun can shine but little upon it. Our forefathers mostly made their foundations strong; but it is not in stone and cement to stand for ever against wet, and above all wet earth. It follows, of course, that the outside walls crumble away by degrees, and in the inside long tracks of green slime shew themselves one after another. If they make any one's seat uncomfortable, and it is agreed to get rid of them, there are two ways used for this purpose. The one is to board over the piece of wall so diseased; and thus the wall, being now shut out from the drying of the air, rots all the quicker. The other is to whitewash the place; and when the mould comes again, to whitewash it again, and so on, unless, sometimes by way of change, lamp-black is used instead. But you may try these plans for ever without getting rid of the enemy you want to destroy. Your plan must be rather more troublesome, but it will be both sure and speedy. You must begin by clearing away all the earth from the walls of the Church." . . .

"There is no one but knows that every old Church is built East and West, and has at least two parts, which are mostly divided from each other by an arch; the part to the East being called the Chancel, from a Latin word *Cancelli*, which means *rail*, because it always used to be railed off, as it sometimes is now; and the part to the West, the Nave, in French

Nef, though some have thought the name comes from a Latin word meaning *a ship*, to teach us that the Church of God may be likened to a vessel tossed up and down upon the waves of this troublesome world. Very often the Nave is divided by two rows of pillars from the Aisles, or *wings*; and, in Churches built like a Cross, the cross arms that go off to the North and South are called the Transepts. The Chancel, as I have said, used to be parted from the Nave by rails, or a *screen*, as it is called; the old name was the *Rood-screen*, that is, *Cross-screen*, because a Cross with certain figures used to stand over it. You will often find a little round staircase left in one of the pillars of the Chancel arch, (that is, the arch between the Chancel and the Nave) which led up to this Cross. You will also commonly see on your right hand, as you stand facing the Altar, a recess in the wall, with a hole leading to a water drain; this was used to pour away the water in which the Clergyman rinsed the sacred vessels, which he always did after Holy Communion. By the side of this it is not unlikely that there may be three seats in the wall, one higher than another; it was here that the Priest and Deacons used to sit. All these things you will sometimes find in like manner near the east end of the South Aisle. The reason I speak of them is because in many Churches they have been boarded over, either to hide the damp, as I said before, or from a fancy that it made the Church warmer. But this is altogether a mistake; and the things so hidden are at any rate great ornaments, and so is the Rood-screen, which is often taken away out of a notion that it hinders the Clergyman from being heard when reading the Communion Service." . . .

"It ought to be known that pews were brought into general use by those who endeavoured to overthrow, and for a time did overthrow, our Church and State, and murdered their anointed sovereign, King Charles the First. But these are not the men we should like to follow. But there is something more to be said against these wooden boxes. In ancient times it was the custom for all to turn in prayer towards the East; because, as the sun rises in the East, that part of the sky seemed to remind them of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness. But now in our huge square pews people, if they kneel at all, often kneel face to face, whether they look into their own or their neighbour's pew, as if they were worshipping each other rather than God. Open benches with backs to them are what befit a Church best; and every bench should have a place to kneel on, and perhaps a ledge for the books. There is scarcely any country Church but has some of these, and others should be made after them. Pews have well been called eye-sores and heart-sores; but I hardly think you will be able to get rid of them all at once." . . . (No. I.)

"It is no slight band which ties you to your Parish Church; it is no far-off call which is rousing you to do your duty. Your oaths, your honour, your manliness, must force you, one would think, to fill the office

which you have taken as a good man should; a happy office, surely, to watch that Church round which all your hopes are or ought to be centred; and a high office, (it cannot be said too often) to care for the Holy House where God Himself deigns to dwell." . . .

"Join then for your Church's sake the zealous band who are now on all sides working, each in his way, for God's glory. I cannot promise you fame, but you will not desire that. I can promise you the love of all who are working in the same good cause; and, what is more, a lasting record of your labours by Him in Whose name and for Whose sake you labour." (No. 2.)

The "Few Words to Churchwardens" were succeeded by a "Few Words to Church Builders," and other practical pamphlets by the same hand. The Society was at the same time publishing "Illustrations of Monumental Brasses," "Hints on Practical Study of Ecclesiastical Antiquities," and its officers, of whom Mr. Neale was one of the principal, being Chairman of Committees, had their hands more than filled with the correspondence and other business arising from the great interest awakened by these publications. Applications for advice and assistance poured in upon them from all sides, and the secretaries of the Cambridge Camden found themselves in a very important and responsible position. How thoroughly Mr. Neale gave himself up to the labours thus incurred, was shewn by the letters and extracts from his journals in the last chapter.

All this time, and for long years after, the Ornaments Rubric lay undisturbed and practically unnoticed, though sedulous attention and obedience were given to the neighbouring rubrics, directing daily matins and evensong. "Never, perhaps," so it was said, "did the Anglican Church attain to a higher pitch of internal purity and holiness, as it assuredly never enjoyed more external dignity and power, than in the first twelve years of the reign of King Charles the Martyr." Therefore, not only were the doctrinal writings of the Caroline divines diligently studied, but their visitation articles were carefully sought out for instruction and imitation. Perhaps this was the best thing that could then be done. The ignorant clamour of those who saw Popery and Antichrist in every attempt to restore outward decency and inward orthodoxy, would have been increased a hundred-fold, had the

Six Points been so much as named at this time. As it was, they seem hardly to have been thought of at all.* This stopping half-way on the road back to Reformation times, bore bad fruit however, in some respects, and contributed to the narrow Anglicanism which is so great a contrast to true Catholicism, and with which some of the leaders of this movement were afterwards contented; while those who went from strength to strength, and, with clear, true insight comparing (if we may say so) spiritual things with spiritual, claimed further restorations and privileges as the real prerogative of the English Church, were branded as unsafe men, disloyal to that Mother for whom they were thanklessly spending brain and heart and hand. Of these latter was John Mason Neale.

However, in 1841, we find him, together with three other members of the Cambridge Camden, publishing "Articles of Inquiry put forth at the Primary Visitation of the Right Reverend Father in God, Dr. Richard Montague, sometime Bishop of Norwich, and Confessor." †

"It was thought," the editors say, "that" the reprint "would be useful, not only as shewing, in a variety of minute particulars, what was the actual state of the Anglican Church at a very interesting period of her history, but what opinions were held by the wisest and best of her Bishops on many points, respecting which information would with difficulty be found in other quarters."

The "Articles" were prefaced by a Memoir of Bishop Montague, wholly written by Mr. Neale, and the work was dedicated to Archdeacon Thorp. ‡ The book has long been out of print, and is very scarce; we hope to reprint the Memoir and some extracts from the Articles in a future number of this magazine.

* And, although, as we all know, the appointments of Archbishop Laud's private chapel were very elaborate, and were eyed with great suspicion and disfavour by the Puritan faction, there is no hint in these Visitation Articles, (to judge by Bp. Montague's) of any but the simplest arrangements consistent with decency.

† This, also, with notes, was published anonymously; by Stevens, of Cambridge.

‡ Archdeacon Thorp accepted the dedication after some demur. He seems to have been afraid of getting too far implicated by his enthusiastic young friends. Of the notes appended to the book, "he said to B. W., 'I don't like them, Mr. Webb, but I love them.'"

To return to more personal matters. There never seems to have been any doubt that Mason Neale was called to exercise the ministry of the Priesthood. His tutor, the Ven. Thomas Thorp, was evidently desirous to retain him at Cambridge. While staying with his mother and sisters at Brighton, he writes :

October 3rd, 1840. A letter in the evening from Thorp announced to me what may perchance make an entire change in my plans for this year. It appears that he has been exerting himself to get for me the place of Assistant Tutor and Chaplain to Downing ; the former, immediately ; the latter, which gives a title, as soon as I can take it. I wrote by morning post to say that it is a thing which I should like much. So, though I had been counting on a happy winter here, as indeed I never have on the whole, been so happy at home as I have this time ; it appears that very possibly it may be ordered otherwise. To be at Cambridge in some fixed and not dishonourable capacity will be very delightful ; it will give me great opportunities for my poets, and will be no little advantage to the C.C.S.

October 5th. Just as we sat down to dinner I received the offer of the appointment to Downing. I rather thought that I should not have it, but am certainly pleased with it ; *pro Ecclesia Dei* ! I hope.

October 15th. Berkeley Addison called on me. He gave me many particulars of the state of things at Brighton—of his difficulties and prospects. In talking of St. Peter's, he seemed to have no very definite idea of the necessity and design of a Chancel, at which I marvel. But is there not a symbolism in this universal neglect of what once was, and will again, I trust, be a principal part of a Church ? We hear much, whether rightly or wrongly, of the Church Militant ; but of the Church Triumphant, as a Church, we talk, hear, and think little. And how else could this idea be expressed symbolically, but by the above neglect ?

B. A. gave me a sermon he has just printed—"Christ all and in all"—of which Dr. Pusey said that he had weighed it critically and agreed to every syllable, but would not put his name in recommendation, from his dislike to be looked on as the chief of a party.

November 9th. (At Downing.) Began what it has long been my wish to learn—Anglo-Saxon. Read two hours and a half. It is strange that with only four or five letters different from the present English, the difficulty of reading it should be so great. At least I find it so.

November 22nd. Received the Holy Eucharist with the College at St. Benedict's, there being no Altar in our own Chapel.

January 6th, 1841. *The Feast of the Epiphany.* Did not go up last night till three o'clock. Very occupied in translating the first Eclogue of Mantuan, which I finished to my liking, though much abridging it.*

April 2nd. (At Brighton.) Started by the Portsmouth Defiance at eleven. Got down at the turning off to Derrington—the Church is in ruins. Pursued the Arundel road for some little way—then steered off to the right, over a kind of common, perfumed with the sweet, warm smell of the golden furze. Here and there a birch tree was rustling its dead, brown leaves, and bearing no part as yet in the advent of Spring. A narrow valley separates the Churches of Patching and Clapham. Bent my way to the former. It has lost some of its interest by reparation, though done in good taste so far as respects architectural detail; as to Catholic arrangement, that is sadly violated. Thence through a very pretty wood, running up a high bank—the trees being mostly young, and the ground starred over with primroses, violets, and the “Star of Bethlehem”—to Clapham Church. Had to get the keys at the Parsonage, a pretty little place; as I stood in the porch, one might—from the warmth and the fragrance—have taken it for July. The Rector not being at home, had some difficulty; at last a sister of the servant went up to see that I did no harm. Took the brass of John Shelley, Esq.; a very interesting one it is. A long time here, then through the wood, down a steep hill, and gradually wound up it by a long road formed in the interior sweep, and then down a steep hill, a deep chalk cut, into Finden. Ordered some eggs and bacon, went to the Church, which has some curious points. Before Clapham Church stands one of those delightful old farmhouses which open on to a piece of turf

* Afterwards published in *The Christian Remembrancer*, 1849.

at once. After dinner, mounted Cisbury Hill. There is something grand in being alone, as it were, with Nature at such a time, in such a scene. There is a Roman camp on the top : the vallum and gates are distinctly marked. It was a fine sunset ; parallel with the horizon were some long mare's tails of a rich brown hue—these were crossed by others of a redder brown, and to the North were some stationary clouds of a tint between gold and brown ochre. To my left, as I turned, was Cisbury ; to my right, a rising ground, but less bold in its outlines. These formed as it were the framework of the picture. Gradually the clouds to the North assumed the look of dark foliage blossoming in gold ; the brightness of the sky contracted into a smaller space by degrees, and then deadened into plain night clouds. What sublime ideas did those same shapeless night clouds suggest to me when I was some seven years old, and how often did I stand at the window of my room at Shepperton to watch them ! As I got on, distant peeps toward Cuckfield broke through the Downs—in that gray mist to me so sublime and yet so beautiful, so thoroughly like Handel. What can give a better idea of eternity than that particular shade ? To my right, the Downs were covered with long, hoary grass ; the valley to the left, in which lay Bramber Castle, was filled with a river of mist. The moon brightened, the night breeze sprung up, and I hastened on—passing Botolph and Coombes—to New Shoreham, which I reached at seven minutes to eight.

(Application to the Bishop of Ely having been made too late,)

May 13th. Had a long walk and talk with Thorp.* He has written to the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, and said I am to be ordained by him on Trinity Sunday. This is very kind.

I have now to read more directly for my Ordination. The morning I must give to Pearson, the evening to Mosheim and the Greek Testament, and must leave everything else till this be over.

Note in a later hand—

I was ordained Deacon at St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Trinity Sunday, June 6th, 1841.

* The Ven. Thomas Thorp, Tutor of Trinity College, was Archdeacon of Bristol, and Rector of Kemerton.

Read Evening Prayers the same day at St. Anne's, Blackfriars. Preached my first sermon from Isaiah xl. 1, 2, at Shepperton, on June 13th. A three weeks' tour in France with Benjamin Webb. Spent the summer at Brighton.

To the REV. E. J. BOYCE.

August 26th, 1841.

I have had duty here since I came back at our Parish Church, Hove; and have preached several times—never without the bidding prayer, nor without the hood. Our Rector makes no objection to, though he does not use, either.

This week I have the whole occasional duty of Brighton for Berkeley Addison (except the Baptisms). My mornings are therefore occupied by weddings, and my afternoons by funerals; a pretty hard task, I assure you.

You have no idea how much business in the way of giving advice we have since the publication of the Few Words. Imagine that book being now in the Eighth Edition. We are getting on: the Brass books go off well; a Third Edition of the Practical Hints will soon be called for; the Ninth and Tenth Editions of the Schemes are out.

After the long vacation Mr. Neale resumed his residence at Downing, and began his duties there as Chaplain; but the position was not congenial. He could not induce the authorities of the College to enter into his ideas as to the duty of attending Chapel themselves, or enforcing that attendance on others; and he soon became earnestly desirous of parish work.

To the REV. E. J. BOYCE.

Downing College, *the Feast of All Saints, 1841.*

. . . I have a piece of news for you respecting myself, namely, that I have resigned my office at Downing.

St. Leonard, 1841.

. I have made up my mind to take the first suitable curacy that offers, without exercising any choice in the matter; which point, I remember, was once a subject of debate between us, and you have converted me.

I began, as I told you, our Chapel here on All Saints' with every possible discouragement, the Master and Frere being absent, and the rest so ill-disposed to it. However, I have had a congregation every day, and the full service. Do not think that I have given up this place because I did not like it only (though I certainly do not). But if any good were in prospect, I would stay at all events: only with such quiet, yet determined oppositions from ———, who completely has the Master's ear—as it might naturally be expected—what can one hope for?

(On a Church Tour.)

Palace, Wells, Jan. 11th, 1842.

. I wish I could give you the least idea of what I have seen to-day, and know that I shall make a failure if I try to do so; however, I *will* try.

I reached Wells at four, put up at the Swan, and went directly to the Cathedral, which, seen in the then dim light, struck me as having the most sublime effect I ever saw. The Nave beats Lincoln; to you, who have seen that, I need not say more. The Lady Chapel and Chapter House are superb. The buildings surrounding the Cathedral, especially the Vicar's Close, have the most monastic appearance imaginable; and the West end filled with niches, in which the saints still remain, is "beautiful exceedingly."

Then I went back to my inn, ordered dinner, and sent a note of introduction I had from Thorp to Law, son of the Bishop and Chancellor.

As soon as I had finished dinner, he came in—a very pleasant gentlemanly man, about forty-five—and insisted on my coming to the Palace. Indeed, I never was so petted up in my whole life. The organist was waiting to know what service and anthem I would choose to-morrow; Law's coachman, what time I would go over to Glastonbury; the verger, what time I would see the triforia, etc. I accepted his invitation, and he went before to get ready for me. The palace is the most perfect baronial residence in the kingdom. Crossing a moat (full of flowing water, which encircles the whole),

by a drawbridge, which is drawn up every night, I knocked at the great gate, with its fine tower. A portly, but very civil, porter opened it, and having rung a most antique and sonorous bell, ushered me through the great quadrangle—about the size of the great court of Trinity—to the palace door. Here the butler showed me through a famous baronial hall, quite unaltered, and up a huge flight of steps to the drawing room, *sixty* feet long and very lofty, having most beautiful decorated windows with interior Purbeck shafts. The walls are adorned with portraits of all the Bishops since the Reformation, except five; they are all originals. A screen is drawn across the room for warmth, where the Chancellor and I (the Bishop going to bed) had a long chat and some supper. At ten, he left me to go to his own house, first ordering breakfast for me (by myself) at eight, in his private room, because he knew my time was short, and ushering me to my room—in the oldest part of the building—one of the angular turrets, called “the Virgin’s Tower.” The ascent to it is by a winding turret staircase, and the room in its original state. Here, with a bright warm fire and a comfortable little bed, am I writing to you.

I feel as if in a romantic dream: to sleep in the room where Laud, and Pearce, and Ken, have slept, and Wolsey—and that room unaltered—is not an every-day occurrence. The excessive kindness of the whole set is surprising.

The wind is whistling round my turret, and in at my Perpendicular window, and the Cathedral clock chiming.

At St. Nicolas, Guildford, Mr. Neale began parochial work as Curate, or rather *locum tenens*, to his friend the Rev. Mr. Pearson. He began his duties on the 16th of January, visiting diligently among the poor and sick, and taking daily Matins and Evensong.

On the Vigil of the Purification he writes in his journal, “Read some bitter attacks on the good cause, and could not help thinking—with reference to them—as I walked down the hill, the white tower of my Church at the bottom, glittering in the hazy sunshine, the bell ringing pleasantly for vespers, and the little congregation going in by twos and threes, how applicable, in spite of all they say of us, are Abijah’s words: ‘But as for us, the Lord is our

God, and we have not forsaken Him; and the Priests, which minister unto the Lord, are the sons of Aaron, and the Levites wait upon their business: for we keep the charge of the Lord our God, but ye have forsaken Him.' 'O children of Israel, fight ye not against the Lord God of your fathers, for ye shall not prosper.' Met ——— and ——— at the gate; a superbly Catholic family. Ten such would redeem Guildford from the curse of Protestantism. And we have another just as good in the ———s."

And then follows: "*Feb. 2nd. Candlemas Day.* Seems appointed for a day of disappointments. It began well too. A congregation of thirty-one; the largest I have yet had. On my return, found a (disappointing) letter from E. B. Very much vexed. Sat and did nothing but build castles in the air; then wrote my sermon till second post—which brought me a letter from home with the Icon Basilike, and one from the Bishop of Winchester, refusing my license. This last was a complete destroyer of all the fine prospects I was fond of imagining for myself in this place, and quite did for me for the rest of the day. Wrote home, and to Webb, Thorp, and Boyce, with the news. Read prayers in the evening, and preached from 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.' A fair congregation, some sixty. Tried to do a great many things at night, and signally failed in all."

It was not very surprising that Bishop Sumner, that most Evangelical prelate, should shrink from admitting into his Diocese a young man whose name was already so well known in connection with the most advanced school in the English Church.

He returned to Cambridge, and immediately set to work again on Cambridge Camden business, while looking out for another Curacy. He writes to Mrs. Boyce: "Curacies seem sadly obstinate; but I will have one, all well, before long. As someone said to poor Marie Antoinette, "Madam, if it is possible, it *shall* be done, and if it is impossible, it *must* be done," which I take to be a very excellent way of looking at any difficulty.* I should tell you one thing, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has

* This was one of his maxims through life, and it worked pretty well. Calonne's remark originally was much more hyperbolic: "Si la chose est possible, elle est faite; si elle est impossible, elle se fera."

offered to ordain me Priest, by myself, at anytime, should anything desirable offer which I could not take as a Deacon."

"I had a very providential escape on Saturday. I was in the Nave of St. Andrew's, watching the demolition, when a huge piece of rubbish fell out of the roof, weighing some thirty or forty pounds, a few inches from me. If it had come on me, I suppose I should have been killed on the spot."

Early in March he began to write a story about the battle of Naseby—"Herbert Tresham"—the first of the long series of tales for children and young people that flowed from his unresting pen.

On the last day of March in this year, he was finally engaged to Sarah Norman, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Webster, Rector of St. Botolph's, Cambridge, and Vicar of Oakington. Her sister had recently married the Rev. E. J. Boyce, and the two friends were thus linked the more closely together.

The following words, written in answer to the remonstrance of an anxious friend, strike the key-note of the spirit in which Mason Neale went forth to do his part as a soldier in the Church Militant.

My dear ——

May 7th, 1842.

I am, of course, grieved that anything I said in my last note should have pained N. and yourself; in no other point of view can I at all be sorry for it.

What I think particularly hard is this: you accuse us of bigotry, illiberality, etc., because we speak of one set of schismatics as they deserve; while to another you yourselves apply much harder terms. I would not speak of any one, even of the most abandoned Dissenters, as you do of Pugin. I could not call them apostates, and so on; and above all, I could not impute motives to them merely because I did not happen to like them. All this I should consider in myself a sad want of Christian charity; mind, I am not saying what it is in others, I am only telling you what I should feel it myself.

Then as to our disputes at Committees. It is very true, and very sad that we should have them; but while we have so many—for I will not be frightened out of the word—Protestants, what else can we expect? You would not, I presume, have me turn one

myself, to avoid the inseparable companion of every good work—opposition. Opposition! Why our lives will be one series of it; you are experiencing enough on account of your “illiberal” and “bigoted” attack on the British School. Do you not remember, my dear——, that you, in your own parish, are labouring under the same charges as you make against me? Think of the story about “Mrs. ——’s stealing away children.” And yet I give your opponents the fullest credit for believing themselves right in what they do. This does not alter your plans; why should the same thing alter mine?

No: as Bp. Montague said to Abp. Laud—“We are all driving to the same end, though not by the same means.” And it will be a most grievous thing if, because we do not use the same means, we are all to view each other with suspicion: if N. is to think me verging towards Romanism, and I am to look on him as little better than a Dissenter. At all events, though we may not be able to understand each other, remember that charity hopeth all things. Give me credit for the best motives, and do not think that leaving Cambridge will make any difference in me—that I shall be one whit more Protestant, or show one whit more toleration to the name than now . . .

I do not know that I have anything more to say. Do not think that your letter has at all vexed me; I can assure you that it has not; it was a very kind one.

With my love to N., believe me, my dear ——,

Yours very affectionately,

J. M. N.

He was ordained Priest on Trinity Sunday, May 22nd, 1842, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Breakfasting after the Ordination with Archdeacon Thorp, he made the acquaintance of a steadfast, life-long friend, the Rev. R. S. Hunt, of Markbeech. Bishop Monk, who had made a short address to his candidates the previous day on the “necessity of not connecting one's self with any party,” looked in at the breakfast, kept Mr. Neale back, commended his papers, and presented him with a copy of his charge and his *Life of Bentley*.

The next day, he accepted the small living of Crawley, in Sussex; and the very next day after "a troublesome cold," as he called it, declared itself; and in little more than six weeks his health had become so seriously affected, that he was forced to resign this living, his first and last.

His letters from Crawley give a graphic picture of the little country cure, and of the zeal with which the young Priest began the work which he expected to last so long, and which was to be so brief. The circumstances give pathetic interest to the various details which he recounts, but we must reserve them for another time.

Sermon.

(Hitherto Unpublished.)

ZECH. XI. 7, 8.

"And I took unto me two staves; the one I called Beauty, and the other I called Bands; and I fed the flock. Three shepherds also I cut off in one month."

ST. ANDREW, 1858.

THE first-called Apostle shall have the first place in the Church's year, and the two brothers, the first-called and the chief, Andrew and Peter, shall come nearest to their dear Master in following Him by the Cross. Therefore, how should I not speak to you of the Cross to-day? And where should I find a text that, however difficult it be in itself, will nevertheless tell you better of it? For my part, dear Sisters, of that I desire to speak to you above all other things more constantly and more lovingly. You know how you must not expect ever to lay it down in this world: you know how there is no discharge in that war—how, till Isaac reaches the heavenly Mount Moriah, he must never think of laying aside the wood of the burnt-offering. And here we have it set forth to us in a wonderful way: under the likeness of these two staves, Beauty and Bands. What else this prophecy may contain in itself: whether, as some think, it is not as yet wholly fulfilled, does not matter to us now; we have quite enough for our thoughts and our love in these two staves, the emblems, like the poor widow's

two sticks, of the glorious banner of all our hopes, once set up on Mount Calvary, since conquered under by so many martyrs—the same, dearest Sisters, which marks you to Christ, the same which, I hope, as truly consecrates your hearts as it stamps your dress.

And the first of its two great characteristics is—that which we should never have given it for ourselves—Beauty. But see, from the very beginning, how the Church has taken hold of that idea and worked it out. What form in itself less beautiful than that which our dear Lord bore, and bearing fainted under, up Mount Calvary? And yet, thenceforth, it was the seal, the stamp, the characteristic of all Christians. But that loving Bride, the Church, would not so represent the place of her betrothal to her one only Lord. See how she took that form and invested it with all possible loveliness, made its very shape the work of her greatest art, pressed everything into its service, flowers, leaves, fruit, every imaginable form of nature and art, then wrought for it jewels, enamels; not content with gold, invented metals more precious than gold—did everything in her power, in the marvellous beauty of her ideas, to shew the marvellous beauty of this her ensign and her pride. Ah, dear Sisters, and the time was once when all this outside show, perhaps, was partly instead of the inside substance. You know the old saying, “Time was when the Chalices were of wood and the Priests of gold; now the Priests are of wood and the Chalices of gold!” Well, there is no fear for you, dear Sisters, that you will be called off from the real Cross of Calvary by external riches and ornaments; but you may be called off from it by other things at least equally dangerous. Then remember, that you have to shew your belief, too, that this Cross is indeed beauty. Oh, what a beautiful thing would your daily life be if it only carried out fully what you profess! Oh, how incomparably lovely would those plain black crosses of yours appear to your guardian Angels if they saw in them the outward visible sign of the inward spiritual grace! How could not those lives be beautiful, into the very most trifling and insignificant actions of which the holiness, and self-denial, and obedience of the Cross was poured out! If the same grace that led the Lord Jesus to the place of a skull could lead you into every minutest action of every day!

Well ; Beauty, then, was the name of one of these staves, and Bands was the other. And it is so indeed of a truth. If we are linked, in the first and dearest place, by this Cross to the Lord of the Cross, we are also linked by it to each other in a way in which no other tie can cement us. To suffer together is the surest and most enduring way of being joined together. Dearest Sisters, you all have your separate crosses, I know very well, but certain crosses also you have in common—certain crosses we all have in common. Let us help each other in bearing them, as well as feel that we must take them up for ourselves. My duty, in the very nature of things, is to help you : God grant me to do so less imperfectly every day ; and you must not forget that yours is to assist each other. To you, of all, these words apply—*Bear ye one another's burdens* ; for you, of all, is that exhortation—*If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another*.

And then remember the glorious company to whom this same Cross also links us invisibly. Think, to begin with, of the first-fruits which we have sent from this House to our Lord : the one little ewe-lamb which the rich Man—He that is indeed rich with countless spoils—required at our hands.*

And remember the Japanese fable I have before told you : that birds of paradise are only the souls of doves ; invisible indeed to earthly doves, but not the less, though invisible, when coming among them, rousing them to an ecstasy of delight and rapture. So in that blessed Cross we were joined to her, dear child, while she lived in the flesh, and by virtue of that same Cross we are linked to her yet—never more really, never more closely, than when by the sacrifice of the Altar we not only commemorate but continue that of Mount Calvary. And as with her, so these bands link us to every one of that blessed number, that number without number, before the Throne, that multitude whose remembrance, next to that of their Lord and ours, lies like a live coal at our heart, cheering and animating us—our patterns once, our witnesses and helpers now. What is it, dearest Sisters, that knits you in the one family of God's elect but the participation in the same Cross ? The very same wilderness to be travelled through,

*The first Sister taken to rest, Nov. 13th, 1857.

the very same dangers to be encountered, the drought, the weariness, the fiery flying serpents, the very same oblations to be offered to Him Who first bare the Cross : the rose of Martyrdom, *at least* in will (and, if you are called to lay down your lives for the poor, not in will alone), the lily of chastity, in deed. Oh, dear Sisters, it is no fancied comfort that we gain from these bands of the Cross ! To speak of ourselves only : If ever I am discouraged in myself that I cannot help you more—if ever I am discouraged in you, as thinking that, even with the help you have, you might do more, it is but to open the writings of some of those faithful servants of God who were concerned with the Sisters of other days, St. Vincent de Paul, or St. Francis de Sales, or, a far greater than either, St. Bernard, and there is the same story, told centuries before our time. If, notwithstanding all, they triumphed—if, in spite of fears and doubts, they triumphed gloriously (or rather, their Lord triumphed gloriously in them), if, notwithstanding every complaint of coldness, they did love—of listlessness, they did labour—shall we not also believe that the same Cross which strengthened them, the same Cross that knits us to them, will also lift up our heads above our enemies round about ?

And see what was the consequence to Zéchariah. *Three shepherds also I cut off in one month.* Now, first notice that the reckoning by months in Holy Scripture is always—or with scarcely an exception—a reckoning of evil. You will notice that in the Revelation more especially :—*The holy city shall be trodden under foot forty and two months ;* good deeds are reckoned by days and years : these have their origin from the sun—evil from months, that are ruled by the uncertain moon. And who are these shepherds ? Who, but the three great enemies that we have in every possible form and under every conceivable type ; the spoilers that go out of the camp of the Philistines three ways ; the three bands that the Chaldæans make out ; the three-fold temptation of the First Adam and of the Second : the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life. And it is well said, *Shepherds ;* for they come, each of them, the ruler and leader of an innumerable and well-marshalled host, bringing every spirit of darkness under one or other of their battalions.

We have taken these words—we had a right to take them—to ourselves. But Who, beyond and before all others, took to Himself these staves? The Beauty of His Labours and His Passion—the Bands by which He linked Himself to His people? Who once and for ever cut off by His Temptation in the wilderness those three Shepherds? Ah, dear Sisters, when in these and the like verses I do not see Him, I do not show you to Him—Him, first and chiefest and dearest of all—God forbid I should see anything or point out anything any more!

J. M. NEALE.

The Story of St. Phocas.

It was a lovely evening in summer, towards the end of the second century. The heat, which had all day long been parching up the earth, had given place to the delicious coolness of evening. The sun, very near its setting, cast its last rays over as lovely a scene as you could well find anywhere in this wide earth. On one side the sea, so intensely blue as to vie in colour with the sky above, on the other the green sward that stretched almost down to its very brink, the waving trees and the blooming flowers, made it almost perfect. Nor were there lacking the beauties of art to contrast with and heighten those of nature. For on the side of yonder hill stood the city of Sinope, the snowy whiteness of its temples standing well out against the dark green background formed by the high hill.

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Let us go into one of those pretty little cottages that stand outside the city. Many there are, but there is only one where “the Sun shines always.” A small house, built of grey stone, nothing different from others in outward appearance, but yet under its roof was the Lord of Glory. For Phocas, its possessor, was a Christian, and had the privilege of which so many of those early followers of Christ partook, namely, that as the opportunities must be very uncertain on which they could receive the Bread of Life, after each Celebration they were allowed to carry home a small portion of It, and from time to time communicate themselves.

There sat Phocas the gardener, on that bright evening in July, under the shade of a walnut tree. He was looking out over the wide sea, and remained thus gazing until he was roused by a gentle touch on his arm, and a pretty voice saying, "Dear grandfather, will you not come in? The sun is near setting now." It was the old man's grandchild Thyrsa who thus spoke; a child of about thirteen years old.

"Yes, my child, I will come in directly. Tell me what you have been now doing?"

"First, dear grandfather, I gave the money of the fruit that you sold to poor Afra, whose husband has died."

"Nay, Thyrsa, that is no word for a Christian, and Afra's husband was baptized. He only fell asleep. But did she come here, then?"

"Yes, she came whilst you were out, grandfather. And then I trained up the vine that the storm had torn down, and watered the lilies at the foot of the great oak, and pulled away the ivy from it."

"And what, my pet, did you think of whilst you were doing that?"

The child was silent a minute, and then said, "I thought, grandfather, when I was watering the lilies, about what you said a Christian child should be."

"And shall I tell you about the ivy, Thyrsa? You might think then how hard it is to tear away any sin that you have given way to, and did not try very hard against at first. Now let us come in." And the old man, leaning on the child's shoulder, walked into the little kitchen, where their evening meal was spread. The old man asked God's blessing, and then sat down with little Thyrsa. When they had finished, they sat talking a long time, after it was quite dark. Presently they heard footsteps outside. Phocas rose and looked out; it was not often any one came that way so late at night. Great was the old man's surprise when he saw the dress of the Prefect's guard. He had no doubt for what they were come, for he was well known as a Christian in those parts, but owing to his poverty he had never been taken notice of. These men appeared to be strangers, and Phocas opened the door, and went out to meet them. The foremost of them addressed him, saying, "Old man, can you tell us where lives one of those

Christians, Phocas by name? By Jove, it's hardly worth coming so far to apprehend such an ass as he must be: but there—'tis the Prefect's will that he should be caught and killed, so—"

"Come in, Sir," said Phocas, "and share my roof for to-night. To-morrow I will shew you him whom you seek."

The foremost soldier, by name Attilus, thanked him in tolerably civil language. The gardener led the way into the kitchen, and having first sent his grandchild to bed, lit a torch, and produced some ewe-cheese and brown bread. The soldiers began to eat, and the old man, excusing himself on the plea of business, left the room.

He went upstairs into his little grandchild's room. There she lay sleeping the sweet sleep of childhood. He woke her, and then sitting down by her, said, "Thyrza, I have told you about the Martyrs and Confessors?"

"Oh yes," said the child, "I remember, grandfather; and about my own blessed mother."

"Yes! well, Thyrza, do you think, if it pleased our Lord, *you* could suffer for His name?"

The child shuddered: it was only natural that one just entering on the pleasures of her life should dread to lose it all at once. At last she said, "I think I could, grandfather, if He would help me. But what is it, grandfather? Why do you ask me?"

"Because, my child, I think He will call you to it. Those men who came to-night, came for me, with an order from the Prefect that I should either blaspheme our own Lord or die. They will ask you the same question. What will you say?"

"Oh! grandfather, I would still be a Christian. But will they kill you, too?"

"Me they certainly will. Now, my child, get up, and come and join with me in praying to Him Who can save us."

He left the room, and in a few minutes Thyrza joined him. He led her without speaking into a sort of attic, where she was never allowed to go without him. Why, she did not know, for though her grandfather had, in his own simple way, told her of the mystery of the Eucharist, and though she had once received It, still she did not know that the Blessed Sacrament was in the

house. It would indeed have been dangerous to have committed such knowledge to a child. But now Phocas led her in. He lit a torch, and its light disclosed a rude crucifix at the upper end, before which stood a small box or casket. Remaining at the further end he told her that secret. And concluding, he said, "You remember, Thyrza, when the good Bishop gave It you?"

"Yes, dear grandfather."

"You shall receive It once more now, my child."

Long time they prayed, and then they made their last Communion. And that same Lord Who is received by the faithful in glorious Cathedrals, where sunshine is softened by rich stained glass, while organs softly breathe heavenly whispers, He, the Lord of all power and might, gave Himself to His servants in that upper room.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." These words sum up the history of the old man's life, and indeed that of all the early Christians, who loved not their lives unto the death.

So the night wore away; and as morning broke, the old man went down into the garden to the spot where he meant his grave to be. It was truly a beautiful place, at the foot of a great oak. On one side were lovely Pontic roses, throwing their fair branches over its harsh, rough bark; on the other nestled sweet lilies of the valley. There, then, Phocas dug the grave, and set up at its head the cross we saw in the little attic, that thus their resting-place might be hallowed by the sign of their Redemption. He then re-entered the house, and went into the kitchen where the soldiers had passed the night.

After having spoken a few words of greeting, the leader began: "You promised, old man, to tell us where Phocas and his grandchild might be found. Now tell us, where are they?"

Then the old man said, "What will ye do when ye have found him?"

"If he will obey the Prefect's commands, not an hair of his head shall be touched."

"And what are those commands?"

"Only," said Attilus, "that he throw a few grains of incense into the fire in honour of Jupiter."

"And if he will not?"

"Then we will behead him and his grandchild too," replied the soldier, brandishing his weapon impatiently. "But be quick, old man, and tell us where they are; for, by Jove, if you have played us false in this matter, I will kill you on the spot."

"Nay," said the old man calmly, "be not so hasty, my son. I am he whom you seek."

The effect on the soldiers was amazing. They fell back and gazed on the quiet face of the Christian. They conversed together in hasty whispers. "Nay," said Attilus, "I cannot do it. Why to kill our host, were he ten times a traitor to the State, would be a crime, and as for this old man, I am sure he has done no harm."

"Well," said Rufinus, "you may say what you list, but for my part I will obey the Prefect's orders. And I shall tell him," he concluded with a sneer, "what a faithful soldier he has in you, Attilus. Why, you were afraid of an old man."

"Now that passes," replied he angrily, "I am no more coward than you are, Rufinus; nay, not so much, for I remember when you durst not——"

"Peace, peace," interrupted the third, who had not yet spoken. "Attilus, you are over scrupulous. Besides, you need not do it. We are enough."

Attilus wavered, more than half inclined to stand up for the old man, but the remembrance of Rufinus' sneers prevailed, and he said, "Do as ye will; I will neither hinder nor help in it."

Rufinus then advanced to the old man, and said, "You must make ready to die then, if you will not give up this superstition. By Mars! how obstinate these Christians are. But will you be reasonable?"

"If you mean by that," said Phocas, "to sacrifice to Jupiter—never!"

"At least," cried Attilus, who now came forward, "if you have no care for yourself, have some for your little grandchild," looking as he spoke at Thyrsa, who just then entered the room.

The old man turned to his grandchild. "Thyrsa," he said, "will you sacrifice to Jupiter?"

"And give up the worship of the Crucified? No, never! grandfather," cried the child.

"Well, then," said Rufinus, "there is but one way for you. Be quick, old man, for you shall die in half-an-hour."

"I thank you for the time you have allowed us," said Phocas.

Two soldiers left the room ; one remained as a sort of guard. They amused themselves with sauntering about the garden. Suddenly they came upon the grave which had been dug by the gardener. "Why, what is this?" they cried, both astonished.

"By Hercules—but it is a *grave* ! And see, Attilus, see," said Sextus, "if those Christians have not put a cross at the head of it. Well, if I must die, I would not have that for my monument, on which they put the greatest traitors to death."

"Nor I neither. But I say, Sextus, is it not an odd thing about these Christians? I am no coward, and yet I don't think I could hear the warrant for my death with the same composure that old fellow did."

"It is witchcraft, man ; nothing else. Why I have seen odder things than that. When I was in Sicily, in the days of the god Decius, there was a Christian maiden there called Agatha. She was passing beautiful, and very rich. Quintus (who was governor then) saw her, and wished to have her to wife. But she refused all his offers with scorn, and he, out of spite, I suppose, caused her to be apprehended, and cruelly tortured. Never did any woman so endure, I think."

"And of course she died?" asked Attilus.

"Yes, she did, at the end of three days, during which time no one ever suffered as she did."

"Why, Sextus, you speak as though you were a Christian yourself."

"No, no, I am not that. Still it is strange——"

In such talk the short space allowed to the martyrs passed away. They had spent it in prayer and praise, and were strengthened to pass through the valley of the shadow of death.

"Time's up," said Sextus, re-entering. "Now, old man, if you will not worship the gods." . . .

"I desire nothing more than martyrdom. Do your duty as soon as you list. I have but one boon to ask you, and, as I have been your host, grant it me ! "

“Jewels I give thee : for the chains of bondage,
Chains of celestial gold, thy neck adorning ;
Pearls of great price thy virgin brow shall circle ;
Such do I give thee.

“I am the Rose of Sharon ; all the fragrance
From the sweet gales of Eden breathes around thee :
Lily I give thee, for thy hand a token,
Bride of the valley.”

Heard she His voice, her timid soul inviting ;
Saw she no form but Jesus only, near her :
Brighter and brighter broke the dawn, as Agnes
Rose to His presence.

Clear is the light upon the holy Mountain,
Sweet are the songs of Sion, ever sounding :
Say, who are they who hold the nearest station,
Next to the Bridegroom ?

These are the souls who came through tribulation,
They who have faced the world for Jesus' honour,
Counting all loss if only they find Jesus :
Such are His lov'd ones.

Earth may despise them : rulers, charge with folly
All that they love and live for ; kings may hate them :
Wait they in patience ; then, as in a moment,
All shall be changed.

From the high towers of Heaven looking downward
View they the world they left ? It seems as nothing,
Lost in the brightness, radiant, everlasting,
Beaming around them.

REV. GERARD MOULTRIE.

Dec. 21st, 1876.

Kingsand and its Surroundings.

(BY AN ASSOCIATE OF ST. MARGARET'S.)

WHEN, some months ago, I heard that the Sisters of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, had opened a House of Rest at Kingsand, I confess that my geography was sadly at fault, and that I had not the most remote notion where Kingsand was, or how it was to be reached. Some said it was in Devonshire, others that it was in Cornwall, and as it seems doubtful to which county it really belongs, it may be better perhaps to leave its geographical situation alone, and simply say how I at last reached the lovely little village, and what I found when I got there.

It was a delightful August afternoon when I took a tram car from Plymouth to Stonehouse, and asked my way to Admiral's Hard. A few minutes' walk brought me to the shore, and there before me, across the sparkling waters of the Hamoaze, stood the bright, green slopes of the Mount Edgcumbe woods, the shady trees reaching to the water's edge, and the boughs dipping into its calm, clear depths. I was told that the steamer which plies between Stonehouse and Cremyll (the landing place on the other side) had just started, so I found a friendly old boatman, who rowed me across, and in ten minutes I was at the gates of Mount Edgcumbe, looking in vain for the public conveyance which, I was told, ran three times daily between Cremyll and Kingsand.* That, too, had just gone, and as I had left the hour of my arrival uncertain, no carriage had been sent to meet me. I was somewhat in despair at the prospect of a three miles' walk in the heat of the August afternoon. However, a few minutes solved my difficulty. A small conveyance appeared on the scenes, bringing

* It was on Cremyll Beach that Sir Joshua Reynolds began his career as a portrait painter. The seventh son of a Devonshire schoolmaster, his devotion to drawing was much reprobated. "When about twelve years old, Joshua, while in Church, made a sketch on his thumb-nail of the Rev. Thomas Smart. From this sketch he painted his first picture in oils; his canvas was a piece of an old sail, his colours were common ship-paint, and he did his work in a boat-house on Cremyll Beach."



VIEW FROM GUEST-ROOM WINDOW, LOOKING S.W.

A. S. B. & C. CO.

a solitary passenger to the shore, so I arranged with the boy who drove it to take me to Kingsand for a shilling, and off we started, up and down steep hills, catching sight through the leafy trees of the bright waters of the Tamar and the stately ships lying at anchor in the Hamoaze. Soon a steep ascent brought us to Maker Church, Kingsand being an outlying hamlet of the parish of Maker. The origin of this very peculiar name is uncertain; it is supposed to be derived from its dedication to St. Macra, Macarias, and St. Julian; whilst others think that it is simply a corruption of St. Mary. The church itself, architecturally, is devoid of interest—the only remarkable feature about it being its tower, which is of good proportions and considerable height, standing out, as so many of the Cornish churches do, as a landmark to sailors on the stormy, tempest-tossed coast.

Leaving Maker Church, we came upon more hills, and looked upon more beautiful views, then we *dashed* (my charioteer was a decided Jehu) down the last of the many steep declines, and arrived at Kingsand.

“We can’t go no further,” said my small boy, and he stopped at the foot of a hill, and shouldering my portmanteau, he took me down some steep stone steps to a house which he informed me was where “them Sisters” lived, and there, sure enough, was the Sister-in-Charge, standing at the door waiting to receive me with a most hearty welcome, supplementing this by taking me into the guest-room and giving me the most comforting and refreshing cup of tea I ever tasted, as I sat in the bay window looking out upon the blue sea, which on that particular afternoon was most deliciously and intensely blue, whilst the tiny waves came dashing against the rocks below, upon which a not very high jump from the window of that most charming of all charming rooms would easily land any actively-inclined person. From that window you look out upon the villages of Kingsand and Cawsand—a collection of irregularly-built houses, some grey, some white, some red, stretching down to the beach, thrown together, as it were, in a strange, higgledy-piggledy sort of fashion, as though they had somehow got there by chance. An underground gully divides the two villages—Kingsand, as I have already said, being a hamlet

in the parish of Maker, Cawsand in the parish of Rame; and the two little Mission Churches of St. Paul's and St. Andrew's are respectively served by the vicars of those respective parishes. The former has an interesting tradition, which in the Cornish mind runs thus:—It is said that St. Paul, on first coming to Britain, preached on the spot where the little fisherman's Church now stands, and it is a fact that when the builders were at work they discovered an ancient stone, which proves that a Church once stood on that spot. A well, too, exists within a stone's throw of the Church, where it is stated the newly-made converts were baptized. The name of the cottage, "Egloshele" (*i.e.*, the Church by the Well), in the garden of which the well stands, may be taken in confirmation.

As I looked out upon the ever-varying lights and shadows which fell upon sea, and rocks, and trees on this my first day at Kingsand, I thought then, and I think now, that I never gazed on so sweet and peaceful a scene as those little seaside villages; there were the fishing boats at anchor reflected in the calm waters, and the green-clad rocks stretching down to the sea, the heights of Penlee Point bounding the Bay on the right, and Mount



PICKLECOMBE FORT AND STADDON HEIGHTS ON OPPOSITE SHORE.

Edgcumbe woods, with Picklecombe Fort, on the left. There were fishermen lounging about the beach, and children paddling in the water or climbing the rocks in search of shells and some of those lovely sea anemones, which are to be found in singular beauty on this coast. And with it all there was a feeling of unutterable

rest and peace, such as never came to me before in any other place.

There is something too in the atmosphere of the house, which is so intensely peaceful that I would recommend anyone who wants rest (and who amongst us does not in this busy work-a-day world of ours?) to turn their footsteps to that lovely Cornish village, and to seek the shelter of St. Margaret's, and stay for a time under the hospitable roof of the most perfect of all hostesses, the good Sisters-in-Charge. Of course, the rules of a Religious House are very much relaxed in this Home of Rest, but it is very delightful to be able to go away for awhile even from the sight of the sea, into the quiet little chapel which Sister I. has made as nice as she possibly could, and which it is her great wish to make nicer still, more in accordance with the beauty of the outer world upon which at Kingsand we are always looking.

A Home Sister from East Grinstead, and a sister of hers were staying at St. Margaret's, Kingsand, at the same time I was there, and we were a very bright merry party, making constant excursions in the lovely neighbourhood. One morning we took a boat to Penlee Point, and then scrambled up the rocks on our way to



RAME HEAD.

Rame Head, a grand headland which constitutes the S.E. point of Cornwall, the termination of a range of magnificent cliffs which sweep eastward from the little town of Looe along the margin of

Whitesand Bay. The walk along the smooth green turf which skirts the rocky coast to the ruined Chapel of St. Michael—the crowning point of the headland—was a most enjoyable one, and as we looked upon the wide expanse of sea, and thought of the many tales of sorrow and of daring which we had heard in connection with that rock-bound coast, our minds could not but dwell upon those old pre-reformation days when two monks from a neighbouring Monastery lived upon the summit of that cold bleak headland, praying for those “in peril on the sea,” keeping a light burning every night for the guidance of the tempest-tossed sailors, and performing one of the corporal works of mercy, *i.e.*, giving decent burial to those bodies which were washed up on the smooth sands of Whitesand Bay. And with these thoughts there could not but come to us the wish that the old ruined Chapel might ere long be restored, and that words of prayer and works of mercy might, even in our own day, once more proceed from that bare and rugged height from whence in olden times so many a dying soul had been helped and strengthened, so many a poor storm-beaten body laid to its rest with Sacrament and prayer.

A legend says that St. German for some reason fled to the cliffs of Rame, leaving a curse behind him in his old home. There he dwelt, bewailing his misfortunes, and the compassionating rocks shed tears of sympathy with him at a spring, which has ever since been known by the name of St. German's Well. It is also stated that he was afterwards carried by angels to some distant country in a fiery chariot, and the track of the wheels was for a long time visible on the cliffs, but is now no longer to be seen. Another legend is that the Devil on one occasion thought he would like to journey through Cornwall, and do all the harm he could, but he found the people so given to prayer, and leading such holy lives, that in despair he threw himself over the cliffs into the sea, and the mark of his cloven foot remains upon one of the rocks. There is also a historical tradition connected with Rame Head, which says, that when the ancient Britons were driven into Wales and Cornwall, they entrenched themselves on the extreme point of the Headland, and there defended themselves from the Saxon invaders to the last man. On our homeward way we

passed a sad memorial, a stone cross erected to the memory of Mr. Spender, the London correspondent of the *Western Morning News*, and his two young sons, who on Whitsun Day, 1878, walked to Whitesand Bay, full of life and spirits, and being good swimmers, ventured upon bathing, although the abruptness of the shore, and the prevalence of quicksands make so doing a dangerous matter. They were washed away by the rising tide to the shore of a Land more beautiful even than that sweet Cornish bay.

The tradition is that the name Kingsand was given to the little village from the fact that Henry, Duke of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., landed here when he came to England from Brittany. At that time there was not a house in the place, only a sandy beach. In olden times both Kingsand and Cawsand were notorious for the amount of smuggling which was carried on there. Many stories of smugglers' daring deeds are still told amongst the fisherfolk. One amongst the many is that on one occasion they were desirous of landing a more than usually valuable cargo, but a difficulty arose in the shape of the Coastguardsman; when one daring spirit conceived the idea of implicating him in the nefarious transaction by taking a keg on his shoulders, and giving an alarmingly loud knock at the door of the station; and when it was opened by the frightened maid, he rolled his burden in, saying, "Give it to your master, with my compliments, please." The present Coastguardsman, from all accounts, is a most intelligent and efficient officer, and is not likely to be either propitiated or alarmed by compliments or presents.

The Church of Rame is situated on a height, and in the churchyard many a sad chronicle exists of men who were "drowned at sea," whole families—fathers, and sons, and brothers—swept away in one night, others losing their lives in trying to rescue their fellow-creatures. For many years the Reverend T. H. Ley was the Vicar of Rame, and it is to the kindness of his son, the late Rev. Richard Ley, an old and much respected Priest Associate of St. Margaret's, that the Sisters owe the house at Kingsand, which he built for himself near the old home of his boyhood, and left by will, with a sum of money, to the Community of St. Margaret's. Two years ago he was taken to his rest, but his name and that of

his good wife are still household words in the homes of the poor of Kingsand. It is needless to say that the Sisters have won the hearts of the simple Cornish folk ; they are considered very won-



RAME CHURCH.

derful people, knowing everything, and their opinion is taken and accepted upon every possible point—whilst their knowledge of nursing is of course held in very high repute, and they devote themselves especially to the care of the sick. Mission work, too, in Kingsand is daily increasing, as the needs of the people become better known to the Sisters. A Mothers' Meeting has been started, which is most successful, and classes for instruction of young girls have been set on foot, besides a Ladies' Working Party, which is much appreciated. Indeed the Sisters are most grateful for the help and sympathy in their different works, which they receive from all classes of society.

Longevity is one of the great features amongst the Kingsand folk ; at the Mothers' Meeting before mentioned, I believe I am correct in saying, that two at least of the old ladies who go to hear "the bit of reading" number their eighty-eight years.

One of them, dear old "Granny," is a perfect picture of an old woman—she has lived all her life in Kingsand, and her husband and all her children lie buried in Maker Churchyard; she is alone in the world, and very poor, but a visit to her teaches or *ought* to teach us all a lesson. "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life," she said to me not long ago ; and I felt that

she not only *said* it, but she *meant* it. She lives amidst memories of the past, and tells wonderful stories of visions she has had when "the dear critturs," as she calls them, who have gone to their rest, come to her in the night and speak to her. I could not help feeling that I ought to be better for Grannie's prayers, when on the last occasion I visited her, she said, "Sure enough, my dear, I pray for 'ee every day, and I'll do it so long as I bides *here*, and I don't see why I shouldn't go on praying for 'ee when I gets *there*." As an additional proof of the salubrity of the air, I may mention that no case of consumption has been known here for ten years.

My short account of St. Margaret's and Kingsand has, I fear, far outgrown its original limits ; it will, however, have served its purpose, imperfect though it be, if it will only cause others, especially the Associates of St. Margaret's, to pay the place a visit, and find there the renewed health, and strength, and peace which I have found. A great deal is needed to make the House all that the Sister-in-Charge wishes to see it, and I need not say that anything and everything which kind good people will send to St. Margaret's, Kingsand, will be most thankfully received. Perhaps I may be allowed to state a few of its needs.

1. Funds for providing Altar Linen for poor Churches in Cornwall.
2. Harmonium for the Chapel and Altar Fittings.
3. Piano.
4. Clothing, new and old, which is *sold* at a cheap rate, not given except in cases of destitution.
5. Books for lending in the parish. Old linen is also a great need.

I know that the Sisters' great wish is that all the rooms in this real Home of Rest should be as comfortable as possible. I mean, of course, those rooms which are devoted to guests who may come to Kingsand in search of health or rest both of body and mind, and though I have always found that Sisters are very regardless of their own comfort, they are most solicitous for that of others. Any funds or furniture, therefore, which might help to add to the *rest* or pleasure of the guests, would be most acceptable.

St. Catherine's Home, Ventnor.

ST. CATHERINE'S HOME, Ventnor, was founded by Mrs. Willan, for patients in advanced consumption; they are nursed by the Sisters of St. Margaret's Convent, East Grinstead.

It was opened on the Feast of All Saints, 1879, its object being to provide for those distressing cases dismissed from the hospitals when pronounced to be incurable, and to whom—if, as is so frequently the case, they have no home to turn to—nothing is left but to drag out a dreary existence in poor lodgings, deprived of good nursing, good food, and often of the merest necessities of life.

The Home is intended for teachers, artizans, city clerks, domestic servants, and the poorer classes, and receives twelve patients, six men in the ward on the ground-floor, and six women in the wards above. Patients are received from all parts of the kingdom, Roman Catholics and dissenters being alike admitted, nor are either of these latter expected to take part in the services held in the little chapel which has been very appropriately fitted up on the same floor as the women's ward.

St. Catherine's Home has been open for nine years, and one need only refer to the number of patients* who have found a refuge within its kindly walls, to feel convinced how much it has been appreciated, and how eagerly its shelter has been sought.

Six annual subscriptions of £50 provide at the present time six free beds out of the twelve; those inmates not occupying free beds make a weekly payment to the Home of 10s. 6d., which includes all their expenses. As, however, it is obviously impossible to supply them for those terms with all the comforts and luxuries demanded by their state of health, these payments and subscriptions do not nearly meet the expenditure of the Home. All contributions to the "Maintenance Fund" are therefore gratefully accepted.

A very pretty account of St Catherine's Home, brilliant and glowing as the sketch of a sun-bathed landscape, appeared not

* From November, 1879, to the close of 1887, no less than 335 patients were received into St. Catherine's Home.

long since in "Church Work," and has, I believe, been so widely read that I shall not attempt to go over the same ground here ; although, did my space allow me to give histories of some of the patients, they would be pathetic enough to touch the hearts of many. No one visiting the Home, or reading the paper to which I refer, can imagine that anything is left undone which can soothe their sufferings or lighten their dark hours of pain and loneliness.

Indeed, when one enters the cheerful wards, their pretty, blue-tinted walls, bright with pictures, contrasting well with the dark-stained floors and warm-coloured rugs, their comfortable arm-chairs and tables, with flower-filled vases, looking so home-like—it is hard to realize the relief felt by a poor sufferer brought hither from a dreary lodging, probably consisting of an ill-furnished back room, into which, perhaps, the sun never found its way. Here, from the windows of the pleasant wards—which, facing south, enjoy the full benefit of the sunshine—the patients have a lovely look-out over the town and St. Catherine's Church, which we always think looks most picturesque from this point of view, and away to the cliffs and the sea. The latter affords them endless change of scene, with its ever-varying tints and moods, sometimes calm and mirror-like as "a painted ocean," and at other times lashing up its foam-crested billows in sudden wrath. One great source of amusement and interest is the constant passing and re-passing of the ships up and down the Channel in full view of the windows. And of these there is an unending variety, from the huge, unwieldy-looking turret ships down to the tiny white or cinnamon-sailed boats which curtsy so prettily over the waves.

Or when the patients are too ill to enjoy the out-look from the windows, how thankful they must be to find themselves in one of those blue-quilted beds, supplied with all the comforts, the food, and the medicine which, if it may not cure, at any rate alleviates their sufferings, and above and beyond all else, soothed by the tender sympathy, the unfailing kindness, and the skilled nursing of the Sisters.

No illness has ever been so idealized as consumption. "La mort des Elus" it has been called by the French ; "Der Tod des Engels" by the Germans ; "A doença dos predestinados" by the

Portuguese ; till at last some people have come to fancy that it is a kind of gentle fading away, the descriptions of which sound very pretty and pathetic in prose and poetry, and they quite overlook the terrible sufferings from that weakness which is worse than pain, the protracted agony of literally dying by inches, which, so distressing to the poor patient, is almost equally distressing to those who minister to these sad cases. Only think for a moment, my readers—as those who are frequent visitors to the Home cannot fail to do—what untiring courage and devotion is required from the Sisters who, year after year, toil over the same ground, ever ready to share the burdens of each fresh-comer into the Home, and to extend a helping hand to each poor sufferer who is struggling forward on that road “which winds up-hill all the way,” never weary of tending them night and day—no matter how worn out they may themselves be feeling, and only intent on holding

“The lamp of human love arm-high
To catch the death-strained eyes and comfort them,
Until the angels on the luminous side of death
Have got theirs ready.”

“Oh, we have a much worse case than when you were last here !” is the answer frequently given to an enquiry after some poor patient, whose sufferings, perhaps but a week ago, seemed taxing the Sisters’ strength to the utmost ; or you are told, “Oh, yes ; poor R—— and F—— have both passed away ! Yes, they were terrible cases ; but we have three or four others quite as bad now, and we are expecting a very sad one to arrive this evening !”

Always the same tale, all through the year ; never any pause in the round of what, to ordinary on-lookers, appears the most depressing kind of duty ; and we often turn away, marvelling how the Sisters *can* bear up so bravely amidst such distressing scenes, added to all the physical fatigue and discomfort which fall to their lot.

And this brings me to speak of my chief object in writing this paper—namely, to plead most earnestly for help, not merely for the Maintenance Fund of the Home, but for its Building Fund.

A larger house is most urgently needed, not simply to procure the possibility of increasing the number of inmates, but in order

to provide proper accommodation for the Sisters, whose comfort at the present time is, for want of the needful space, *entirely* sacrificed to that of the patients.

Everyone will, I am sure, agree that of all people in the world, sick nurses, when off duty, should have every means of relaxation and every facility for taking the rest which they so sorely need.

But this it is often impossible to afford them, owing to the present limited accommodations of St. Catherine's Home. The founder naturally feels, as do all other well-wishers to the Home, that her work must be imperfect until this great want is supplied, and proper rooms are provided for the Sisters, whose services she so gratefully acknowledges.

When one sees how much has been achieved already with a small house and painfully-collected funds, it is easy to realize what a splendid work might be accomplished with an enlarged building and an altogether larger scale of machinery. More single rooms for the patients are greatly needed, as well as a garden, which would be a real boon to the poor patients, who so imperatively require fresh air.

Surely, since St. Catherine's Home is thrown open to cases from all parts of Great Britain—French and German patients have been even numbered amongst its inmates—it has a strong claim upon the liberality of all, far and wide. Subscriptions and donations will be thankfully received by Mrs. WILLAN, Ventnor Vicarage, I.W., or may be sent to "St. Catherine's Home Fund," National and Provincial Bank, Ventnor, I.W.

Heads of Intercession for Foreign Missions.

BY THE REV. S. W. O'NEILL, S.S.J.E.

THE following intercessions are not intended to be recited continuously, but to be used clause by clause as suggestions for mental prayer.

PREPARATION FOR INTERCESSION.

Remember the Presence of God ;
Trust in the Intercession of JESUS CHRIST ;
Unite yourself by love with the whole Church.

VOCATION TO MISSION WORK.

O Thou, Who art the Lord of the Harvest, call many more to labour for Thy Harvest,

By the Words of Holy Scripture,
By the Sermons of Thy Preachers,
By the lives of devoted Missionaries,
By the Deaths of Martyrs,
By Thine own Love in coming to save man,
By the sweet utterance of Thy Spirit.
Call the young to aspire to Mission labour ;
Call men and women to resolve upon it ;
Call parents and friends to resign them to it ;
Enable them to overcome the shrinking of the flesh,
to break through the entanglements of the world,
to triumph over the opposition of the devil.

PREPARATION FOR IT.

Prepare those whom Thou hast called—

By Thine own Training of them,
By developing their faith,
By strengthening their courage,
By grounding them in humility,
By steeling them to endurance,
By kindling in them zeal,
By sanctifying their natural talent,
By blessing their studies,
By exercising them in spiritual combat,
By teaching them to pray.

ENTRANCE UPON THE WORK.

Be with them at the outset,
 Directing their path,
 Sanctifying their journey,
 Sustaining in them in separation from friends,
 Giving them courage to commence with energy,
 And prudence to act with discretion.

THE WORK ITSELF.

Be Thou the Life of all their actions ;
 Enable them to acquire languages ;
 Supply them with the necessities of life ;
 Give them friends in a strange country ;
 Inspire them as they preach ;
 And as they translate and compose ;
 Direct them in the administration of the Sacraments ;
 Bless them in the education of children ;
 Uphold them in establishing discipline amongst their converts;
 Make them constant in prayer,
 courageous in mortification,
 ready in every good work.

PREACHING.

Bless them in preaching	
To the crowd,	To those moved to repentance,
To the two or three,	To catechumens,
To the ignorant and dull,	To the faithful,
To the self-satisfied,	Before civil powers,
To the prejudiced,	In the streets and bazaars;
To inquirers after truth,	In the churches.

TEACHING.

Bless them in teaching	
Individuals,	The learned,
Classes,	The unbaptized,
Congregations,	The faithful,
Children,	The lapsed.
The unlettered,	

SACRAMENTS AND RITES.

Bless them in

Administering Baptism,
 Celebrating the Eucharist,
 Hearing Confessions,
 Confirming,
 Ordaining Clergy,
 Solemnizing Matrimony,
 Visiting the Sick and preparing souls for death,
 Reciting the Offices,
 Appointing Catechists,
 Celebrating funeral rites,
 Consoling the bereaved,
 Exorcising evil spirits,
 Dedicating Churches,
 Consecrating offerings for the service of God.

SUFFERING.

Sustain them in their sufferings

From heat,	In sickness,
From cold,	In loneliness,
From hunger,	In the company of the wicked,
From thirst,	In persecution,
In weariness,	At the hour of death.

DANGER.

Deliver them from dangers :

From pestilence,	From robbery and violence,
From wild beasts,	From false accusation,
From poisonous reptiles,	From all their enemies,
From drought and famine,	From the snares and assaults of
From storms and tempests,	the devil.

TEMPTATION.

Enable them to overcome all temptations

To sloth,	To despondency,
To worldliness,	To impatience,
To impurity,	To envy.
To pride and self-will,	

FALSE RELIGIONS.

Bless Thy servants preaching to

The Jews,	The Parsees,
The Mahomedans,	The idolaters,
The Buddhists,	The devil worshippers,
The Hindoos,	And all unbelievers.

LOCALITIES.

Bless those labouring in

Turkey,	South Africa,
Persia,	On the African coasts,
India,	Madagascar,
Burmah,	North America,
Borneo,	West Indies,
China,	South America,
Cochin China,	New Zealand,
Japan,	Melanesia,
Kamschatka,	Oceanica,
North Africa,	All other parts of the world.
Central Africa.	

Accomplish this work, O Lord,

By the virtue of Thy Passion,
 In the power of Thine Intercession,
 To the joy of Saints and Angels,
 To the confusion of evil spirits,
 To the everlasting felicity of Thine elect,
 To the glory of Thy Holy Name.

The following passages of Holy Scripture will afford Subjects for Meditation :—Gen. iv. 9, 10 ; xii. 1-3 ; Ex. iii. 7-10 ; Ps. ii. 8 ; Is. vi. 8 ; xlix. 7-12 ; lii. 7-9 ; Jer. xvi. 19-21 ; Dan. ii. 44 ; vii. 13, 14 ; Zech. ii. 10, 11 ; Mal. i. 11 ; S. Matt. iv. 16 ; v. 14 ; vi. 33 ; viii. 11 ; xii. 18-21 ; xiii. 31, 32 ; xxii. 39 ; xxiv. 14 ; xxviii. 18-20 ; St. Luke x. 2 ; Rom. x. 12-15 ; Rev. xi. 15.

The following Psalms may be said :—ii., xix., xxiv., xlv., xlvi., xlvii., lvii., lxx., lxxvii., cxviii., cxxi., cxxvii., cxxxvi., cxlvi.

(Reprinted by the kind permission of the Rev. R. M. Benson.)

A Christmas Carol.

'Tis at Christmas time, when frost is out,
 And the year is very old,
 And icicles and snow-drifts make
 This cold world seem more cold ;
 At Christmas time that He was born,
 Who came that He might bring
 All them that love Him to the land
 Of everlasting Spring.

'Tis at Christmas time, when holly shines
 With green and prickly leaves,
 And on its boughs a coronet
 Of scarlet berries weaves—
 At Christmas time we keep his feast
 Who wore the robe of red,
 Whereby the Martyr's blessed crown
 Alone is purchased.

'Tis at Christmas time, when all things seem
 So very pure and bright,
 And fields are sparkling with the frost,
 And earth is spotless white :
 At Christmas time his day comes round,
 Who purity put on,
 As fields and trees their robes of snow,
 The Apostle, sweet St. John.

And at Christmas time is our own bright day,
 When all those children dear
 Who died for Christ went up on high,
 To begin a happier year ;
 Blest Innocents ! like the flowers that now
 In the ground so long have lain ;
 But surely as soon as April comes,
 Shall wake and bloom again.

J. M. NEALE, *St. Thomas*, 1850.

*(This goes very well to the tune of "What means this rosy dawning?" in
 "Lays and Legends of the Nativity.")*

Benediction of St. Saviour's Priory.

(From "*The Church Review*," Nov. 2nd, 1888.)

THE sight of a Bishop walking in procession through the streets of London, vested in cope and mitre, with processional crucifix, candles, incense, and holy water borne before him, is so unusual that the "East-enders" turned out in large numbers to greet the Right Rev. Prelate on Tuesday, at the dedication of the new Priory of St. Saviour, Haggerston.

We have on several occasions brought before our readers the claims of the East Grinstead Sisters, who are working amid the slums of Haggerston for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the toil and poverty-stricken inhabitants of that district. Our readers will remember that the old Priory consisted only of five tumble-down cottages, which had become so bad that the doors would hardly open, and which the inspector condemned as unfit for human habitation. It was, therefore, a necessity that the Sisters should build, and they boldly appealed for £10,000 to enable them not only to erect a suitable new house wherein to carry on their many works, but—most expensive of all—to purchase the freehold of the plot of ground on which that building was to stand. Kind friends interested themselves in the wants of the community, and when the Sisters moved out of the old premises in August, 1887—the houses had been condemned in the previous June—they felt that they would be warranted both in purchasing the freehold site and in building a large and substantial Priory. They have been obliged to mortgage the new buildings to the amount of nearly £3,000, and it is much to be wished that generous Churchmen would come forward and enable them to make their new start free of debt. Towards this heavy deficit the collection at the dedication service on Tuesday brought in a little over £55.

The Priory is a handsome building in red brick, with Bath-stone dressings, and seems admirably adapted to its purpose. Over the entrance-gate, in Little Cambridge Street, is a figure of the Holy Saviour. This is intended as a special memorial to the late Mr. Mackonochie, who took an immense interest in the work

of the Priory, of which he was Chaplain. The last service he publicly performed for the Sisters was that of conducting the half-yearly meeting of the Arch-guild of St. Michael. Underneath this statue of our Lord are the two dogs which figure prominently in the tragic events of Mr. Mackonochie's death. I wandered up and down steep stone staircases, and along narrow corridors, where everything was of the newest, and all appeared to tell of organization and work. Refectories for the Sisters and the guests, dormitories for the same, kitchens and sculleries, with huge boilers that foretold supplies of soup in the winter ; guild rooms, class rooms, a bright and airy *crèche*, with a row of charming cots against the wall, and the familiar appliances for the benefit of babyhood all over the room—these and other details are all delightfully muddled up in my mind, forming a pleasing recollection of good Samaritan work, undertaken for the love of the Holy Saviour. One or two details stand out prominently in my mind. There is the old chapel, with its associations of troubles and joys sanctified by the presence of Christ in His Holy Sacrament. Time will bring money enough to build a new chapel worthier of Him Who comes to dwell there. At present the little sanctuary is unworthy of the rest of the Priory. Then there are the two rooms set apart for the girls' guild of St. Augustine's parish. These are also in the old building, but the match boarding is skilfully concealed by pictures, &c., and in the inner room I was as much surprised as delighted with the air of refinement which was spread over the whole furniture of the room. It cannot but be good for the working girls of the neighbourhood to spend their evenings amidst such surroundings, apart from the religious benefits they enjoy therein. It was in this room that the Princess of Wales took tea after opening the bazaar in the Shoreditch Town Hall, and in which the Prince of Wales was seen diligently studying a card of hints for the reverent reception of the Blessed Sacrament, fasting Communion being included among the hints. The refectories and class-rooms in the new Priory are fine apartments, but the best of all was the St. Chad's guild-room, which was attractive enough for anyone. One feature I must not omit to mention. At one side of the entrance hall is Mother Kate's private room. This has a window jutting

out of it, from which can be seen the whole length of the corridor. The appearance of this window from the corridor itself was quite picturesque. It was in this room that the Mother received the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles—for this was the prelate who dedicated the house—and her other guests, among whom were the sister-in-law and niece of the late Mr. Mackonochie. The centre of attraction here after the service was the little dog "Speireag," which was found on Mr. Mackonochie's breast when the body of the good priest was recovered. The Bishop told me that "Speireag" was a pure-bred skye-terrier, and that it remained without food for two-and-a-half days while watching Mr. Mackonochie's body, and was nothing the worse for the long fast and exposure. Meanwhile the hospitable Sisters were entertaining their guests at tea, not forgetting the sergeant and constables who had with so much tact preserved order during the procession.

I have come a long way out of my road, and must hark back to the proceedings with which the dedication of the Priory commenced. On arriving at St. Augustine's Church, York Street, Hackney Road, I found a large congregation assembled, which by the time the service began filled the Church. At half-past three the choir of men, the clergy, and the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, who was attended by the Rev. J. Nelson Burrows (vicar of St. Augustine's) and the Rev. R. A. J. Suckling (vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn) as his chaplains, entered the Church. The Bishop was vested in a rochet of lawn and lace, a cope, and cloth of gold mitre. Proceeding to the faldstool in front of the High Altar, the Bishop and clergy knelt, and the service began with the singing of the *Veni, Creator*. Versicles and responses and some collects followed, after which the Bishop blessed the incense and the procession was formed. First came the crucifer, members of guilds in connection with the Priory, the Sisters of the community and the Mother. Then followed the thurifer and boat-bearer, the clerk with holy water, and another crucifer, on either side of whom was borne a candle enclosed in glass, with an ornamental canopy of brass work on the top. The effect of these outdoor tapers was charming, and we should like to see them more frequently adopted. The choir and clergy followed, the Bishop

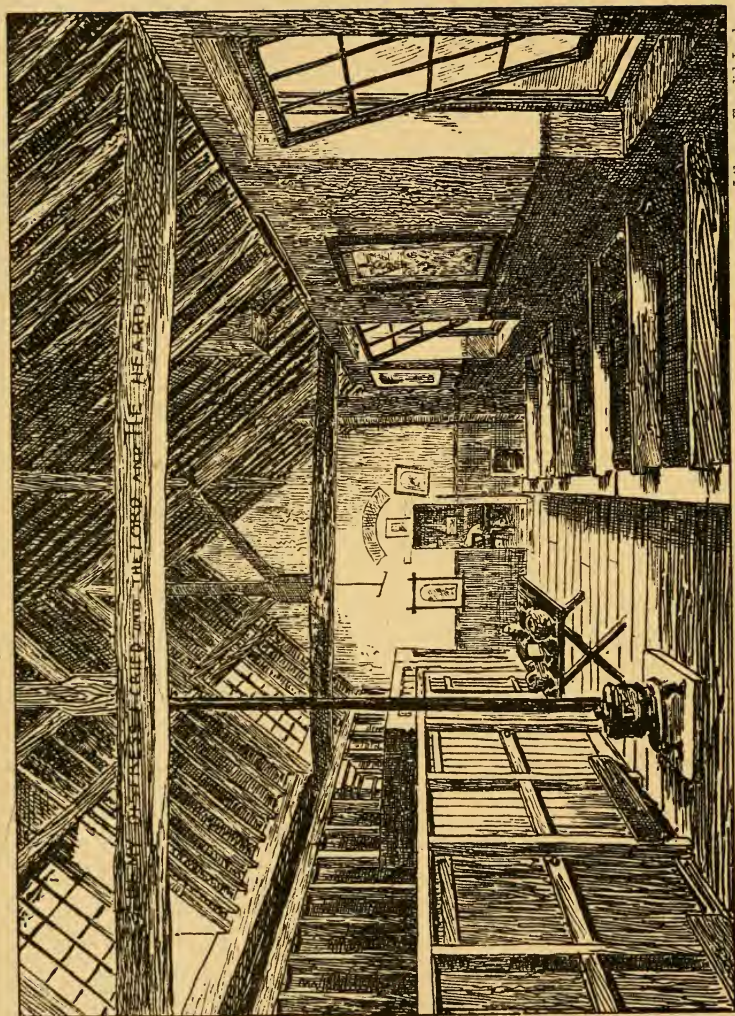
and his chaplains ^{with} coming last, the congregation treading in the footsteps of the Bishop. The clergy present were the Rev. L. Alison, chaplain of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead ; the Rev. F. W. Langton, who acted as master of the ceremonies ; the Rev. W. Teale, who officiated as precentor ; and the Revs. R. F. Little-dale, S. Buss, C. S. Towle, E. S. Burrows, H. Yeatman, L. S. Wainwright, T. P. Massiah, W. R. Sharpe, C. Davidson, J. F. Todd, A. R. Clemens, W. M. Woodward, A. Gilbertson, H. W. Hitchcock, C. Gregory, W. E. Moll, Stewart Headlam, H. B. Bromby, S. J. Stone, S. W. Silver, S. Majendie, C. O. Becker, A. Tanner, H. A. Briggs, and E. T. M. Walker. Out of the Church we all went, under the archway of the vicarage, down York Street, and through Little Cambridge Street to the Priory. For the first time, I suppose, during the last three centuries and a half, an outdoor procession was seen in London in which were crucifixes, lighted candles, incense, holy water, and a Bishop in cope and mitre. The large crowd outside was very reverent, only one man showing any signs of disrespect. But as all that he did was to play feebly on a penny trumpet, the annoyance was trifling and hardly perceptible.

Having arrived at the Priory, the dedication service began, the form in the "Priest's Prayer Book" being much improved by the substitution of the *Asperges* for the introductory Psalm. The Bishop then blessed the gate, aspersed and censed it thrice, and did the same in the Superior's room, the visitors' room, the refectory, the *crèche*, the common room, the dormitories, the guild-room, the infirmary, and finally on the flat at the top of the house. The procession then returned to St. Augustine's Church, singing "Jerusalem the golden." Here Vespers of the Holy Name were solemnly sung, the officiant being the Rev. L. Alison, chaplain of the mother house at East Grinstead. Vespers being ended, the Bishop was divested of his mitre and cope, and conducted by his chaplains to the pulpit, where he delivered a short and telling address. I do not think I ever before heard a Bishop eulogise the use of holy water, as did the Bishop of Argyll in his sermon.

His lordship said that they were engaged in dedicating a holy house of piety and charity to the Name of the Blessed Trinity. They trusted and prayed that it might be a blessing to all around.

In the ceremony in which they had just engaged they saw several uncommon features—viz., the use of incense, sprinkling with holy water, and the singing of an Office of the Holy Name. What was the signification of these things? Incense was the Divinely-appointed symbol of prayer. Just as the incense was compounded of various precious gums mixed in due proportion, so did their prayers comprise supplications, thanksgivings, and intercessions. They must enter upon the new work of the house of charity and piety in the spirit of prayer and supplication; and especially must they pray that the grace of the Holy Ghost the Comforter might descend upon it and remain with it for ever. Without Him nothing could go well. Just as the ships of the sea were wafted by the wind which filled their sails, so were we enabled to do our work by the breath of the Holy Spirit. Every work of charity should be done for the love of Christ. Acts of charity were not so much gauged by what they were as by the motives from which they were done. Only the Blessed Spirit could shed abroad in their hearts the love of Christ, which would enable them to do what was pleasing in His sight. But they had entered on this holy work in the spirit of penitence. For this reason they had used holy water. Sprinkling with this reminded them of the sprinkling of the Blood of Jesus Christ on their hearts. All holy things needed to be so sprinkled, for they were unclean by reason of man's sinfulness. Wrong motives, thoughts of self, of the world, and of evil, entered in and defiled even our best work. Not only our great and gross sins, but also our acts of piety needed to be purified with the sprinkling of which the holy water was a type. Again, they had said the Office of the Holy Name. All in the new house must be done in that Name "which is above every name," which they loved, and before which evil spirits took their flight. Here was a good omen—good luck coming to them in the Name of the Lord. That Name was their plea with God, and their passport to Heaven.

After the address a collection was made during the singing of a poem, "He liveth long who liveth well," and the Bishop dismissed the congregation with the episcopal benediction, the whole service having lasted over two hours and a half.



J. A. Kerman, Photo-lith. London.

The Half-Yearly Chronicle.

FOR OUR ASSOCIATES.

DEAR AND GOOD FRIENDS,—

Some of you say you would like to see your Magazine at Christmas instead of waiting for it till January ; and this year we are able to gratify your wish, and are glad to do so. But then this also gives us the opportunity of offering you likewise all our best Christmas wishes, as well as our thanks for the assistance you have given us towards making Christmas happy for many poor forlorn souls and many little children.

There seems to have been nothing very new or remarkable in the way of nursing this Autumn, except that our Sisters have been more occupied than usual in cases which have proved very lengthy and anxious.

We had the pleasure of seeing the dear and long-known faces of some of our oldest Associates at the opening of St. Saviour's Priory, Oct. 30th. Associates of our House are, as you well know, Associates of all ; and all rejoiced together at the completion of a building which will house our dear Sisters so comfortably, and enable them to carry on their labours (we hope) with better health and greater ease.

The most interesting member of the whole party assembled at the Priory that day was—so some think—the beautiful little dog “Speireag,” one of the two watchers by the body of Mr. Mackonochie. We have been asked to print an advertisement of a terra-cotta panel representing those two good dogs, and should like cordially to recommend it to the notice of all who are interested in them.

With much regret we have resigned the charge of the women's department in Newport Market Refuge. Sister Zillah had worked there twenty-two years—from the time, that is, of its establishment. Last Spring her health failed, and she had to give up and take an entire rest. A large amount of work had naturally and gradually fallen into her hands which would not be required of Sisters under the lately re-constructed régime, with its

qualified superintendent and staff of workers in the boys' school. It was necessary, therefore, to make alterations, and it was judged better that the newly-modified work should be taken up by entirely new hands. The All Saints' Sisters, who work in the next parish, have now undertaken the charge of the Women's Night Refuge. It was a great wrench ; but no other Sister of St. Margaret's could have taken up and carried on the work that Sister Zillah had done, and it would not have been desirable that *any* Sister should have the same responsibility. We wish the All Saints' Sisters every success in the work, which has been very dear to us.

In July the Sisters entered on a new work—St. Alban's Home, Worcester. This is a certified Home for industrial girls. There are about fifty-five children, who are trained for laundry work, dressmaking, and national school teaching. The foundress, Miss Stillingfleet, gave to the Sisterhood the land and the house, with a handsome chapel, laundry and playground.

The new House at Kingsand is flourishing, and an Associate has kindly written an account of the place and work, which perhaps will induce some of you to visit it for yourselves.

While we go to press our Sisters at Cardiff and Roath are absorbed in a Mission held there by Canon Mason and others, of which we hope to give some account in our next number.

We are sending out another Sister to Ceylon to take up the private nursing long desired by Lady Gordon, the Governor's wife. She started Dec. 4th. We ask your prayers on her behalf, the more earnestly as we hope much good may result from this work. Our Sisters already in Ceylon seem to be gradually making their way in various directions. The native village round the Home is getting well in hand under the care of one Sister ; the English-speaking population are visited by another. The Bishop's College, which another Sister superintends, has been examined by Government, with much better results than last year.

The Archdeacon of Colombo, in a sermon preached at St. Michael's and All Angels' Church, Polwatte, has given an account of the work carried on in connection with the Church, which may interest you :—

“The Sinhalese congregation has within this year more than

doubled, I might almost say trebled, its numbers. Some 30 or 40 used to meet for worship : the number now is over 100 in the morning, and more than 70 in the evening ; the offerings of the Sinhalese are increased five-fold, collected in sums of a few cents from each household, for they are very poor.

“The Sunday School has grown till it contains 70 children ; the Day School, entirely supported by the people themselves, has about the same number of scholars. A Provident Fund has been started, to which all Christians in the village are expected to subscribe, each family subscription being fixed, according to their means, by the Churchwardens ; it is understood that only those who subscribe to the Fund will be helped in time of sickness or trouble, and that those who subscribe will be helped, not in proportion to their subscriptions, but to the urgency of their needs. To what is subscribed monthly by the poor Sinhalese I desire to add as much again if means are forthcoming, and we think this is an object which you would all wish to help.

“Then there is a Night School recently started for teaching young men to read and write. There is a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society. All the poor are regularly visited in their homes by one of the Sisters, as well as by the Catechists, and a Dorcas Meeting, with which a Bible Class is combined, is held once a week at St. Margaret's. Village Prayers are said in the Church every morning. This month and last we have had moonlight meetings and preaching to the heathen in the village near the Church, which have stirred up the zeal of the Christians, as well as bringing some few Buddhists into the position of inquirers. Two miles off, at Milagraya, we notice a similar growth. Two years ago the Sinhalese congregation at Milagraya was scarcely in existence. All had lapsed into indifference who had not lapsed into heathenism, but the congregation there now numbers each Sunday 50 or 60 baptized Christians. In Christ Church, Galkissa, we have some eighty Communicants—a steady nucleus of hearty Christians who will become, I hope, an evangelistic and growing body.”

In speaking of work among the English congregation, the Arch-deacon said, “The English-speaking poorer classes in Kollupitiya

and the neighbourhood of the Church are visited by one of our St. Margaret's Sisters. Another is engaged five days a week in pastoral visitation in the Pettah. The Sunday Schools at Galkissa and Milagraya have been lately placed under the superintendence of a Sister. Our Sunday School here, numbering about 100 children (the average attendance) is well manned by devoted teachers amongst yourselves, and the absentees are visited each week by one of our Sisters.

"Other Sunday Schools are at work in the Pettah, in Marandahn, in Demetagoda, all under the supervision of a staff of workers. Each Sunday we have in these Schools some 400 children, who have been brought by our agency under Church teaching. The English Day School at St. Michael's contains 54 children, all belonging to our Church; there are two large Schools in the Pettah, and two small ones—one at Demetagoda and another at Milagraya—for English-speaking children; whilst we have 12 Schools for the instruction of the Sinhalese, mostly in the Galkissa and Milagraya Districts. Altogether we have 459 Christian and 724 non-Christian children in our Day Schools, and an average attendance of over 400 Christian children in our Sunday Schools.

"Bible Classes are held by the Sisters in different parts of the town for different classes of people. Our Sunday School teachers meet for instruction before each Sunday's lesson.

"All this is going on in the way of pastoral work for adults and children. It is only a beginning. There is much more to be done than we have yet accomplished, but a beginning has been made; and if we have grace to persevere, and you have the heart to help us with your alms and sympathy, I have little doubt that much seed which is now being hidden in the soil will hereafter bear fruit a hundred-fold."

In the Archdeacon's sermon he made an earnest appeal for more help from Church people in Colombo to assist him in the heavy burden which the work he has undertaken brings upon him—too great a load to be long borne without more support and sympathy in the future than he has received in the past year.

Last year you saw the St. Agnes' School report: perhaps you will

like now to see that of the Orphanage:—"The children of the infants' class, who do a great deal of their work with the first standard, are well taught by the teacher who has had chief charge of them. They are sensibly instructed in a variety of useful subjects, and the elder ones are, on the whole, fitted to undertake the work preparatory to that of the first standard. The School is thoroughly well ordered, the girls are admirably looked after in every way, and they try their best to succeed in the work they have to do. The needlework deserves special praise for goodness and neatness. The elementary subjects, except some of the arithmetic, are well done. The grammar must be more satisfactory to earn the grant. The singing by note is fairly good."

Again this year we have been called on to part from another of our Sisters, whose life was very precious to us. Sister Paula joined us nearly twenty years ago. She was a nursing Sister, and when attending one very bad case took typhoid fever, from which she never entirely rallied. She nursed at Durham during the great outbreak of smallpox there, and over-exerted herself. Pleurisy was the result of this. She was at Ventnor for some time after, and seemed to be better; but another insidious disease developed and carried her off very rapidly.

Allowing for the difference between a Spanish Carmelite and an English Sister of Mercy, St. Teresa describes Sister Paula in describing one of her own nuns, Beatrix Oñez; and the following words are very true of her (Foundations, chap. xi.):—

"She was never seen to change her demeanour or her countenance, whatever happened; but preserved a quiet cheerfulness which showed the inward happiness that abode in her soul. She was very careful in keeping silence, but with no air of singularity. Her words were innocent, and she was never known to dispute nor to excuse herself. She never grumbled, nor ever complained of any Sister; she never vexed anyone by glance or speech, and did her work as thoroughly as possible, whatever it might be. Her obedience was conscientious, entire and cheerful. She was full of love for her neighbour, and ready and desirous to yield her life for them. She never interfered in other people's business, and knew no one's faults except her own.

"Through all her illness she never gave the least trouble, and obeyed her nurse exactly. It is a common thing," adds St. Teresa, "for souls that wait on prayer to long after crosses and sufferings while they are free from them; but seldom indeed is a soul to be found that can rejoice when tribulation has really come upon her."

Miss Langmore, 50, Kenilworth Road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, has started a Knitting Club for our benefit, and is kindly desirous to hear from any friends who may like to join it.

Sister Mabel (at present at 23, Montpelier Crescent, Brighton) is head of a pinafore Society; a humble little Home work, in which also workers will be very acceptable.

The Needlework Society, proposed in our last number, is now a healthy and thriving infant, and, with much gratitude to the kind Secretary, we append her first annual Report.

And now, friends, we will not longer detain your attention, and will close this long letter with our most hearty wishes and prayers that your Christmas may be a very happy one, and that the coming year may indeed be *Felix Novus Annus*.

THE ST. MARGARET'S NEEDLEWORK SOCIETY.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

ALLOW me, in the first place, to tender hearty thanks, on the Sisters' behalf and my own, for the generous help afforded towards the formation of this Society. The garments contributed were most acceptable, and most gratefully accepted.

We are much gratified by the success of our little undertaking, and trust the number of members will be largely increased.

Anyone desirous of helping in this good work, whether as President, Vice-President, or Member, should address the Secretary.

Many members have written to ask what garments are most useful. We would draw their attention to our list, from which they will perceive what departments most need strengthening. Men's clothing is less often provided, and more urgently needed, than any other; and we may add that not only new, but old clothing is extremely useful, and that we rejoice especially at the sight of boots and shoes, black dresses and pieces of crape.

We reprint the rules, for the sake of those who are not already acquainted with them:—

"The object of this Society is to supply an increasing need, much felt

by the Sisters of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, when nursing in the homes of the sick poor, and also in other works of mercy carried on under their guidance in large parishes, where warm clothing and other necessities are urgently required for the poor.

This Society shall consist of Presidents, Vice-Presidents and Members.

1. Each President shall find at least three Vice-Presidents, from whom she will receive the work collected by them from their respective Members, not later than the 1st November, and forward the same to the Secretary, adding three articles of clothing as her contribution to the Society.
2. Each Vice-President shall find at least ten Members, from whom she will receive their work, and send it on collectively to her President, before the 1st November, adding three articles of clothing as her contribution to the Society. All useful garments will be thankfully received.
3. Each Member is bound to contribute three articles of clothing in the year (she may send any number beyond this), forwarding the same to her Vice-President, not later than 20th October.

N.B.—Should any President, Vice-President, or Member, find it more convenient to send 2/6 instead of each garment, she may do so. Such Donations shall be devoted to the expenses of the Society.

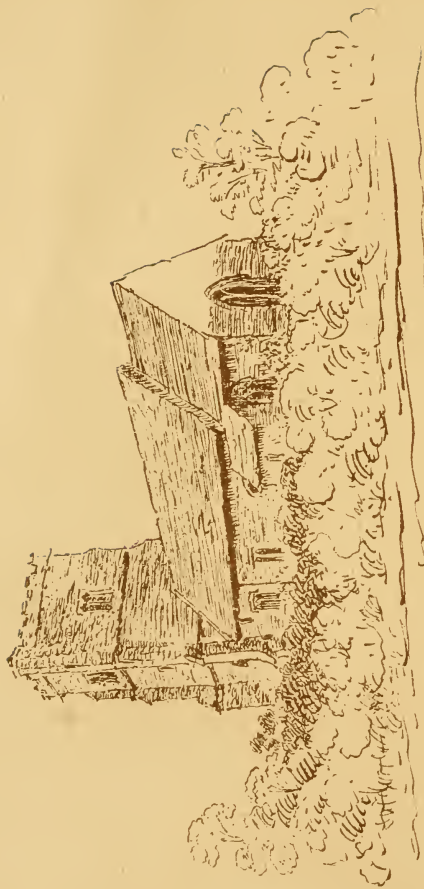
All Parcels *must be carefully packed and prepaid*, and communications or enquiries, &c., to be addressed to the Secretary—

MISS L. VESEY-FITZ-GERALD,

3, Philbeach Gardens, S. Kensington, S.W."

List of articles of clothing sent in from the beginning of the Society, July, 1888, to Nov. 1st:—

Pair Men's Trousers	1	Brought forward	368
Shirts	14	Pairs Mittens	7
Nightshirts and Gowns	21	Cuffs	21
Vests...	18	Pillow-cases	3
Shifts	68	Children's Frocks	53
Drawers	10	„ Stays	6
Aprons	9	„ Pinafores, &c...	38
Gowns	1	„ Crochet and Knitted			
Flannel Jackets, &c.	8	„ Jackets	6
Flannel Petticoats...	44	„ Crochet Hoods	13
Other warm do.	70	„ „ Capes	4
Flannel Bodices	3	„ White Petticoats	1
Knitted Stockings and Socks	31	„ Gaiters...	1
Small Woollen Shawls	17	„ Blouses...	2
Large Llama do.	1	„ Spencers	2
Cross-overs, Comforters, &c.	33	Babies' Boots	20
Slippers and Wool Boots	2	„ Shirts	4
Leather Shoes	2	„ Flannel Wrappers	2
Bonnets and Hats...	6	Pairs Gloves	3
Collars	9				
			<hr/> 368	Total	<hr/> 534



Crawley Church

(before its restoration in 1888.)

John Mason Neale.

A MEMOIR—(*Continued.*)

1842.

WE have now to give the story, in Mr. Neale's own words, of his short experience as a parish priest at Crawley, in Sussex. On his first visit to that place he thus writes:—

TO MISS WEBSTER.

“ My dearest Sarah,—

Saturday, May 28th.

I can well imagine that you will look with some interest for the account of our adventures. We reached Three Bridges at a quarter to six, and then S. and I walked over. We were received very nicely by the parties in authority. I called, of course, on the Churchwarden, and had a good deal of talk with him. He reckons Dissenters and Churchmen nearly half and half; and that, although the former have to go five miles to the nearest meeting-house. Then I sent for the Clerk. They begin the service by *singing*, ‘When the wicked,’ etc. Now all this melody may surely be turned to good account. Till lately the Commandments have been read from the reading-pew! I have prepared them for the Prayer for the Church Militant to-morrow. The Communicants average fifteen. The average congregation is three hundred.

I must be looking at my sermon. I know I shall have your prayers. My hoarseness is not very well.

May 29th. 1st Sunday after Trinity.

I have got through to-day with very tolerable ease and comfort. After breakfast a visit from the Clerk, who gave us some account of his sayings and doings. Down to the school, a nice, airy,

commodious building. It is founded (as a writing on the wall tells) for the instruction of children 'in the principles of the Protestant Religion, as established.' Query, whether such principles may not soon be at a discount? I never saw cleaner rooms or more airy: or cleaner children. They have but two teachers for the boys—poor men, and not knowing very much, but very civil—and one for the girls. There are thirty-five of the latter, and seventy of the former. I heard them read and so on, and cannot much approve of their system. They were reading the 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians, but as to who S. Paul might be they had no idea. However those who can read (and that is nearly all) are able to read very well. At eleven we went to Church—the first time of my officiating as Priest. There were about two hundred and fifty; the Church was decently full. They began by singing the old Hundredth—there may be twenty voices—and certainly I must say that they sing much better than one could expect.

They were very attentive during the sermon, especially in those parts which more particularly interested them. They seemed to take the Bidding Prayer very naturally, and were not surprised at the Prayer Militant, as Bernard Leslie's clerk called it. My voice held out wonderfully well, for the Church, though not large, is, as we were told before, remarkably difficult to speak in. After dinner we went to the schools again. I made a large class and catechized, and was quite delighted to hear the Sussex dialect again. They got very much interested, and rose very much in my opinion. But they sadly want some superintendent—there is no list of children, and no one seems to know who ought to come. I made them go to Church in the evening, but must alter the plan of their coming somehow—for seven hours, with only one hour's break, is too much of a good thing. There was a Baptism in the afternoon. I had it in the middle of service. The Church was *crammed*. People were jammed into the square pews, so that I wondered how they should ever get out. Mr. Sweeting, and our squire, Mr. Broadwood, who lives four miles from here, towards Horsham, were there. They sang Greene's anthem—'Lord, how are they increased that trouble me'—and really very fairly. Already in my mind's eye, I beheld

an incipient choir. They sing after the Second Lesson, but that is easily transposed. But, in the middle of the service, judge of my horror, when the Churchwarden, wanting to open the east window, got up on the Altar ! Really the Protestantism of the people with respect to that is dreadful : it all arises from having a short Chancel. People are forced, from want of room, to put down their hats within the rails. The Churchwarden's deed certainly somewhat disheartened me—however, 'the battle is the Lord's : and He will give them into our hands ;' that must be our comfort in these matters as in everything else. I am so very thankful that I have been able to get through these services. I was very nervous in the morning lest I should break down. A good many of the people turn to the East—of course I set them the example. The Clerk bowed as regularly at the Saviour's Name as if he had been used to it all his life, *in the evening* : it shews the force of example. I returned the woman's fee for churching. Do you think I was right ? To-morrow there is a Club Sermon. Mr. Sweeting* asked if I would 'lend him my pulpit,' to which of course I assented, but intend to read prayers myself. I think, the more I see of it, that we may well say of this place, 'The lines are fallen to us in pleasant places.'

(This was a preliminary visit of two or three days. He took up his abode at Crawley, June 11th.)

June 11th.

This village looked really quite beautiful as we came into it this evening. The people begin to recognise me a little, I think.

June 12th. 3rd Sunday after Trinity.

. . . The clerk came to me and said that there was a baptism, but the parents hoped it might not be in the service—and it was the feeling of the congregation generally—because the other was the old custom. 'Well,' quoth I, 'that is a good reason where there is none stronger ; tell them to come in the service, and I will say something about it in my sermon.' Then dinner with much speed ; I wrote something on the subject, then down to the girls' school. They are much less forward than the boys. Down to

*He had been acting curate at Crawley, and was now at the next parish, Ifield.

Church : very full it was. I baptized in the middle, and preached from 'He that hath the Son,' etc. Then I delivered an oration to the singers and had a talk with the Churchwardens. . . . I have taken possession of the Church key : you can guess why.

June 13th.

I have been the greater part of the day paying visits and taking down names, and have met at present with nothing but civility. There are not so many Dissenters as I had expected to find, and I have hitherto met none who had any objection against coming to Church. Indeed, they seem to think one will be rather pleased to find they go occasionally to meeting ; and as to the sin of it, *that* there will be some difficulty in teaching them.

I have got a promise for six or seven more children for the Sunday School ; it and the National School are completely different. The masters of the one seem to pique themselves on knowing nothing at all respecting the other. I have changed my pew with the one next to me, and shall probably pluck it away to-morrow. Oh my pewless Sarah ! how will you get on ? the only person with any pretensions to gentility in the parish who has no pew ! Now I am going down to the Church to see what arrangements can be made for enabling the men who sit in the chancel to kneel. I informed the clerk yesterday about daily service ; he did not look much frightened. One's love for the parochial system is rather severely tested here. A child is lying dead within thirty yards of my Church, and yet I cannot visit the parents because it is in Ifield.

Sunday, June 19th.

. . . In the afternoon I went to the School, fully bent on putting my threat into execution of keeping back the tickets of anyone who was late. But lo, the greater part of the children had no tickets—only those who say their Collects, which is only four classes. These tickets are afterwards bought for a penny a dozen by the master, so there was the rattling of money and a kind of bargaining going on. Well ! that shall not be done much longer. In the afternoon service there was a Baptism, and behold ! when I got to the font the child was not to be found. So I found that this was a plan to avoid the baptisms in the middle of the service,

and determined not to give way. The clerk went and fetched up the people, who, when they found the whole congregation waiting for them, looked beyond measure ashamed; and I made their discomfiture complete by giving notice, after the prayers, that I should only baptize when the sponsors were in Church the whole time.

S. John the Baptist's Day.

You would have been much pleased could you have seen my congregation this morning. I do not mean that the Church was crammed, but there were really a very respectable number of people, considering: the wetness of the day did not seem to keep any away. I felt no inconvenience at all from reading, and have had no pain in my chest nor anything else to-day. . . . Pleased as I was with the attendance at Church this morning, I could not but feel sorrowful when I compared it with that in some of the village churches which I saw this day last year, not to mention the magnificent ones in Dieppe, crammed with worshippers. However, by God's grace, we—or at least some of us—may live to see the like here in England, and those who do not may perhaps be better and more happily off. . . . The schoolmaster turned somewhat rampagious this evening, but I soon quieted him. My texts on Sunday, all well, will be—in the morning, 'Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward'—in the evening, 'Prayer shall be made unto Him continually, and DAILY shall He be praised.'

Saturday Morning, June 25th.

. . . My dear love, you will be sorry to hear that the service yesterday gave me so much pain and fever at night that I more than fear I must give it up for a few weeks. I shall go to town however, all well, and see Dr. Blundell again—and, I think, make some arrangements about getting a supply for the next few weeks. . . . And you must tell me what you think I ought to do. . . . How I shall get through the service to-morrow I cannot exactly say; and what steps to take about getting a supply, for how long to engage one, or to whom to apply, are considerations which rather puzzle me. . . .

June 26th. 5th Sunday after Trinity.

After breakfast to the School ; 48 out of 59 boys, 20 out of 25 girls ; called over the names ; read the first lesson with the boys, 1st and 2nd class, and then back. The clerk brought me a basket of cherries—his first. A fair congregation in Church ; gave notice of the Holy Communion and of service on St. Peter's Day and Friday. Preached on the character of Jeroboam ; somewhat above them. Spoke to them of kneeling and responding. After dinner to the School ; heard the boys. . . . Preached from 'Let me die the death of the righteous.' . . .

Addle Hill, June 27th.

I went with Webb to Dr. Blundell. I was determined to hear the worst of the matter, so after I had seen him I sent Webb up to receive his verdict.

Well, he says there is no danger, but that it is necessary to take a good deal of care, etc. He says I must not take any duty at present, that he thinks the visiting, etc., would be a very good thing, that I ought not to be left alone—both because this might become worse suddenly, and also on other general accounts. He is very glad that I am thinking of being married, and thinks that it will be, in all points of view, a most excellent thing. The first thing evidently to be done is to get a supply till one may venture on the thing one's self, and that is not easy. . . . Dr. Blundell says that a little exercise for my voice is a good thing ; so I shall hope to administer the Holy Communion next Sunday, when one need not speak louder than in an ordinary room. . . .

Addle Hill. The Feast of St. Peter.

. . . I had a long argument with Wackerbarth, the Romanist, and never felt before, so much, how invincible we Anglicans are, if we will only abjure all common cause with Protestants. I do not think that I shall have Webb with me next Sunday, so I must do as well as I can by myself. . . . I had, you know, intended to stay till to-morrow, thinking that Webb would have returned with me then ; as it is, there are so many who, I hope, will receive the Communion for the first time next Sunday, that I do not like to be away from them, and must try to see them all first. Indeed

I could not feel comfortable away from Crawley, unless there were a regular Curate.

Crawley, June 30th.

I have just had a visit from Mr. Bethune. I perceive, if we settle here, we shall be able to do anything with this neighbourhood. This man has a great idea of my knowledge in the Church line, and I lectured him about pews. I do hope to have some hand, yet, in doing something for our Churches—but if it should please God that I should not, why, the comfort is, the work will go on just as well without me. . . .

I have just come in from a long walk to that part of Crawley which lies in the forest, and a wild and beautiful country it is. Once get over the ridge of the hill, and there are the South Downs in all their beauty. It came on to rain just as I got to Shelley, for that is the name of our hamlet, and I was glad of the shelter. There are but two cottages, and both the people are Baptists—the one so from infancy, the other lately turned so. With the former I had about half-an-hour's conversation. He referred me to the old argument—give chapter and verse for Infant Baptism—(What do 'Bible, whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible' people say to that?) Of course it would have been in vain to give him the true argument, Catholic consent—so I contented myself with asking for chapter and verse about the Sunday (he had just insisted on our not being under the law). This, of course, he could not do, and he then flew off to that passage in Ezekiel, 'I will sprinkle clean water,' etc., which, he said, he knew by the 'unctious' teaching of the Holy Spirit to mean the Blood of the Saviour. I explained to him that it meant no such thing, and then seeing the mother was listening I spoke to him of the horrible thing it would be if one of his children were to die unbaptized. Then I further explained to him that, to say the least, there was a fearful chance against his having been really baptized, and asked him who gave his minister the power? Would you believe it? he went to the succession immediately! Mr. Davis was 'brought under' by Mr. Brooks, and so on, up to the Apostles. 'No,' quoth I, 'very far from it,' and shewed him where their succession really did begin. 'Well, sir,' he said, 'I

wish you would read a little book that I would send you.' 'Willingly,' I said, 'on two conditions, that you read one I shall send you, and that you will hear what I have to say on your book when I have read it.' He agreed, and so we parted very good friends. The place they go to is at Hand Cross, only a little more than a mile, whereas Crawley is three.

July 1st, 1842.

. . . I have been very busy in the parish to-day, and paid some interesting visits. At one place, Mrs. P.'s, I found that though the mother was a Churchwoman, and even a Communicant, the daughter had never been baptized. She is a nice modest girl, and I liked her frank way of speaking. She does not see the necessity of being baptized at all—thinking, I imagine, that it is all very well if done in infancy—otherwise it is no matter. And yet, with strange inconsistency, she belongs to, or rather often attends, a Baptist (if, indeed, it be not rather a Socinian) meeting. However, I hope I made some impression on her, and the mother seems to be glad of it. I am to lend her some books, first and foremost Richard Nelson. There are some parishes where one could not venture to lend any of the Tracts; fortunately this is not one. My Baptist friend at Shelley has sent me his book, which I am to read; by good luck it is not very long. I sent him a tract on the subject. Then after *dinner* (though it was Friday), I went to see the people whom I have been endeavouring to prepare for the Holy Communion, and to look up some irregular children. I think I have the art of making myself minded—at least the people here are very tractable. Among other things, I called on a woman of the name of Bollen, in the 'Magazines' (the worst part, as you will soon, I hope, know) of *our* parish. I had only spoken to her husband before, and not been in the house. I never before saw such a place. It was used for a horse shed, but is much decayed since that time. One long room, with mud floor, constitutes the whole. The boards are half or at most three-quarter inch—huge cracks between—the door will not shut—only fasten to—the thatch lets in the rain; and in that tremendous rain last night, the wet poured in upon the bed, and the woman's ingenuity was almost exhausted in keeping it off her husband, who

still slept on. How like a woman! Well! I was determined to do something for them—the more because they did not complain. So I sent to the landlord, himself a poor man, to come up to me at nine. Then I read and prayed with a poor old bedridden woman, and talked to her about the Holy Communion, which I think she might well receive, though her memory is none of the best, and then walked to the Bridges. Pichard came up at nine. I represented to him the cruelty of keeping people where I would not keep a horse, and charging them eighteenpence a week for their house. He was rather obstinate at first, but I made him—partly by coaxing, and partly by threatening—penitent, and he promised me, if I could get him leave of absence from work for a week without being finally turned off, to repair the cottage. This I shall try to do to-morrow morning. I also reconciled two sisters who were at enmity. Scott's clerk has been taking measurements of my Church all day. I find that Miss —— has been in the habit of giving money for attendance at the Holy Eucharist! There is something most horrible in this, and it must be put a stop to. . . .

After much thought I have written to Thorp for a curate for two months to take the Daily Service. I feel more and more that I cannot hold any living comfortably without it—eat the bread of the Church while neglecting her express commands!

The Visit. B.V.M.

. . . I told you some time ago that I wanted to make Rivingtons take a translation of the first book of Durandus on Symbolism: I hear this morning that Green, of Leeds, will do so, so I must finish up that. I like to have something regular to do. Webb promises to come. . . .

6th Sunday after Trinity.

This morning we were all up pretty early. Edward and I went down to the school, while Webb occupied himself by preparing the Church for the Holy Communion, by erecting a Table of Prothesis, etc. I took my usual classes and E. occasionally both the boys and the girls. Church was very full; I read the Epistle and all the Communion Service after the Absolution. E. preached on the Communion, and with great acceptance, as I afterwards

heard. There were about twenty communicants and the offertory was twenty-one shillings and tenpence. We dined, and then to the School again. E. fell downstairs from the top to the bottom, fortunately with no more detriment than breaking a banister. In the evening he preached from 'As it was in the days of Noe : ' both times in his surplice. After tea we went into the forest, and I had three-quarters of an hour's talk with Jennings—the man who lives next door to Cooper, the Baptist whom I told you of. I like him much and feel almost sure of him. He begged and prayed me to come again, and when I was talking to him of the danger of self-deception being so fearfully important a thing, he sat and trembled till he quite shook the table. E., who came in at the end, says that if I were even to see no more of him he certainly will doubt till the end of his life as to his real degree of light. 'To-morrow morning we go early to the Church to cut down three more pews, for which I have the Churchwarden's leave. I quite expect and am prepared for a burst of indignation from the unfortunate occupants, but I am quite sure of the legal right, and as to the desirableness, there can be no doubt of it. The working drawings are going on, and I reckon on seeing (if I live) the chancel complete, though without its ornaments, this year. . . . On Saturday night we found the old foundations : they are 18 feet from the eastern wall. I cannot quite make up my mind what roof to have for the chancel.

Monday Night.

. . . We have had a very pleasant day. In the morning, we were occupied in hacking down pews ; Edward left us at twelve, and then we went to Lingfield, a fine Church some twelve miles off, through a most beautiful country, and with a lovely day. To-morrow we go up by an early train, and take Churches by the way. Then on Wednesday morning I shall hope to see Dr. Blundell again. . . .

July 6th.

I do not think that, if I really am to have rest, it will be well for me to stay at Crawley, for the excitement of the parish is far more than that of the Church."

Here the letters break off abruptly.

Long afterwards—in Advent, 1860—he recurred to this time in a sermon preached at St. Margaret's on the text, "For the day of the Lord of hosts shall be . . . on all pleasant pictures."

"Yes : it is often of God's great mercy when He destroys these pleasant pictures. One never speaks so well as from experience. . . When I was first ordained Deacon, my pleasant picture was a model parish : where there were to be such services, such frequent Communions, such village schools, such cottage gardens, such joyous Festivals and holy Lents, as nowhere else. At that time, by His goodness, I was in a position of great usefulness and importance for one so young, and indeed for anyone. There God had placed me ; there, I now see, I should have stayed ; but it was not at all like my pleasant picture, and of course everything was to give way to that. So, with some trouble, I got a Curacy. In four weeks, through the Bishop, I was forced to leave it, on account of that very work which I had given up to take it. Then I was ordained Priest, and even before I was, I had a living offered me. Now my pleasant picture was about to be fulfilled. But I had only celebrated once in that Church when it was told me that my only chance of life was to leave England. So the day of the Lord—His near and threatened approach by death—came upon my poor picture, and it was utterly destroyed. And how, since He pleased to give me my health and strength again, He has kept me as far as possible from realising my first wish, after which I grasped so eagerly, you all know. But no one, excepting God Himself, knows the bitter tears it cost me to give up that picture, made all so ready to my hand, and looking so bright. And just as thankful I am now as ever I was disappointed then."

John Mason Neale and Sarah Norman Webster were married July 27th, 1842, at Christ Church, Barnwell. Mr. Neale had made up his mind to have a Celebration of Holy Communion on the occasion of his marriage. It was a very unusual thing. Objections were raised by members of the family, and over-ruled or ignored. The bridegroom saw his plain duty, and led his

bride to see it too, and their friends were either convinced or silenced. But, after all, the vicar of Barnwell refused them a marriage Celebration, and the Bishop, to whom reference was made, supported the vicar.

The following characteristic lines are dated some three weeks later :—

"Ambleside, 11th Sunday after Trinity, 1842.

Yes ! though their heads are dark and shrouded,
 Though dimness all the horizon fills ;
 We lift our eyes, with hope unclouded,
 Up to the everlasting hills.
 And though awhile we seem to stand
 As strangers in a stranger land,
 Where'er we turn, howe'er we roam,
 Still do they whisper of our home.

Not of that home, which fancy, gilding
 The future with her brightest ray,
 With fairy hands erewhile was building,
 Its beauties now have passed away :
 Oh no ! the mountains, skyward swelling,
 Remind us of a brighter dwelling :
 A Home above them, lovelier far
 Than earthly dwelling-places are.

They point to lasting habitations,
 Which foot of man hath never trod,
 Tell of a city with foundations,
 Its Builder and its Maker, God :
 And though our faith is all too weak,
 And though its tongue we cannot speak,
 Still, lie our path through thorns or flowers,
 That Home remaineth, and 'tis ours !

So this one thing we do, forgetting
 The toils and pleasures that are o'er,
 We press towards the future, letting
 The things that charmed us, charm no more ;

For thee, my love, a brighter scene,
 Had it been mine to choose, had been :
 But this I doubt not, 'midst the rest,
 If not the brightest, is the best.

And if sometimes thy cares seem doubled,
 Yet is there this to cheer thy lot ;
 ' Let not your heart,' saith He, ' be troubled,'
 Who slumbereth and Who sleepeth not :
 Fair is that promise to thy view,
 And all that earthly love can do,
 By look or gesture, word or tone,
 Ah, dearest ! it shall be thine own !

He Who, though once by pain distressed,
 Hath given thy loved ones their reward ;
 And o'er their graves hath written—' Blessèd
 The dead that slumber in the Lord ;'
 Who brought them on, Who led them through,
 Shall guide thee, and shall guard thee too :
 Bring thee to those thou lov'st so well,
 And give us in one Home to dwell."

On returning from a few weeks' tour in the North of England, the newly married couple remained for a time at Brighton. Mr. Neale's health continued very precarious, but idleness was not in him. He continued to do a great deal of work for the Cambridge Camden, and undertook, in union with Mr. Webb, a translation of the first book of the *Rationale of Durandus*, on the Symbolism of Churches. He worked on at his mediæval Latin poets, and at a kind of synopsis of Beaumont's *Psyche*, afterwards published in the *Churchman's Companion*, and began his first series of hymns for children.

To the REV. W. RUSSELL.

St. Crispin, 1842.

" . . . You will be surprised, I think, at one of the little books I was talking to you of. It is a little tract of hymns for poor children, which, though small in size, has cost me a great deal of trouble, and therein given me a great deal of pleasure. There are

to be about thirty. They are for every day in the week, and for the different Hours of Prayer, for the principal Saints' Days and Festivals in the year ; and if I could do anything towards driving out Dr. Watts, I should indeed be thankful. Another of my books, which you will receive in a few days, is a Supplement to the History of Pews, wherein are some curious things. But our great book, Durandus, gets on very slowly."

When autumn came on, it was evidently needful to try a milder climate, and Mr. and Mrs. Neale reluctantly started for Penzance. The journal has this entry :—

"Euntes ibant et flebant, mittentes semina sua: venientes autem venient cum exultatione portantes manipulos suos."

At Penzance he finished his first set of hymns, and set about writing a second ; wrote "Songs and Ballads for the People," brought out "Herbert Tresham," began "Agnes de Tracy," a story of the times of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and continued "Hierologus," a delightful book, of which we shall have more to say by and bye.

But even Penzance would not do, and in the first week of 1843 it was decided that Madeira must be tried. This journey was taken even more reluctantly than that to Penzance.

To the REV. E. J. BOYCE.

"My dear Boyce,— *Penzance, Jan. 17th, 1843.*

. . . As you may well imagine, to leave England is a great trial, and especially to Sarah, but then we are not left without comfort. Truly, as you say, it is a lesson to every one to work while it is day.

I have now nearly rid myself of the things I was most anxious about, having sent off Agnes de Tracy to Stevenson, and nearly finished the other book. Durandus will, I hope, be fully arranged when Webb comes here.

All this is in case it should be God's will that my work should be done—preparing for the dark does not exclude hoping for the bright side—nor ought it.

I shall leave the Hymns and Songs (if you will take them) in your hand. I have some corrections, should a second edition be

called for, and a new hymn, which I will send you. And will you also get the second series through the press? keeping the capitals, etc., as in the first series. Let me hear this, for the getting ready another series of Hymns I think a very suitable employment for any one, in any condition.

I will try, at all events, not to 'rust out;' and perhaps I may be good for something a good while yet. Who can tell? With our united love, I remain, ever

Your affectionate brother,

J. M. NEALE."

They started on the 2nd of February, just after Mr. Neale's twenty-fifth birthday. His journal has the words:—

"Si non Tu Ipse præcedas, non educas nos de loco isto."

He was using Bp. Andrewes' Devotions with great delight at this time, and just before leaving England wrote a prayer after the same manner concerning his sickness. It runs thus:—

"Convertere, Domine, et eripe animam meam: de morbo quo teneor libera me: salvum me fac propter magnam misericordiam Tuam.

Miserere mei, Domine, quoniam infirmus sum: sana me, Domine, quoniam conturbata sunt ossa mea. Et anima mea turbata est valde: sed Tu, Deus, succurre mihi.

Tibi, Domine, justitia:
Mihi autem confusio faciei:
Tibi Soli peccavi,
Et malum coram Te feci:
Tu justus es in omnibus
Quæ venerunt super me:
Quia veritatem fecisti,
Ego autem impie egi.

Confiteor, Domine,
quod, dum firmior stetit salus,
Tui oblitus fuerim
mandata spernans,
voluntatem meam secutus,
mendacia locutus,
animo et corpore pollutus,
voluptatibus, etiam nefandis, deditus.
peccatorum inexcusatissimus,
peccatorum primus.

Et hoc
 dum coronasti me in misericordia
 et miserationibus :
 replens in bonis desiderium meum :
 impinguans in oleo caput meum :
 nec est quod potuit ultra fieri, et non fecisti.
 Quanto magis bonitate me onerasti :
 tanto magis in malitiam declinavi :
 vitam, quæ ex Te erat,
 meam reputans :
 Salutem, robur, dona,
 inimicis Tuis meisque consecrans,
 et quid nunc dicam, aut in quo aperiam
 os meum ?
 At Cui non est voluntatis mors impiis
 Sana me :
 Deus, Cui proprium est misereri et parcere
 semper,
 parce et mihi.
 Dominator Domine Deus, misericors & clemens
 patiens et multæ miserationis,
 miserere mei.
 Quoniam non est in morte, qui memor
 sit Tui :
 In inferno autem quis confitebitur Tibi ?
 Non avertas faciem a servo Tuo :
 ne similis fiam descendantibus in lacum :
 Ne revoces me in dimidio annorum meorum :
 Usque in generationem & generationem anni Tui.
 Erue animam meam ut non pereat :
 Projice post tergum Tuum omnia peccata mea
 et conversus vivifica me.
 Quia non infernus confitebitur Tibi :
 neque mors laudabit Te :
 non expectant,
 qui descendunt in lacum,
 Veritatem Tuam.
 Vivens vivens ipse confitebitur Tibi :
 Domine salvum me fac,
 ut confitear Tibi.
 Qui dixisti
 Multum valet assidua justī deprecatio :
 Qui tantos incitasti justos

(Gratias ergo Tuæ Misericordiæ)

ut pro me,

ut in uxore meâ cognatisque meis,
de me orarent

multos, assidue, de die in diem :

Sana me.

Qui dixisti

Oratio Fidei salvabit infirmum,

et alleviabit cum Dominus :

et si in peccatis sit, remittetur ei,

orationemque Fidei pro me

Toties accipere dignatus es.

Allevia me :

sana animam meam, quia

peccavi Tibi.

Qui dixisti

Te facere misericordiam in millia his

qui diligunt Te, et custodiunt præcepta Tua :

qui custodis misericordiam

in millia :

et misericordia Tua a progenie in progeniem

timentibus Te :

qui recordatus Abrahæ, liberavisti Lot :

benedixisti Isaac,

servavisti Jacob :

qui propter David servum Tuum

Ezechiam alleviasti

Jerusalem servans :

Qui et mihi et uxori meæ

dedisti

ut de stirpe Te timente nati essemus :

recordare avorum nostrorum,

recordare parentum

amicorum

et cognatorum

et illorum, qui in signo Fidei a nobis profecti

jamdudum in somno pacis dormiunt :

et illorum

qui hodie tibi serviunt.

O cui justitia in filios filiorum,

his qui serviunt mandata Tua :

et memores sunt mandatorum Tuorum,

ad faciendum ea.

O qui
 quemadmodum miseretur
 pater filiorum
 misertus es timentibus se :
 Miserere mei, Dñe, quoniam infirmus sum :
 Sana me, Domine,
 quoniam conturbata sunt
 ossa mea.
 Qui dixisti,
 Filios servorum Tuorum habitaturos esse
 et semen eorum in seculorum dirigi,
 Quique me scis
 Tantorum Tui timentium
 Ultimam esse stirpem,
 ne funditus pessumdes justorum
 generationem :
 ne servorum Tuorum obliviscaris :
 miserere mei.
 Qui pater es orphanorum, iudex viduarum,
 Orphanam uxorem,
 Viduam matrem,
 Sorores patre carentes,
 Benignus respice :
 qui non voluntarie affligis,
 nec filios hominum corripis,
 uxorem et matrem aspiciens,
 consolare :
 lætatae sint, pro diebus quibus eas humiliasti,
 annis, quibus viderunt mala.
 Respice in servos Tuos, et in opera Tua :
 et dirige, id si Sancta Tua voluntas,
 filios eorum,
 qui dirigis semen justorum
 in sæculum sæculi.
 Pater ejus, et mater ejus deliquerunt
 uxorem meam
 a Te in requiem vocati :
 O Dñe assume eam :
 inveniet a Te misericordiam, ut
 videam bona Dñi
 in terrâ viventium.
 Pater misericordiarum, et Deus totius consolationis
 Qui consolaris nos

in omni afflictione nostrâ :
 Qui custodis advenas
 Qui pupillum et viduam suscipies
 miserere et nostri.
 O Dñe Jesu,
 Pontifex professionis nostræ,
 Qui possis compati infirmitatibus nostris,
 non est abbreviata manus Tua,
 ut salvare nequeat :
 neque est aggravata auris Tua,
 ut non exaudiat :
 Sana me, Domine,
 Sicut sanâsti
 Leprosum :
 Petri socrum febricitantem :
 Centurionis puerum :
 Paralyticum :
 Demonicos :
 Bartimeum :
 Malchum :
 nam et si medici de me desperent,
 num illorum sententiis definita est
 misericordia Tua ?
 Dñe, si vis, potes me mundare :
 Dñe, dic tantum verbo, et mundabor.
 Nam etsi ad portas
 Mortis appropinquaverim,
 Domini tamen Dñi exitus mortis.
 Qui resuscitasti
 Jairi filiam,
 Viduæ filium,
 Lazarum triduarium,
 me quoque resuscita.
 Nam etsi defecerunt dies mei
 in vanitate,
 et anni mei cum festinatione,
 ipse autem sis misericors : et propitius fias
 peccatis meis :
 et non disperdas me.
 Recordatus quoniam pulvis sumus :
 spiritus vadens, et non rediens.
 Qui inspiravisti in faciem meam,
 spiraculum vitæ,

spiraculum meum renova.

Qui Asam notasti in admonitionem,
ut, cum ægrotaret,
non in Te, sed in medicis confidit :
da mihi per medicum
ad Te spectare :

Qui per humana ministeria
plerumque operatus es.

Sit ille Tuus minister mihi in bonum :

Qui medicinam das ad
curandas ægrotationes,

Qui producis in montibus fœnum.
et herbam servituti hominum,
medicinis illius benedic :

Illum imple
Spiritu consilii,
Sapientiæ,
discretionis,

Illa, virtute,
potestate medendi.

Qui Abraham de Ur Chaldæorum eduxisti,

Qui Jacob incolumem servasti,

Qui David per peregrinationes ejus,

Eliseum in deserto,
Jonam navigantem,
Petrum mergi incipientem,
Paulum periclitantem,
dirige pedes nostros in locum
quo pergimus

tribue, quæsumus,
iter prosperum, tempus tranquillum,
voti, si Tibi placet, assecutionem.
mare tranquillum, cœli temperiem :
esto

in via solatium,
Æstu umbraculum,
pluvia tegumentum,
frigore solem,
lassitudine vehiculum,
naufragio portum,
lubrico baculus :

et si non Tu ipse præcedas, ne educas nos
de loco isto."

Sermon.

(Hitherto Unpublished.)

S. JOHN X. 6.

"This parable spake Jesus unto them, but they understood not what things they were which He spake unto them."

AND truly it is so still. So tender and loving a parable, spoken by Him Who so loved His own as to die for them, spoken to those who were hanging on His words, and yet *they understood not what things they were which He spake unto them*. Yes, it is so still, indeed. It is a parable, aye, and a very loving parable, all that befalls us here, all our Lord's dealings with us while we are in the way : and yet, we understand not what things they are which He speaks unto us.

And now notice what that particular parable was which was so difficult of comprehension. *When He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice*. How often have I told you of these words, my dear Sisters, as your great comfort. That, put forth to whatever service, to whatever temptation, to whatever difficulty you may be, in that service, that temptation, that trial, He has gone before you, in them He has struggled before you, in them He has conquered before you ! And have you always understood ? He has spoken indeed to you, He has given you some particular thing to do for Him, but it was, so to speak, in a parable, and you did not understand what He meant. He set before you some way in which you might glorify Him, but because it came to you in the cloak, and under the disguise of worldly things, you did not hear His meaning. Depend upon it, as none but He Himself could speak His parables, so none but He Himself can interpret them to us.

This morning, just before sunrise, the whole valley lay beneath us, blotted out in thick mists ; only the higher hills rose clearly and sharply above it : all the rest, woods and hedgerows, and roads had disappeared. The sun came up, and forthwith one

line of landscape after another, one belt of trees after another, one distant knoll after another, came out distinctly, and presently the country was itself again. Is it not so with our hearts? Does not the coldness of this world's night, does not their own cleaving to this earth, so confuse and darken them, that only the light and heat of the Sun of Righteousness can disperse those mists, and clear up that confusion?

This parable spake Jesus unto them. I wonder what parable He will speak to us to-day; for most surely He will speak some. He will present His service to us, not perhaps as we shall expect to see it, not perhaps so as to be easily recognized at once; but there it will be, and His it will be. Is it not strange that those two verses should come so closely together? *The sheep follow Him, for they know His voice*; and *This parable spake Jesus unto them, but they understood not.* Does it follow then that they were not His sheep? And if in them there was so much dulness and ignorance in hearing and understanding His voice, are we to be discouraged, are we to think that we can be none of His, because we, too, fail to catch it?

And is not this Blessed Sacrament, to which we are now approaching, in one sense the greatest and most glorious of all parables? That we should see the forms of Bread and Wine, that we should receive the glorified Body and Blood of our Lord: that we should see a sinful man standing at the earthly Altar, that we should know that the great High Priest is Himself making oblation of Himself for us within the Heavenly Sanctuary: that we should see our own little company, and our poor little chapel, that we should believe in that great multitude which no man can number, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, offering the same Sacrifice with ourselves, and by its virtue knit together with us into one Communion and fellowship. A parable indeed! But, my dearest Sisters, must I go on, *but they understood not what things they were which He spake unto them?*

In one sense, most surely, yes. Who of us can profess to understand all the words of comfort, of hope, of love, of strength, that He speaks to us in this parable? All the comfort that He

ever gave to all the mourners whose tears He has now wiped away for ever, all the hope that they were ever nerved with whose hope is now turned into possession, all the love wherewith they clave to Him who *went through fire and water*, and are now *brought out into a wealthy place*, all the strength He imparted to them who *waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens*, they are all here. All the comfort of the Penitents, all the hope of the Confessors, all the love of the Virgins, all the strength of the Martyrs are given here. How can we understand all this? How, under these forms, can we see the mightiness—no, I am not speaking well—can we see the Almightyness of the grace that they conceal?

But much we may understand, if it be not by our own fault. See if this cannot give you strength for any struggle this day. *As thy day, so shall thy strength be.* You may take these words, thank God, in a special sense, knowing that, if you have, each of you, a harder fight than others, you have also the more exceeding strength provided for you.

And now, in the presence of that Blessed Sacrament, we shall presently make our wants known to God. What is there we dare not to ask for, what is there we ought not to hope that we shall receive, when the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world is before us, when the Angels' Bread comes down from Heaven? God grant you so to understand this parable here, that the day may come when our Lord's own words shall be fulfilled, *The time cometh when I shall no more speak to you in proverbs, but I shall shew you plainly of the Father*; when all veils shall be removed, all shadows pass away, and that which is perfect love shall also be perfect light.

J. M. NEALE.

Rachel.

A TALE OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

Translated by the Author of "Charles Lowder."

"WELCOME to my dwelling, Joel ; I did not expect thee to arrive so quickly. The way from thy country hither must still be difficult to pass, but youth is impatient, and thou hast urged thy camels onwards. They are panting and overworked ; but it matters not, they are young, and rest will restore them. Once more, welcome to Sibor, thou first-born of my beloved brother."

Thus speaking, Phanuel tenderly embraced the youth, upon whom he gazed with moistened eyes.

"Thou art like thy father ; it will not be a hard task to love thee."

"I seem to have found my father again, with his hoary head and venerable air, in you—his brother," replied the young man.

"Then thou wilt love me also, and we shall be happy. I promised thy father to give thee my daughter Rachel as thy wife ; she is a wise and good maiden, and with her I give thee the broad lands which hitherto my servants and I have cultivated with our own hands. Come and see them while the evening meal is being prepared. They extend from the stream in the meadow below, bordered by willow trees, to the mountains which thou seest in the horizon."

"What a fertile country !" said Joel, "and how brightly the sunny plain seems to smile."

"My stalls are filled with mules, with fine-fleeced sheep, and sportive kids," continued Phanuel, with the satisfaction which old men feel in speaking of their riches. "My granaries overflow with corn, and my cellars contain a hundred measures of that generous wine which thou dost not require, but which strengthens us in our declining years."

"Heaven has blessed thy labours," said the youth.

"They are all for my only child ; she alone is left to me. The others died in infancy before their mother, whom I lost a long

time ago. Joel, only make her happy, and I will bless thee as a son whom the God of Abraham and of Jacob has restored to me."

Joel replied that he would try to deserve the old man's affection. Then he laid aside his travelling staff, shook his dusty sandals, and ordering his servants to unlade the camels, followed his uncle into the fields, not without casting many backward glances in hopes of seeing Rachel at some casement of the house.

He had longed to choose the partner of his life, knowing the treasures of tenderness which his heart was ready to pour upon her ; and though he had respectfully submitted to his father's will, he was anxious and disquieted. "Old men," he said to himself as he followed Phanuel, "too often forget that in youth we think little of riches, while we long to be able to love her who will become the mother of our children. What do I care for these fields and harvests ? Each bird seeks its mate amidst a thousand others in their free flight ; why do not fathers leave their children free to seek theirs ?"

He had, however, been gentle and submissive ; but he had seen his elder brother, Jabec, married without having previously known his destined wife. An old servant had been sent, like Eleazar of old, to bring home his bride, a youthful kinswoman, to whom, after the custom of his nation, he had been affianced, and the union had not been a happy one. Neëla was a fragile sickly creature, suffering from more than one malady, and brought him neither joy nor brightness nor hope of offspring. Joel dreaded a like fate, and answered his uncle in a pre-occupied manner, for his mind was entirely absent.

Yet the corn-fields were fair, the labourers active and vigorous, and they were cordially greeted by the young shepherds and by all the servants. They said to each other, "If this be our future master, God be praised ; his countenance is serene and bright as the early morning."

The flocks roamed over the plain, the labourers sang, the sun gilded the far furrows, and the mountain breeze tempered the heat of the day. Another would, in Joel's place, have felt some secret pride in seeing these fields, pastures, and plains—all the riches which he was to possess in a land so fair and so favoured by Heaven.

But his abstracted gaze scarce rested upon them, and he hurried on the old man in his impatience, answering him at random, although his discourse was full of wisdom and goodness. It was Rachel, and not her riches, whom he longed to see at Sibor, and he could not hope to meet her in the fields at mid-day.

II.

Meanwhile Rachel, having heard of the arrival of her young kinsman, had hastened to prepare the repast. With her own hands she had kneaded cakes of fine wheaten-flour, mingled with honey and cumin. She had put them to bake under the ashes, whilst viands seasoned with spices, aromatic plants, and savoury roots, were confided to the care of two young children, who turned them gently before a slow fire. The table was laid and adorned with flowers; by the master's place stood a goblet of ruby wine. All was ready. Children, servants, and even the dogs belonging to the house, impatiently awaited the signal for the feast; but the master and his guest had not yet appeared. Rachel committed the care of the table to one of her maidens, and entering her secret oratory, knelt humbly before God.

"Behold, Lord," she said, "he who is to be the guide of my whole life draws near; grant that he may be good, wise, and prudent. May his thoughts be according to Thy will, and may the bond which is to unite us bind our hearts, as well as our fate, in one. O my God, Thou Who holdest the hearts of men in Thy hand, give me favour in the sight of this youth, whom Thou hast brought from afar into this house to be the lord and master of Thy servant. Grant, O my God, that he may fear Thee, that he may worship Thee in spirit and in truth, and that we may both walk in the way of Thy commandments. If this marriage may not draw us at length into Thy merciful rest, do not Thou permit that it should take place; for before all, and above all, I desire to love and serve Thee all the days of my life—be it in grief or in joy, in peace or in trouble—I desire to be Thine for ever."

The young girl remained for some moments absorbed in fervent prayer, and doubtless her guardian-angel bore her desire to the throne of God as an acceptable sacrifice in His eyes. Poor child!

perchance one day thou mayest regret to have thus offered all, not remembering that God only accepts the sacrifice of our hearts in order to pay it a hundredfold in the joy of eternity.

When she had finished her prayer she rose serene and calm. Prayer is to the soul like a refreshing bath, soothing, strengthening, and purifying.

Then, hearing from a young child that her father and his stranger-guest were coming towards the house, she hastened to see that the long table was duly decked for the meal, whilst the old servants stood respectfully around, awaiting the arrival of their master.

When he reached the threshold with his young companion, Rachel advanced with downcast eyes, and saluting their new guest she bade him welcome to her father's roof; then returning to the table she said in a low voice, before any had sat down :—

“ May the Almighty God bless this house, all its guests and all its servants, and may He bless also the food which He has given us, and which we take in order to serve Him better.”

And the servants made answer :—

“ May God bless this house, its master and its master's guests, and the food which we are about to take in order to serve Him better.”

Then the master sat down at the upper end of the table ; Rachel was on his right hand, Joel on his left, and all present sat down to the same board, according to the age and office of each, from Obed, the eldest servant, to the youngest herd-boy—all, from the seat of honour to the last place, satisfied with their lot and with the rank assigned to them, for the master's eye was upon all, and watched over each one.

The presence of the servants, and his own secret anxiety, made Joel silent ; but he cast many a furtive glance at Rachel. One look had been sufficient to make him feel that never before had he beheld anything so fair and charming, that never before had he seen such untarnished bloom of modest beauty and candour. Her bosom heaved with emotion, but it was an emotion full of innocence and purity, which rendered her so charming that even without beauty she would have had power to touch a young and

pure heart. But she was in truth the fairest maiden in those lands, where the grand types of feature of the daughters of Israel was still to be found. The bride of the Patriarch had never seemed fairer to the charmed eye of her lord than did her youthful namesake to the happy Joel.

Her dress was very simple, but she adorned it. She wore a tunic of fine Tyrian wool, rich though light, and a veil, fastened by a simple gold pin, covered the long, fair, silky hair, which shone through the transparent tissue.

Phanuel watched them, and seemed to be inwardly rejoicing.

"Daughter," he said at length, "this is Joel ; he comes from Pharem, my beloved brother, to aid me in the labours of the fields. I am old, and I need a strong and intelligent helper such as he."

"May his arrival be blessed," said Rachel, "if he brings to you, my father, the help which you need."

And the maiden for the first time raised her eyes to Joel's face. It was so full of youthful brightness, manly beauty, and gentle goodness, that she thought he must resemble the angel-guide of Tobias.

"How fair they both are," said the servants to each other ; "they are even like Isaac and Rebekah in their earliest wedded life."

When the repast was over, Phanuel said to his daughter, "Go now, Rachel, and take Joel to the well and to the cattle sheds ; show him all that is under thy care, and try to become acquainted with him. Talk to each other of your past lives ; they are short, for you are both very young ; but speak also of the days which are to come, and which I trust will be long and happy. Go, my children, and may the blessing of the Lord, as well as of your father, be upon you."

With these words the old man withdrew, for it was his hour of rest after the fatigues of the day.

The servants had returned to their work, two young girls alone remained to put all in order after the meal. Rachel signed to them to accompany her, and led Joel through an avenue of young trees to the well, where at this moment the flocks were gathering

on their return from the neighbouring pastures. The soft tinkling of their bells was mingled with the call of the sheep and goats, with the song of the shepherds, and hum of a thousand insects who filled the air at the decline of day. These sounds, softened by the evening zephyrs in the tall palm-trees by the well, were full of sweetness and of harmony.

Joel and Rachel were agitated and shrank from speaking. They gazed on the purple and golden tints shed upon the landscape as the sun sank majestically towards the horizon.

"How beautiful this country is," said Joel at length.

"How good and great is God," Rachel replied.

Then they both became silent, for there are moments when the soul is so perfectly in tune with external things that any spoken word must break the charm by which it is held. The beautiful maiden at his side, the grand and peaceful scenery, the hour, the stillness, the new life which was opening upon him—all seemed to bind Joel in an ecstasy of enchantment.

Just then a young shepherd began the evening hymn, and after a few moments Joel joined in the strain. His voice was good, soft yet sonorous, and, possessing tones full of feeling and pathos; all became silent in order to listen to him. He altered the rhythm and words of the accustomed hymn, and thus the young bridegroom sang—

"The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with their tender grapes give a good smell. Arise, my love, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely. How fair is my beloved! her eyes are as dove's eyes, her lips are as a thread of scarlet, and thy cheeks are like a piece of pomegranate. And I am like the flower of the field, and the lily of the valley, the glory whereof may endure but for a day. Be still, O north wind; blow gently, thou south, until the day break and the shadows flee away. Thou art fair, O my love, thine eyes are bright as dove's eyes, and there is no spot in thee."

As Rachel listened, her cheeks became scarlet; the eyes of

Joel were fixed upon her, and the maiden could not but comprehend that the words of the song were addressed to her. Although much moved, she said gently but firmly—

“Joel, those strains are too high to be addressed to a creature such as I. They form part of the Sacred Writ, and ought only to be uttered with holy awe.”

“Rachel,” replied Joel, “they express the thoughts which I dare not tell thee in my own poor words. Knowest thou not that our fathers have resolved to unite us, and that I am permitted to say to thee that never could I have dared to implore from Heaven such felicity as I now hope for with thee?”

Rachel gave him a gentle look, for every word awoke an echo in her own heart. Still she said: “Before thinking thyself happy, Joel, thou must learn a secret which I have not yet revealed to thee, and which—perchance—may prevent thee from desiring this marriage.”

“Tell me what it is,” said the youth anxiously, “what am I to fear?”

“Joel, my mother, during her last days, became secretly a Christian. Perhaps sorrow had taught her to seek a refuge in a faith which brings consolation. She had lost all the beloved pledges of her happy marriage with my father, and as my birth drew near, she obtained from him a promise that I should be brought up in her faith, to save perhaps my life, and above all to save my soul. My father consented. I am a Christian in heart, and mind, and will, and never can I cease to be so.”

Rachel had crossed her hands upon her bosom, her eyes were cast down, but a gentle decision was written upon her face, although mingled with apprehension. Joel gazed at her with astonishment as she continued—

“Our fathers belong to a sect which has little positive belief. They have preserved the customs of our nation without closely examining its creed; they vacillate between a dispensation which is past and that faith which has risen upon the world. Doubtless they held it needless to inform you as to my creed. The thoughts of women are of little importance in the sight of the Hebrews. But the coming of the Messiah whom you are still

expecting, whilst we adore Him, His birth from the womb of the Blessed Virgin, has raised us from degradation. He permits us to love Him ; to Him the homage of our love is acceptable ; He allows us to serve Him, even as our fathers and brothers, without distinction as to the strong or feeble sex. Joel, wilt not thou perchance reject a Christian maiden ? Canst thou choose her as thy wife, and the mother of children whom she will earnestly desire to bring up in her own faith ? ”

“ Thy words have moved my soul,” said the young man after a brief pause. “ I have known Christians—I honour and love them ; that faith must be sincere which is sealed with blood, and at times I could envy the confidence and rest which its professors enjoy. Thy creed can be no hindrance in my eyes. Tell me not, I beseech thee, that to thee it must be an obstacle, for such words would crush the sweetest hope which has ever arisen upon my life.”

“ My faith has not taught me to disobey my father,” replied Rachel, “ it teaches us to be submissive and humble, and to fulfil all duties with more exact care.”

“ Yet it teaches Christians, if I am well informed, to love God alone.”

“ It teaches us to love God, the Beginning and End of our being, before all, and above all. But it permits, and even commands us, to love in Him, and as in His sight, with devotion and self-abnegation, all those to whom love and tenderness are due from us ; and also it teaches us, as a duty full of sweetness, to pray that their eyes may be opened to the light, and that their heart may comprehend that divine love which we owe to our Creator, Saviour, and Sanctifier. Oh ! how great is the bliss of praying for those that one loves ! Joel, I would fain hope, some day, that through virtue, submission, and tenderness, I may cause thee to love my faith.”

“ Who knows, Rachel ? Perhaps some day I may be able to say to thee, thy faith is mine, as even now I say to thee, thy country is henceforth my country, thy life my life, for I cannot live where thou art not.”

O youthful joy ! sudden sympathies ! complete understanding

between two souls, who seem to dream that they are in a better world, how fair ye are ! Why, alas, must such bliss be but short ?

III.

Three months had passed, during which the harvest had been gathered in. Joel had proved that he was laborious, and skilled in all the work of an active and untiring steward. In his own home he had long been obedient, so that he had learned to command with that gentleness and firmness which is obeyed without complaints or murmurs. If a task was hard he took share in it, and the zeal of his servants increased ; if the sun was burning, and that the necessities of labour required exposure to it, he was the first to work in the heat, and none could therefore complain. If a servant was in fault he reproved him three times, and only complained to the master when he became incorrigible. During harvest time he ordered that blades of corn should be left for those who can neither sow nor reap. During the vintage he left numerous bunches of grapes ungathered for those who have neither vineyards nor vintage. He was kind and indulgent, although firm ; humane, and ready to serve all.

Rachel observed him, inwardly rejoicing ; and when evening came it was his wont to sit at her feet and say : " It is for thy sake that I try to be good ; I wish to become perfect, as thou art perfect, that thou mayest be able to love me."

But she always answered : " Be perfect because our Father which is in Heaven is perfect. As to loving thee, that will soon become my duty, and my only fear is——but do not look thus at me, Joel."

" What is thy fear, my beloved ? "

" Alas ! " she replied frankly, " it is lest I should love all that I do love more than it is lawful to love any created thing."

" Thy words are sweet to me as honey. Fear not to love me, Rachel, for however great may be thy tenderness, mine will always exceed it."

" Oh, Joel," answered the young girl, " the God of Heaven is a jealous God. When He speaks to a soul, it is in order that she may be wholly His. It was of His special goodness that He

made Himself known to me, born and brought up amongst His ancient, but now banished people. If I should forget Him amidst the joys of earthly love——oh, Joel, He would punish me, for I had promised never to love any but Him with all the strength of my soul.”

She hid her face in her hands as she spoke, silently withdrew, and when she was alone, knelt and prayed long. “My God,” she said, “when a heart once devoted to Thee is divided, it often abandons Thee entirely; and behold Joel has taken entire possession of my heart. I begin to lose my peace of soul, and I fear lest I should give to earthly affection that first place in the heart which should only belong to Thee. Help me, O Lord, lest I perish; the flood of human passion is ready to swallow me up.”

IV.

Meanwhile the marriage-day drew near. It was fixed for the time of the harvest-moon, when the labours in the fields were to end. The furrows and the reapers are then at rest, and it is the season for joyful festivals.

The father of Joel was too old to quit his own home, but he was sending Jabec, his eldest son, to represent him at his younger son's bridal, and to convey to him his blessing, and the portion of the inheritance which was to be his. The father was also anxious, by this long journey, to prevent his son's mind from dwelling upon the recent loss of his young wife, Neëla, who had died in the flower of her age. The death of the young moves even the most indifferent, and although the union had not been a happy one, her early grave had been watered with tears.

Jabec arrived one morning, when Rachel was sitting alone under the fig-tree which shaded the house. He had left his camels at the other entrance to the homestead, and his sudden appearance startled the young girl; his dress was of sombre hue, and his expression still more sombre. Still he was handsome, but with that dark and fierce beauty which inspires fear rather than tenderness. His black eyes shone with sombre light, and it was difficult to look him steadily in the face.

Rachel felt some alarm in his presence. She seemed to hear a

warning voice which said : "This man brings misfortune with him." But she thought his mourning garb would account for this impression. He greeted her on the part of his father Pharem ; she smiled, and welcomed him hospitably.

"Joel's brother must be welcome here," she said, "and may he recover amongst us peace of heart and serenity of mind."

They were interrupted by the arrival of Phanuel and of Joel, and they talked together for long of Pharem, of his home, and of the youthful Neëla, snatched from the life which was but opening upon her.

Then in the evening, when the camels had been unladed, Jabec presented to Rachel the gifts which his father had sent to her—fine Tyrian cloth, brought by the caravans, a veil embroidered with gold and silk threads, a mirror of polished steel, earrings of Eastern pearls of great price. Rachel placed them in her ears, and they seemed most fair when worn by her.

Joel held the mirror before her eyes. Until then she had not known her own face ; when she saw it she blushed, and said as she took out the earrings, "Too much ornament does not become a modest maiden." Yet these words, and her expression, cast a greater charm around her than jewels could bestow, and Jabec, as he watched her, changed colour and seemed agitated.

However, he brought out of the casket which had held his father's presents two bracelets of purest gold, and said as he clasped them on Rachel's arms—

"When my young wife, Neëla, knew that she was dying, she said to me, 'Carry these ornaments to the sister whom Joel is about to give to us, and ask her to receive them in memory of me, who shall never see her.'"

The cold touch of the gold seemed to make Rachel shudder, and she remained silent.

These golden circlets were the presents which a betrothed husband only offered to his affianced bride, since the time when Laban had received those which Isaac sent by his aged servant in token of covenant and betrothal.

The name of Neëla prevented the maiden from venturing to refuse them ; they were the gift of a sister snatched away by death

before she had known her. How could she refuse the present ? And yet it seemed as a token of servitude which a woman should only receive from her husband.

Other relations arrived after Jabec. They filled the house, bringing in their turn customary presents ; the distaff, flax, and spindles for the young girl, the ploughshare and axe for the bridegroom, as emblems of the peaceful life of woman and the active duties of man. Then the matrons brought a veil, emblem of modesty, and the youths corn, the sign of fertility. Already the songs were rehearsed which were to be sung at the bridal ; they chanted these words—

“ May the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob be with you and with your children. May He grant joy to this youthful pair.

“ May the young wife be beautiful as Rachel, and the bridegroom fair as the morning, and may their children, like young olive plants, grow up around their dwelling.”

Everywhere there was joyous preparation. The fatted kids and lambs were ready, wine and honey were brought forth. The nuptial chamber was already decked and perfumed with fresh flowers, and two days only were to intervene before that chosen by Phanuel for the marriage of his beloved daughter. He was to wear the garment which, in his youth, he had worn at his own wedding. How many sweet and sad memories are awakened in the hearts of fathers by the marriage of their children !

The musical instruments were being tuned which were to resound at the marriage feast. It was to be splendid, for Rachel was the only daughter of the rich Phanuel. All was joy and gladness in the happy home.

Only the bridegroom was absent. He had gone three days before to the town of Sala, where a relation of Phanuel lived, whom he was to inform as to the exact day of the marriage, since he was old, and could not leave his home for long. But Joel had not returned, and his absence seemed longer than was needful. Jabec had gone to meet him in the hills the preceding evening ; he had only returned at nightfall, wearied with a long walk, and said that he had met no one as far as he had gone on the mountain roads.

The whole day passed without Joel's return, and Rachel retired anxiously at night, her soul filled with a vague terror. She tried to pray, but her troubled mind could find no words, and her ears were listening for the slightest noise. The wind moaned afar ; it seemed to come from the mountains like a groan, and her prayer remained unfinished, for her heart was on the way by which her beloved was to pass.

Alas ! when the heart is divided between the Creator and the creature it sometimes comes to pass that God rejects the little which is still offered to Him, and which is only a self-seeking prayer ; for the soul is no longer adoring its Lord, but only Him Who can save that which it loves. Yet she wished to pray, and to cast her anxiety and tears before God ; but she could not even give expression to this poor prayer—the slightest sighing of the wind, or rustling of leaves, disturbed her thoughts.

“Where can he be ? What is he doing ? What has happened to him ?” she said to herself, as the most mournful images presented themselves to her troubled mind. “Alas, I feel, I have felt for long, that such happiness could not last. What will happen ?”

She tried to calm the agitation of her soul, and to take a few minutes' rest ; but the tumultuous beating of her heart at the slightest noise kept her awake.

When the day began to break she went up on the roof of the house, from whence she could see the road which traversed the plain towards the mountains. The earth seemed at rest as on the first day of creation. The sun was slowly rising above the horizon, while the silvery light which heralded it threw a gentle glow on objects but indistinctly seen. The cock announced the first morning hour, wakening the birds, who replied with soft, plaintive warblings. The foliage of the trees rustled in the light morning breeze ; then came a flood of light, and all nature sang welcome to the new day.

Never before had Rachel seen the morning break without thanking God for thus opening the gates of the East with such resplendent glory ; but now she said, as she watched the sun going forth like an awakening giant, “Who knows—who knows

upon what it will shine?" Her mind became more and more filled with confused fears.

At length, at the turning of a path, she beheld a figure appearing through the morning mist.

"It is our aged kinsman; I recognize him. Joel is doubtless with him; he must have waited to accompany him, and thus have been delayed."

She came down from the house, calling to her father as she ran to meet Joel, "Come, father, come; here is Joel at length."

But instead of her father she met Jabec on the way, and his stern countenance quenched all joyousness in the maiden's heart; still she went on. She heard heavy, measured steps, like those of men carrying a burden; they stopped under the fig-tree.

Rachel felt her knees trembling, yet she hastened on; but on the threshold she met Obed, the aged steward, who, with an expression of terror, arrested her advance, and entreated her to go no farther. Then her kinsman appeared—his face was sad, and bore every sign of grief.

"Do not go on, my child," he said, "prepare thine heart for a great sorrow."

"Joel is dead," exclaimed Rachel, as she fell to the ground.

The old man was silent. It was sufficient answer. The young girl became as pale as though the angel of death had touched her; her head drooped, and she fainted.

Phanuel had hastened to the spot, hearing voices, and seeing his child senseless, he took her in his arms and gave her into the care of the maidens who had gathered round, and who carried her away to apply restoratives. Already the rumour of the great misfortune had spread. Servants, women, kinsfolk, all the guests in the house came together, asking what had happened. Phanuel as yet knew nothing, but he had seen his daughter half dead.

"What has happened?" he said to his aged kinsman.

"Yes, say—what has happened?" said Jabec. His voice trembled, and he turned deadly pale.

The old man made a sign to the bearers who had stopped under the fig-trees; they advanced, and in the sight of all laid

down their burden. Alas ! it was the inanimate body of the youthful Joel.

Jabec, overcome with grief, leant for support against the wall.

"Alas," said Sadoc, "evil has befallen thy brother. I found his corpse upon the mountain path which leads hither from Sala. He had left me in full health on the evening before. He has been murdered by wicked men in that ordinarily peaceful spot."

A tear fell from the old man's eyes as he continued : "In the morning, after we had watched by the dead, my servants took up the body and bore it hither on their shoulders."

"The murderers must be sought for," said Jabec, whose countenance expressed a sombre and violent grief in accordance with his character.

But the old man replied : "Where can we seek for them ? Thy brother could have no enemies in this peaceful country. They talk of a strange caravan which has been seen descending Mount Carmel on the other side. How can we reach it ?"

"Is there not sufficient mourning in my house ?" interrupted Phaniel, "Do not cause thy father to weep for two sons at once, Jabec. Vengeance will not bring back the dead to life. Leave thine to God ; He will sooner or later find out the guilty one."

Jabec only answered by a smothered groan. They took up the body of Joel, so lately fair and full of life, now cold and already stiffened by death ; two large wounds appeared in his breast, and his torn garments showed plainly that a terrible struggle had taken place. Nothing was heard but mourning and the voice of weeping in the house of Phaniel, and preparations for the funeral took the place of the nuptial pomp which had been close at hand. "Mourning and desolation have entered the dwelling where we had thought to find joy and feasting," said the kinsfolk and friends to each other.

Alas ! how often sorrow is close to joy !

V.

For three days Rachel lay at the very gates of death. Her old father rent his garments and tore his hair at the thought of losing

his only child. He called upon death that he might not survive her, and grief shook the hour-glass of his life. Zelpha, an old and blind nurse, embraced Rachel's feet, bathing them with tears, and trying to warm them with her breath. At length, on the evening of the fourth day, the musicians, returning from the burial, chanted a mournful song: "He has passed away as a flower of the field. He has fallen as a lily in the meadows. The Lord has taken him to Abraham's bosom."

Rachel opened her eyes, and hearing the words of the song, she looked slowly around, and exclaimed, "Then it is true? Joel is dead, and his mortal remains have been laid in the earth!"

Zelpha kissed her feet and wept, and Phanuel could only say: "Have pity on thine aged father, my beloved daughter, and take courage."

She laid her head on his breast and murmured: "Oh, if I could have died—but God did not so will it. He knows what He does—may His holy will be done in Heaven and in my heart. Who are we that we should resist Him? My father, let us bow before Him. His hand is sometimes terrible, yet even in judgment full of mercy. We shall have eternity in which to learn His goodness. Let us bless and adore Him."

She rose from her couch and prostrated herself in the dust, adoring the mighty hand which had struck home to her heart. "My God," she said, "it is true I loved him too much. Thou wilt that I should be Thine alone."

Her father's eyes filled with tears, and he said in his heart: "The God Who is thus loved must be the true God."

The relations and guests were gone; Jabec alone remained, and did not speak of returning to his old father and infirm mother. He had witnessed in silence the mortal anguish and illness of Rachel. When he saw her restored to life, and more calm, without understanding the sublime effort by which she had subdued her grief, he approached her one day in her father's presence, and said, "Rachel, I must speak with thee."

The young girl became pale, and was forced to lean against the wall to keep herself from falling. Her fear told her what Jabec was about to say, for she knew the customs of her nation.

"Speak, Jabec," said Phanuel, "and may thy words be favourably received by my beloved daughter."

The maiden drew her veil over her face, and her tears fell fast beneath that slight covering of grief.

"Listen to me, Rachel, and thou, her father," said Jabec, in a low voice, and trembling with emotion, "my brother Joel is no more. May God give peace to his soul; he deserved happiness better than I do. My duty is to take his place, to give a son-in-law to Phanuel, and a husband to Rachel."

"My hope and longing," murmured the maiden, "is to mourn all my days in solitude. It was the only favour which I desired to ask."

"My brother had been chosen as thy husband. His premature death makes me heir to all which he has left; his inheritance, his camels, the riches which my father (may he long keep them) must leave behind him, all belong to me, or will one day belong to me. Must I renounce the most precious, the only one for which I would have given up all the rest, even my life—even, God knows, my soul?"

"Oh do not speak thus to me, Jabec! Dost thou think that I can ever lose the memory of him to whom my heart was given? If only I may live and die his betrothed, I will thank thee all my life in my inmost soul."

Jabec looked darkly at her as she said these words, and answered bitterly, "I might have expected some gratitude for consenting to receive a wife whose heart is filled with love for another. Our laws give thee to me; I consent to obey them; yet thou shouldest fear to let me see to what a degree other feelings still reign in thy heart."

"I am a Christian, Jabec; my faith permits me to weep for the departed, and to dwell upon their memory."

"Does that religion, which is said to be so perfect," answered Jabec ironically, "release women from the laws and customs of their country?"

"Speak to her gently," said Phanuel, "do not wound her heart if thou wouldest gain it. Listen to me, my beloved child, I am old, and worn out by sorrows. It would be a grief and anxiety to me to leave thee alone on earth. I might command thee,

according to our laws, to become the wife of Jabec, but I will not use my authority. I command nothing, but I entreat thee not to reject his suit. Our lands need a strong and active master, and thou needest one on whom to lean during the life which lies before thee. A woman without a husband is despised amongst us."

"A Christian virgin is held in honour among those of my faith. Father, oh father, have pity on your child."

"My daughter, do not force me to deplore the weakness which led me to permit thy mother to embrace another faith than that of our fathers, and to teach it to her daughter. She said, in order to persuade me to yield, 'Thou wilt find us both still more submissive and prompt in obedience.' Wilt thou make me feel that she was deceiving me? Wilt thou despise my advice, and let me die without giving me a prop and helper in my old age?"

Rachel felt herself overcome by the tears and reproaches of her father. She murmured sorrowfully: "Alas, I asked nothing except to be permitted to weep in my inmost heart by thy side. Still," she added, scarce audibly, "the will of God be done."

"Rachel," exclaimed Jabec vehemently, "dost thou then believe that there was no one in the world who could love thee, except Joel? Thou knowest not the ardour of the affection which thou despisest. Be mine, Rachel, and thou wilt become the absolute arbitress of my life. Thy faith shall be respected, thou shalt be free to profess it. I know that Christian women are elevated above the subjection which weighs upon ours; that they regard themselves as the companions instead of the slaves of their husbands. Well, I—who am called proud and haughty—I will bend before thee, Rachel, if it be necessary, and will honour thee as my adored queen."

"I ask for nothing of the kind," she answered, "and the abjection of him who ought to command would fill me with shame. If we Christian women ask to become your equals, it is that we may take part in your sorrows as in your joys, and that we may pray with you and for you; for our souls have been, like yours, redeemed by the Son of God (may His Name be blessed for ever). But we are even more submissive than other women, because we are kept in subjection by our own conscience and will."

"Tell me then, my daughter," said Phanuel, "what am I to expect from thy submission?"

"My heart is dead," answered Rachel, after a pause. "If Jabec can accept what remains of me upon earth, I promise at least to be his faithful and obedient wife."

"Rachel, Rachel, thy words are at once my delight and torment. May I not hope that one day thou wilt love me?"

"Love, love! I love all my brethren; I love all which breathes upon the earth; I wish and desire for them all the joy and happiness which they can enjoy here below. But the bliss of life, the tenderness which a first love awakens in a young heart, is all buried in a grave. Jabec, there are ashes which all thy ardour cannot re-kindle."

"Do not say such words, Rachel; they madden me."

"Fear nothing, Jabec," said Phanuel, "she consents to be thine. Ask her for no more to-day; time and thy tenderness will do the rest. A woman's heart is easily moved by gratitude, and cannot long remain insensible to true affection."

Hymns for Children.

BY THE REV. J. M. NEALE.

[NEVER, surely, since the world began, has such a multitude of children's hymns been produced as in the last forty-five years. Before that time Dr. Watts' reign was supreme, unless modestly qualified by Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns in Prose, and the Taylors' Hymns for Infant Minds. And certainly some of his "*Moral Songs*" had a very real effect. The "*Busy Bee*," and the "*Sluggard*," and "*Let dogs delight to bark and bite*," were constantly quoted to idle and lazy and quarrelsome children, and not in vain. The "*Divine Songs*," perhaps, had less practical power. They set forth the way of salvation as being so hard, and as having still to be entered on by means of one's own "*reading and prayers*," that few ordinary children were likely to be attracted by them. Yet, of course, the inculcation of Calvinistic doctrine was the great object of these hymns, and it was to a certain extent attained.

Equally of course, and with better success, our reformers of forty years ago employed the "language of verse, which children love," to teach the Church's little ones that they *were* regenerate, that they were already God's dear children, the lambs of His fold, the charge of His angels ; to whom obedience and love were possible and sweet.

Isaac Williams and John Mason Neale were first among our writers of children's hymns, and it is with Dr. Neale's that we are now concerned. He wrote three series, which are still in print.* Some of them find their place in Church hymnals ; but as a whole they have passed, in a great measure, out of notice, owing perhaps to the constant stream of new hymns which, shortly after these were published, began to flow from the press—a stream which at present shows no diminution of volume.

The first series was written in 1842, with the title, "Hymns for Children, intended chiefly for Village Schools ;" and contains hymns for each morning and evening in the week, for the daily hours of prayer (9 a.m., 12, 3, 6 p.m., and bedtime), and for the seasons of the Church year.

The second series ("Hymns for the Young : a Second Series of Hymns for Children ") was written immediately after the first. It has hymns for especial occasions, for Ember and Rogation-tides, for the Sundays in Advent, &c.

The third series, which followed some years later, contains hymns on the Great Antiphons and for the Festivals of Apostles. The author adds a note, that "could he have foreseen that the circulation of his two former Series (of the defects of which no one can be more conscious than he is) would have been as large as the acknowledged want of some such books has caused it to be, he would have arranged the hymns of each part in a more natural order, and incorporated the present Series in the former."

Let us, then, now offer our readers a selection from the two first series, both of which were written when the author was entirely precluded from active work, and with very little prospect of continued life or restored health. This recollection gives peculiar pathos to the hymn "In Sickness ;" it evidently came from the depth of the writer's own heart.]

* Published by Messrs. Masters & Co.

SUNDAY EVENING.

S. John xx. 19.

THE Apostles were assembled,
Fearing all their hopes were vain ;
For their Lord they wept, and trembled
Lest He should not rise again ;
And the doors were shut around them,
And they hardly dared to speak :
So it was their Saviour found them
On the first day of the week.

He is sometimes just as nigh us
When our hearts are far away ;
And Almighty God was by us
When we knelt in church to-day :
There to mark whose thoughts might wander,
There who pray'd indeed to see ;
Watching us with love much fonder
Than our mother's love can be.

Saviour, if Thou hadst despised us,
Thou wouldst not have made us Thine,
When Thy faithful Priest baptised us,
When he sign'd us with Thy sign :
And when all was finish'd duly,
We received another birth,
And became the members truly
Of Thy holy Church on earth.

Yet the devil will deceive us,
If he have us at his will ;
We shall perish if Thou leave us ;
Having loved us, love us still :
Father, Son, and Spirit, take us
To Thy mercy and Thy love :
Lead us onward, till Thou make us
Members of Thy Church above !

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Genesis iii. 1; Acts v. 9, 10.

WHENE'ER I read of that sad night
 The Saviour was betrayed for me,
 I think, in God Almighty's sight
 How grievous every sin must be !

I will not say, nor hear, nor touch
 Whate'er may hurt my soul within ;
 Nor think it cannot matter much,
 Because it is a little sin.

A hasty thought, a little deed,
 A word we would not speak again,
 To greatest sin and grief may lead,
 And make repentance all in vain.

Sapphira thought the sin but small
 To say the words her husband said :
 They told the truth, but told not all ;
 And yet for that God struck them dead.

As little strokes will fell a tree,
 So little sins destroy a soul ;
 O blessed Lord, I come to Thee
 From little sins to make me whole !

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, One in Three,
 By men below be honour done,
 And Saints from sin and pain set free.

NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

CALLED IN SCRIPTURE THE THIRD HOUR.

The hour that the Holy Ghost came down ; and at which our Saviour was
 condemned.—Acts ii. 1-15.

O GOD of Love and Power,
 Behold us drawing near,
 And choosing Thine appointed hour
 To worship in Thy fear.

The very hour of old
 Wherein Thy Spirit came
 Upon the Apostles of Thy Fold,
 Like cloven tongues of flame.

O gracious Lord, do Thou
 That Holy Spirit send,
 To dwell with us and guide us now,
 And teach us to the end.

From men below the skies,
 And all the Heavenly Host,
 To God the Father praise arise,
 The Son and Holy Ghost.

SIX O'CLOCK.

The hour at which our Saviour was taken down from the Cross.

S. Luke xxiv. 29 ; Isaiah lx. 20.

THE day, O Lord, is spent ;
 Abide with us, and rest ;
 Our hearts' desires are fully bent
 On making Thee our guest.

We have not reach'd that land,
 That happy land, as yet,
 Where holy angels round Thee stand,
 Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now,
 Our day is almost o'er ;
 O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
 Shine on us evermore !

From men below the skies,
 And all the Heavenly Host,
 To God the Father praise arise,
 The Son and Holy Ghost.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

S. Luke ii. 8-15; Philippians ii. 7.

No more sadness now, nor fasting :
Now we put our grief away :
God came down, the Everlasting,
Taking human flesh, to-day.
God came down on earth a stranger,
Working out His mighty plan ;
God was cradled in a manger,
Very God, and very Man.

There were shepherds once abiding
In the field to watch by night,
And they saw the clouds dividing,
And the sky above was bright ;
And a glory shone around them
On the grass as they were laid ;
And a holy angel found them,
And their hearts were sore afraid.

"Fear ye not," he said, "for cheerful
Are the tidings that I bring :
Unto you, so weak and fearful,
Christ is born, the Lord and King."
As the angel told the story
Of the Saviour's lowly birth,
Multitudes were singing "Glory
Be to God, and peace on earth !"

Since Thy love for our salvation,
Saviour, cover'd Thee with shame,
Let Thy Church, in every nation,
Sing the glory of Thy Name ;
Let Thy Holy Spirit make us
Full of humbleness and love,
Like Thyself, until Thou take us
To our Father's house above.

PASSION WEEK.

S. John i. 29.

O THOU, Who through this Holy Week
 Didst suffer for us all :
 The sick to cure, the lost to seek,
 To raise up them that fall :

We cannot understand the woe
 Thy love was pleas'd to bear :
 O Lamb of God ! we only know
 That all our hopes are there !

Thy feet the path of suffering trod ;
 Thy hand the victory won :
 What shall we render to our God
 For all that He hath done ?

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost,
 By men on earth be honour done,
 And by the Heavenly Host.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Isaiah liii. 3-7.

A TIME to watch, a time to pray,
 A day of wonders is to-day ;
 The saddest, yet the sweetest too,
 That ever man or angel knew.

The saddest ; for our Saviour bore
 His Death, that man might die no more :
 The Agony, the Scourge, the Fear,
 The Crown of Thorns, the Cross, the Spear.

And yet the sweetest ; for to-day
 Our load of sin was borne away :
 And hopes of joy that never dies
 Hang on our Saviour's sacrifice.

Like straying sheep we wander'd wide,
Thy Laws we broke, Thy Name defied ;
On Thee the guilt of all was laid ;
By Thee the debt of all was paid.

O Saviour, blessed be Thy Name !
Thine is the glory, ours the shame ;
By all the pains Thy love endured,
Let all our many sins be cured !

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

ASCENSION DAY.

Psalm xlvii. 5 ; S. Matthew xxviii. 20.

Now to our Saviour let us raise
The noblest hymn we may ;
For with the voice of joy and praise
God is gone up to-day.

Christ is gone up : yet ere He pass'd
From earth in heav'n to reign,
He formed one holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

His Twelve Apostles first He made
His ministers of grace ;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

So age by age, and year by year,
His grace was handed on ;
And still the holy Church is here,
Although her Lord is gone.

Whate'er we do, whate'er we say,
 By it we must be led ;
 For though our Lord is far away,
 His Church is in His stead.

Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee,
 Whose love to it is cold ;
 And bring them in, and let there be
 One Shepherd and one fold.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost,
 By men on earth be honour done,
 And by the Heavenly Host.

WHITSUNDAY.

Psalm lxviii. 18 ; Acts ii. 2.

THOU, Who camest from above,
 Bringing light and shedding love,
 Teaching of Thy perfect way,
 Giving gifts to men to-day :

Thou, Who once didst change our state,
 Making us regenerate,
 Help us evermore to be
 Faithful subjects unto Thee.

Where Thou art not, none can do
 What is holy, just, and true ;
 Those whose hearts Thy wisdom leads
 Think good thoughts, and do good deeds.

We have often grieved Thee sore ;
 Never let us grieve Thee more :
 Thou the feeble canst protect,
 Thou the wand'ring canst direct.

We are dark—be Thou our light :
 We are blind—be Thou our sight :
 Be our comfort in distress ;
 Guide us through the wilderness.

To the Blessed Three in One,
 To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Holy Ghost, arise
 Praise from all below the skies !

THE NEW COTTAGE.

Genesis xii. 7 ; 2 Corinthians v. 1.

STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
 To Thee our prayers we send ;
 O God, from danger and from woe
 This dwelling-place defend !

As faithful Abraham loved to raise
 An altar where he came,
 So now, our sacrifice of praise
 We offer to Thy name.

Here let Thy Peace, O Saviour, rest !
 Here let Thy Love abide !
 Make us a blessing, make us blest,
 In all that may betide :

Keep storm and fire, and sickness hence,
 And danger and alarm ;
 Nor let the son of violence
 Approach to do us harm :

Let our petitions when we meet,
 And every secret prayer,
 Come up before Thy Mercy-seat,
 And find acceptance there.

Teach us, in life, with faith and love
To do our Lord's commands ;
And give us, in Thy time, above,
A House not made with hands ;

The House Thy precious Passion bought,
O Saviour, for Thine own ;
Who, through the Spirit, shall be brought
Before the Father's Throne !

GOING TO WORK.

Psalm cxxvii. 2.

O THOU, Who, when Thou hadst begun
To form the earth and sky—
Until Thy six days' work was done,
Laid'st not Thy labour by :

O Thou, Whose Love such suffering bore,
The sons of men to save ;
And never knew one pause before
It rested in the grave :

Thou call'st me forth to work to-day ;
O give me good success !
And in his sight whom I obey
Thy servant's labours bless.

My arm shall know no idle rest,
My heart no labour flee ;
Yet, when my hand has done its best,
The blessing is of Thee.

O send me wisdom from on high,
My father's God, and mine ;
For hearing ear, and seeing eye,
And able hand, are Thine.

And since Thou hast me still in view,
When out of human sight,
Teach me, whate'er I find to do,
To do with all my might.

They who in Heaven before Thee bow
Have entered into rest ;
And gladly would I labour now,
To be, as they are, blest ;

Where Thou, Who reign'st with God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Hast praise from Saints, whose work is done,
And from the Heavenly Host !

LEAVING HOME.

Hebrews xi. 8, 16 ; Genesis xxviii. 11.

O GRACIOUS God, Who bidd'st me now
To leave the home I love,
And call'st my thoughts to that which Thou
Prepar'st in Heaven above :

Although my heart is much distrest,
Thy holy Will be done !
And now I seek a better rest—
“ That is, an Heavenly ” one.

O let Thine angels round me stand,
As once round Abram's tent ;
When he went out at Thy command,
Not knowing where he went.

O give me holy Jacob's grace,
When resting in his flight,
He “ lighted on a certain place,
And tarried there all night.”

Luz, which is Sin, was then its name,
His feet the city trod—
And straightway Beth-El it became,
Which is the House of God.

If Thou wilt guide and guard my feet,
And bid my fears be gone ;
If Thou wilt give me bread to eat,
And raiment to put on ;

If with Thy holy Church below
I still may seek Thy throne—
Then all I have, and all I know,
Shall surely be Thine own.

O bring me home in peace, when this
My wandering shall be o'er ;
Or give me, Lord, a Home of bliss,
That I shall leave no more !

Where Thou, Whose guiding cannot err,
And Jesus Christ our Lord,
And that Eternal Comforter,
For ever art adored.

IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

Psalm xliv. 3.

O GOD, in danger and distress
A very present aid ;
Though troubles now around us press,
We will not be afraid ;

We know the wonders Thou hast wrought,
And all Thy saints have told,
How for Thy servants Thou hast fought,
And made the fearful bold ;

They once were very sore distressed,
 And tempted more than we ;
 They now have entered on the rest
 We also hope to see.

Not by themselves that pleasant Land
 Could they have hoped to win ;
 It was Thy promise and Thy hand
 That brought them safely in.

O God—their God and ours—behold !
 A faithful God art Thou !
 Thou didst not fail Thy Saints of old—
 Thou wilt not fail us now.

Through Thee the victory shall be won
 O'er Satan and his host ;
 O God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost.

IN SICKNESS.

Philippians i. 23 ; Psalm lxxxviii. 11, 12.

O THOU, Who lov'st to send relief
 In time of our distress,
 Because Thyself didst bear our grief,
 And feel our sicknesses ;

Thy Will be done, I still would say,
 Whate'er that Will may be ;
 And let this trial, day by day,
 Fulfil its end in me.

Thy Saints, who all their journey crave
 To Thee with all their heart,
 Might say, when looking on the grave,
 " 'Tis better to depart : "

But I can only hide my face,
And pray Thee, as I weep—
Take the poor wanderer to Thy grace ;
Pity Thy feeblest sheep !

And since Thou never didst forbid
To pray for earthly good—
As in old time Thy people did,
So now Thy servant would.

As when on earth, Thou still art nigh,
To bid diseases flee,
O raise me also up, that I
May minister to Thee !

How shall the wonders of Thine hand
Be shew'd where life is not ?
Thy loving-kindness in the land
Where all things are forgot ?

O Lord, look down ! O Lord, forgive !
O help me from on high !
Since no man to himself must live,
Nor to himself can die.

Yet be it, Saviour, as Thou wilt,
No further would I pray ;
Only forgive Thy servant's guilt,
Put all his [*her*] sins away.

And when, through feebleness or pain,
My thoughts are far from Thee ;
Though I forget Thee, Saviour, then,
O yet forget not me !

In Him that bore our griefs and pains
Shall they that suffer boast,
Who with the Father ever reigns,
And with the Holy Ghost.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Acts xii. 15.

[This hymn was retouched by the author, and reprinted, as also that for the Dedication of a Church, in "Sequences and Hymns," Hayes, 1866. The alterations are here added as footnotes.]

THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more ?
They before the Throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now ?

Yea, the dead in Christ have still
Part in all our joy and ill ;
Keeping all our steps in view,
Guiding them, it may be, too.

We by enemies distrest,
They in Paradise at rest ;
We the captives,—they the freed,—
We and they are one indeed :

One, in all we seek or shun ;
One, because our Lord is One ;
One in Home, and one in love ; *
We below, and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,
Many a mighty sea besides, †
Have they with each other part ?
Have they fellowship in heart ?

Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lots be thrown ;
Differing tongues their lips may speak,
One be strong, and one be weak :

Yet in Sacrament and prayer
Each with other hath a share ;
Hath a share in tear and sigh,
Watch, and Fast, and Litany.

* One in heart, and one in love ;

† Many mountains, many tides,

With each other join they here
 In affliction, doubt, and fear ;
 That hereafter they may be
 Joined, O Lord, in bliss with Thee !

* Now our hearts and voice we raise,
 And we share in angels' praise :
 Rendering worship, thanks, and love,
 To the Trinity above !

ROGATION MONDAY.†

O OUR Father, hear us now :
 We on earth, in Heaven art Thou ;
 Yet Thou knowest all our cares :
 Thou receivest all our prayers ;
 Readier far to hear than we
 Are to tell our wants to Thee.

See Thy Church, through every clime,
 Fasting at this solemn time :
 And with her we seek the gates
 Where Thy special Presence waits ;
 Give us of Thy people's rest ;
 Make us, with Thy faithful, blest !

Since in this world we must be
 Cast with men that know not Thee,
 Whatsoever they do or say,
 Give us grace to keep Thy way :
 Both in honour and in shame
 Praying—HALLOWED BE THY NAME !

* So with them our hearts we raise,
 Share their work and join their praise :

† The Rogation Days are the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before Holy Thursday. They, therefore, represent the three last days in which our blessed Lord was personally with His Church ; and she thus observes them as a solemn season of prayer. The three following hymns are, as will be seen, a paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer.

Let Thy praise through earth be known ;
 Let each land the Saviour own ;
 Spread, and strengthen, and increase
 O'er the world the bond of peace :
 Heal the deaf, restore the dumb,
 As we pray—THY KINGDOM COME !

That all lands their voice may raise
 Unto God the Father's praise ;
 That like honour may be done
 To our Saviour, God the Son ;
 And that equal glory be,
 God the Holy Ghost, to Thee !

ROGATION TUESDAY.

STILL, O Lord of Hosts, we share
 In Thy Holy Church's prayer ;
 Setting Thee before our face,
 Always and in every place :
 Waiting in Thy courts to-day,
 When she bids us watch and pray.

Lord, we will not seek to know
 What shall be our lot below :
 This we feel, and here we rest,
 What Thou sendest, that is best :
 Take our thoughts, and wills, and powers,
 And dispose of us and ours !

If our path be glad and gay,
 Saviour, keep high thoughts away :
 Let us not in grief repine,
 For that lot is more like Thine :
 And with every faithful one,
 We would pray, THY WILL BE DONE !

Since Thou knowest what we need,
 Guard and guide us, clothe and feed ;
 Flowers, that neither toil nor spin,
 From Thy hand their beauty win ;
 And Thine ear is ever nigh
 To the ravens when they cry.

We, whom Thou hast taught Thy way,
 Are of much more worth than they ;
 Thine, with needful things to bless—
 Ours, to seek Thy righteousness :
 GIVE US, as our hands we spread,
 DAY BY DAY OUR DAILY BREAD !

Chiefly, Lord, our souls supply
 With the Bread that cannot die ;
 Holy Father, let us be
 One with Christ, and one with Thee,
 Till we reach Thine own blest place,
 Through Thy Holy Spirit's grace !

ROGATION WEDNESDAY.

TILL its holy hours are past,
 Watch we in our three days' fast ;
 He Who came for man to die,
 Is not yet gone up on high :
 While He still vouchsafes to stay,
 Let us watch and let us pray !

None but Thou, O Lord, canst know
 What a debt to Thee we owe :
 All Thy precepts we have broke,
 We have cast aside Thy yoke :
 For Thy tender mercy yet,
 Oh, FORGIVE US all that debt !

Many foes are round about,
 Foes within, and foes without ;
 Our temptations Thou didst share,
 Thou didst once our weakness bear ;
 By those trials we would plead,
 INTO NO TEMPTATION LEAD !

Pain and sorrow we would flee,
 If Thy holy will it be ;
 But whate'er our lot below,
 Save us from eternal woe :
 All Thy promises fulfil,
 And DELIVER US FROM ILL !

Lord, Thou canst, if so Thou wilt,
 Heal our griefs, and cleanse our guilt ;
 For the power is Thine to save,
 And to ransom from the grave :
 And our trust is all in Thee,
 Undivided Trinity !

LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF A CHURCH.

Exodus xxxi. 1-6 ; Isaiah lx. 19.

O LORD of Hosts, Whose glory fills
 The bounds of the eternal hills,
 And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
 To dwell in temples made with hands :

Grant that all we, who here to-day,
 Rejoicing, this foundation lay,
 May be in very deed Thine Own,
 Built on the precious Corner Stone.

Endue the creatures with Thy grace
 That shall adorn Thy dwelling place ;
 The beauty of the oak and pine,
 The gold and silver, make them Thine.

To Thee they all belong ; to Thee
 The treasures of the earth and sea ;
 And when we bring them to Thy throne,
 We but present Thee with Thine own.

Endue the hearts that guide with skill ;
 Preserve the hands that work from ill ;
 That we, who these foundations lay,
 May raise the topstone in its day.

Both now and ever, Lord, protect
 The temple of Thine own elect ;
 Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
 O ever-blessed Trinity !

THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

1 Kings vii. 35-54.

O GOD, Who lovest to abide
 In Sion's chosen gate,
 More than the thousand tents beside,
 Where Israel's faithful wait ;

Accept our works, and hear our vows,
 Unworthy though we be ;
 And look in mercy on the House
 We dedicate to Thee.

Here answer Thou, as Thou art wont,
 Thy people when they pray ;
 Here in the waters of Thy font
 Let sin be wash'd away ;

Here set Thy Confirmation's seal
 For ghostly strength and good ;
 Here give Thy people, as they kneel,
 Their Saviour's Flesh and Blood ;

Let never evil thing divide
The hearts Thou here mak'st one ;
By danger or affliction tried,
Here let Thy servants run ;

Here find they refuge from their foes,
And grace and peace alway ;
Here let their dust in hope repose
Until the Judgment Day.

If after sin they seek Thy Face,
And by Thy precepts live,
Hear Thou in Heaven Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hear'st, forgive !

If there be famine in the land,
Or pestilence, or foe,
Stretch out from Heaven Thy strong right Hand,
When here Thy flock fall low.

Bless those, O Lord, and hear their cry,
That raised Thy Temple here ;
That in Thy House beyond the sky,
With joy they may appear ;

And whoso seeks, by guile or might,
To wrong Thy holy place ;
Thou shalt avenge, O God, Thy right
On him and all his race.

Wisdom and power to God alone ;
Praise to the Father be,
And to the precious Corner Stone,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee !

Sisterhood Life.

“ La pensée qui découvre un besoin, la vertu qui s’y dévoue, et le besoin qui vient en aide à la pensée et à la vertu, ces trois choses peuvent tout. Heureux le siècle où elles se rencontrent ! ”—LACORDAIRE.

ABOUT forty years ago the minds of many earnest persons had awakened to a sense of the broad, deep, primitive doctrines of the Church, which had long lain hidden, or, at best, had been very partially known during a century and a half of lethargy. Knowledge of the truth naturally induced desire of action. “ We hold the faith of the early Church : we are bound to follow out its works.”

Unquestionably there was much work to be done. Many and many a good Christian was endeavouring, in an isolated way, to save some souls here, to teach some souls there. Sunday Schools had been invented for England, by Robert Raikes (in unconscious imitation of Milan), and were bearing fruit ; Sarah Martin and Elizabeth Fry had been preaching to prisoners, with abundant success ; there was much district visiting, and great distribution of tracts. Were there any better methods of bringing the Gospel to the poor ?

There, plainly visible, was a terrible need : how was it to be met ? Who would rise up and do woman’s part in the mission work of the Church, and how ? Clergy were setting diligently to work, spending and being spent for the souls of their flocks ; but there was much to be done without infringing on their proper province—much that women were especially fitted to do. And now the hearts of a few women, here and there, were deeply stirred with love for their Lord. They looked on His sufferings till they could not bear to live in the midst of comfort ; they saw His poverty, and were ashamed of their own superfluities ; they felt it intolerable to be delicate members of a thorn-crowned Head ; and love constrained them to give all for all. So they gave up the comforts and pleasures of home life, that they might draw nearer Him Who had not where to lay His Head ; and they

entered on a life, in the first place, of prayer and devotion, and, in the second, of active labour among Christ's poor.

Two or three women gathered themselves together for this purpose, in a small house near the Regent's Park, in London.* As in many other cases, the names of these foundation layers are already forgotten, except by a very few, and this work was soon merged in that of a larger institution of later date. But the seed thus sown has developed into a mighty tree, the branches of which extend to Asia, Africa, and America: and the revival of Community Life and concerted labour for religious purposes has passed through the stages of theory and experiment, and stands an established fact.

The largest Sisterhoods in England contain, severally, some hundreds of members each, and there must be at least forty smaller establishments of like nature. The rule and the objects of these various houses differ in detail, according to the minds of their founders, and the various needs which they are designed to meet, but all have a strong family likeness. They are Sisterhoods, as distinguished from Deaconess Institutions.

Now the idea of Deaconesses approves itself to many minds which take fright at the name of Sisterhood or Sister. And no wonder: for it conveys a notion of something Scriptural, and also eminently practical; and there are a great number of German Protestant Deaconesses, and of English Church and Nonconformist Deaconesses, doing a great deal of hard work at the present moment. Why not adopt a system so venerable and so evidently practicable?

For two reasons, amongst others. The Deaconess of Cenchrea, commended by St. Paul to the good offices of the Corinthian Church, held a quite different office from that of Pastor Fliedner's Kaiserwerth Deaconesses. Their duties and positions were as dissimilar as Greece is dissimilar from Germany, and it is impossible now to revive an order which was suited for an entirely different state of society, and which, having done its work, and become troublesome instead of necessary, was quietly extinguished at a very early period of Church history. The modern Deaconesses

* In Park Village East.

are in name, only, successors of the Deaconesses of the primitive Church : in all else they copy, with omissions and modifications, the active orders of Rome. And although their system answers very well outside the Church, so far as it goes, it yet breaks down, more or less, when introduced within the Church's pale ; because the Church holds a more vigorous, more objective, more absolute view of religious truths and duties ; and persons brought into contact with it feel, even if unconsciously, the need of fuller and higher religious privileges than are dreamed of by those who, like pious German Protestants, know none but a purely subjective religion. Therefore, against the rock of the Church, the modern deaconess-idea shivers into fragments—fragments which, however, are capable of being worked up into something valuable and lasting.

On what principles, then, have English Sisterhoods been framed ? On the same which have actuated such works in all ages. First of all, those who founded them felt that they were called by God to give themselves up entirely to His service. Not merely to do a certain amount of benevolent work and retain the rest of their time for themselves ; but, being freed by God's Providence from other claims and duties, to yield up their whole lives, and their whole selves, body, soul, and spirit. To spend the lives thus offered in carrying out as perfectly as possible their duties as members of the body of Christ ; to act as His Hands, His Feet, His Lips, in bringing His word and comfort and salvation to the sick, the sad, the sinful, and the satisfied.

It was necessary to make some sort of rules for the way in which all this work was to be done ; for proper regulation of time, method, object, &c. These workers were going to live together, to strengthen each other's hands ; but some rule was needful here, too, if strangers, wholly unused to one another's peculiarities, were to live in peace. The labours they proposed involved great strain of body and mind ; rules were essential here, again, to provide against indiscretion, and to keep the powers in good working order. Then, above all, these women were going out for a hand-to-hand fight with Satan on his own ground ; to snatch back from him some of his wretched prey ; to narrow, if they might, the extent of his rule. Therefore they not only needed

great grace, but had every reason to expect that they themselves would be especial objects of Satan's malice and temptations. Here then, most of all, rules were needed : a rule for their inner life, to uphold them in troublous times, when "frames and feelings" would be scattered to the winds ; and a rule for frequent devotional exercises—for reading of Scripture, for prayer and meditation, and for Holy Communion—without which they could not expect their souls to grow in strength and love, nor even to retain the amount of grace with which they were already gifted.

So, then, the various Sisterhoods have formed their several rules according to their several circumstances and requirements. In part, these rules have been newly devised to meet the needs of the present day ; in part—human nature being ever the same—they have been drawn from the writings of those who have founded similar communities, from the fifth century downwards. Varying in detail, these different forms of rule mostly agree in their broad principles : enforcing a life of simplicity, industry, self-denial, and devotion.

Although the fields of labour are vast, and the labourers are still comparatively few, it is no very easy matter to become a member of a well-established Sisterhood, and the step is not allowed without long and careful scrutiny on the part of the Sisters, nor without opportunity being given to the postulant of thoroughly realizing what she asks to undertake in offering herself for the Religious Life. That very title expresses the strictness of the life, if, as we are told, it signifies a re-binding or more earnest engagement to the observance of the three vows by which all Christians have already been bound once for all in baptism. This involves a giving up, not of pomps and vanities only, but of all superfluities, a renunciation, not of sinful pursuits and amusements alone, but of worldly pursuits in general ; a forsaking, not only of dangerous or sinful indulgence, but, for love of our Lord, of all lower love ; so that, though the ties of home and friendship are not loosed, but purified and transfigured, she who is called to the Religious Life does not allow herself to be held back by them from any duty, and suffers them not to rival the love which she offers to her Lord and God.

Of course all are not called to this kind of life ; and some fancy

themselves called, while nothing is further from the truth. But it does not follow, as some think, that there is no such call, and those who have really received it can have no doubt about it.

The details of Community Life vary of course in various Communities ; but a slight sketch of one may give a general idea of all. A person desirous of testing her vocation will, when opportunity allows, arrange to make a visit in the House of some Sisterhood. Here she sees, in the first place, the manner of living ; and if her desire is merely based on romance, it is likely to fade rapidly among the simple surroundings of her new life, and the very prosaic, matter-of-fact occupations which she finds laid before her. During her stay she will have some conversation with one or more of the persons who have to decide on her fitness for the life in general, and for the life of that community in particular. She must satisfy them that she has no prior duties : no relations actually needing her assistance, no obligations unfulfilled, no debts unpaid ; and they will judge as far as they can of her fitness for the rule and work of the House, and also for Community Life. That last point is one upon which many break down, for it is no easy thing to bear patiently and good-humouredly with the infirmities and peculiarities of a number of women, even when they are all taking pains to be as good as they possibly can ; and those who are willing to wear themselves out, and do and suffer anything in God's direct service, do not always find that they can endure to live amongst others of His servants who, like themselves, are still frail and imperfect.

However, by mutual consent, no obstacle appearing to intervene, the aspirant, after a visit, may be received as a postulant : that is, without making any promises, or assuming any responsibilities, she begins to practise the duties of the Life. The postulance may last for six months, or longer, during which time some tolerably clear idea will be formed as to fitness. The postulant is then put up for election. The professed Sisters of the House severally vote for or against, as they judge best ; and, if a majority of favourable votes be given, the postulant is elected a novice. She now promises obedience to the rule during the term of her noviciate, which is usually of two years ; but, should circumstances require

it, she may leave the Sisterhood at any moment. She is under the charge of the Mistress of Novices, whose duty it is to ground her pupils in sound Christian doctrine, and in knowledge of Scripture, to see that they are fitted to fulfil their duties as teachers, nurses, mission workers, &c., and to train their souls in habits of sound and true piety.

After two years a novice may be elected for profession, or her noviciate may be lengthened for a longer or shorter space of time. Two-thirds of the professed Sisters form the majority necessary for this second election, and if it takes place the novice may, if she so desire, be received a Sister for life: declaring her intention to remain unmarried, to give up the use of all private property, and to devote herself wholly, in every faculty, to God's service for ever. But she does not hereby bind herself to remain to her life's end in the House she joins, though it is usually very much more desirable that she should do so than not, and most grave reasons alone should induce a Sister to leave her community. Still, those reasons may arise, and there is perfect liberty for any Sister to depart. But she must continue to be a Sister when once she has been professed, if not in her original Sisterhood, then elsewhere. She now again promises obedience, and again it is obedience to the Rule. This is to be noticed, because it answers the objection often made as to the placing one's self under the absolute sway of another person. The Rule is well known to every member of the Community, and has been often and carefully studied before the time of profession. No one need place herself under it who objects to it in any way. Further, the Superior is as entirely bound by it as the youngest Sister; it is framed by the assembled Chapter of the professed Sisters, and no alteration can be made in it without the formal consent of that Chapter.

The vows taken by a Sister at her profession are, as is evident, neither rash nor hasty. They are not permitted unless, by long trial, it appears plain that she is really desirous of, and fitted for, the life which they involve. And they are entirely voluntary. She may, if she prefer it, continue a novice to the end of her life, or, with still slighter obligation, reside in the Sisterhood wholly or partly, as an associate or outer Sister, bound merely to keep the

rule of the House during the time that she spends in it. But so much misunderstanding still exists on the subject of vows—they are still held by some to be so mysterious, so baleful, and so wicked—that we gladly append the following explanation of them, as given by one of the most learned theologians and legists of our day:—

"It is necessary to clear away certain rooted misconceptions which cluster around the word Vow. For some unexplained reason, this term arouses a degree of suspicion and resistance in no respect justified by its meaning, which is simply that of a voluntary and solemn promise to do something which cannot be exacted as a duty in the absence of such a promise. In this wise, we may say with sufficient correctness for purposes of illustration, that the marriage covenant is a vow; the undertaking entered into by clergymen when receiving Holy Orders is a vow; the oath of office administered to an official on accepting a public trust of any kind is a vow. And it is obvious, from the examples given, that a vow may be for life, as in the case of matrimony or ordination, or for a fixed term, as in that of holding office of any kind for a limited period. So, too, in the religious life, there may be vows implying entire and life-long dedication, or there may be vows for much briefer periods—yearly, for example, which is the longest duration permitted by the French Code to the citizens of France. But vows of some kind and continuance there must be, if a society of persons living in community is to be carried on at all. There must be the vow of chastity, involving that of celibacy, for at least so long as the person designs to continue in the Society, plainly because the obligations of marriage are quite incompatible with the mode of life pursued in such a household: there must be the vow of poverty, at least so far as simplicity and similarity of lodging, food, and clothes, and joint usufruct of property go, to economize resources and to avoid jealousies (for even in a secular family it is found to be hurtful that one sister should from any cause have much more money at her personal disposal than the others); and the vow of obedience must be enforced if rules are to be carried out at all. The *word* vow may in cases of invincible prejudice be cast aside, but the *thing* is indispensable, whether it be called promise, pledge, covenant, undertaking, or what not.

Vows are spontaneous and solemn promises made to God to do some good thing which He does not exact as matter of duty from all persons. They are free-will offerings, as distinguished from obligations.

Vows differ from promises or resolutions in their deliberateness, their freedom, in their choice of a higher good as against a lower good, in the dignity of Him to Whom alone they can properly be made, and consequently in the gravity of non-fulfilment.

All persons having the full exercise of their reason, and being under no constraint affecting their liberty or their will, are competent to bind themselves by vows. Young children and persons labouring under temporary or permanent deprivation of reason, already bound by incompatible obligations, placed under stress of any sort, or refused liberty of action by any who have a just right of control over them, cannot take a vow, and any which they may profess to take is null and void from the beginning, as the condition of spontaneity is absent in all these cases.

It follows necessarily that not only should no compulsion be ever used to extort a vow of any kind, but that even all solicitation and moral pressure in order to persuade anyone to make it are inadmissible. The advantages of the vow, and the disadvantages of the refusal to make it, may indeed be set forward in general terms, but any precise and personal application to an individual, such as may temporarily overpower the judgment or dominate the will, is indefensible, because it interferes with either deliberation or freedom, and perhaps with both : whereas these two qualities are essential to a true and acceptable vow.

The Scriptural recognition of the principle of vows is ample and precise. There are, amongst others, the examples of the vow of Jacob to make a thank-offering of tithe, Gen. xxviii. 22, xxxi. 13 ; that of Hannah to dedicate Samuel, 1 Sam. i. 11, 22, 28 ; that of David to build the Temple, 2 Sam. vii. 13, accepted in the person of his son ; and that of the princes of Israel to assist in the cost of its erection, 1 Chron. xxix. 9. Besides these isolated and exceptional instances, the general principle is recognised in Leviticus, xxvii ; Numbers, vi., xxx. ; and Deuteronomy, xxiii. 21 ; and rules are laid down for the fulfilment, the redemption, or the annulling of pledges of the kind. There is no repeal, express or implied, of these general principles in the New Testament, and the only passage which seems to bear directly on the subject, 1 Tim. v. 11, is most probably, if reasonably interpreted, of the duty incumbent on Church Widows, the forerunners of the Religious of a later day, to observe strictly the promise of celibacy which they had taken. Vows, as more ancient than the Law of Moses, cannot be affected in principle by any repeal of that law which does not expressly name them amongst the things abolished, unless it can be shown that they conflict in any way with the Gospel.

The objections most usually brought against vows of religion are that they are a direct infringement of the natural law of liberty ; that it is rash to form indissoluble obligations which may be subsequently repented ; and that they are snares, by suggesting desire of the very things which they forbid. As regards the first of these pleas, it covers far too much ground, for it strikes at the root of all laws, divine or human, which do more than prohibit positive evil, since every such law is an encroachment upon personal liberty, and proceeds on the postulate that unrestrained freedom

of action is hurtful alike to the individual and to society. All law and government of whatever kind we have experience of on earth is a consequence of sin, because if no man ever desired to do anything evil in itself or hurtful to his neighbour, there could be no need of any kind of coercion to check such acts, while those of a contrary sort would be done spontaneously, without any recommendation or enforcement from authority. Nevertheless, the necessity of laws which do in fact seriously restrain personal freedom is generally admitted, and it is often made an argument in favour of Christianity that it predisposes its adherents to exhibit cheerful compliance even with all human laws which are not in contradiction to the Gospel. There can, therefore, be no antecedent unfitness in accepting obligations which bind to no more than a close following of the Lord Jesus Christ in the three particulars which most definitely marked His earthly life. On the contrary, those opponents who take up the ground stated above have the burden of showing how their prohibition of such pledges is compatible with their professed regard for liberty of choice, seeing that compulsion to lead secular life is quite as much at variance with perfect freedom of action as compulsion to take the conventual vows.

The second objection applies quite as forcibly to marriage or to Holy Orders, both of them often entered on too lightly, and afterwards bitterly regretted. Yet no Christian who has looked into the matter, even as a question of civil policy, can feel any sympathy with the means which the State in various countries has provided for cutting either knot when it becomes distasteful. The stability of marriage and the great difficulty, if not absolute impossibility, of divorce, are of the first importance for the maintenance of the Family, the true unit and key-stone of Society; and any argument to be valid against the *principle* of life-vows in religion must be equally valid against the permanence of marriage as opposed to caprice. With respect to the *practice*, it is the easiest thing possible to establish adequate precautions against abuse. . . .

As to the objection that the mere existence of a command or obligation provokes revolt, and thus acts as a snare, the answer is two-fold. Where the fact is so, it is always in the case of a positive enactment, that is, one which is or seems purely arbitrary, and whose moral purpose cannot be discerned. And even then it begets resistance only in ill-regulated and undisciplined minds, which chafe at all kinds of restraint. But in the case of vows of religion and of the persons who take them, the circumstances are entirely different. The promises are voluntary, not enforced, they belong to the moral, not the positive sphere, and the class of persons which desires to make them is either disciplined already, or willing to enter upon a course of discipline in any spirit but that of pre-determined nonconformity and resistance.

. . . Finally, vows may be entirely dispensed by competent authority, if there be sufficient reason for considering their maintenance inexpedient. A community can obviously release any of its members from obligations contracted towards itself, that is to say, from the vows of obedience and stability, and from the necessity of observing the Rule. But something more is needed for the vows of chastity and poverty, which may be taken apart from the Common Life, and are made more directly to God. There may very conceivably arise cases which would make their continual enforcement undesirable. Thus, as regards the vow of poverty, a member of a poor society, perfectly well able to earn a sufficient income in secular life but having no disposable property, might suddenly become chargeable with the support of necessitous kindred, and need release from the pledge in order to be able to fulfil this prior duty. And as regards the vow of celibacy there is a leading case in Spanish history, when a monk, Don Ramiro II., became heir to the crown of Aragon, and was obliged to marry for dynastic reasons, to avert the peril of civil war. There may very well be family or personal reasons less grave than this, but still sufficient to justify release without any stigma of blame, and it is only necessary that such release should not be a mere act of private caprice, but be formally granted by competent ecclesiastical authority after due consideration of the reasons alleged. With this ultimate resource available, the danger of indiscreet vows is minimised, if not done away."

" Papers on Sisterhoods," by the Rev. R. F. LITLEDALE, LL.D.

It should be added, in order to remove some mistaken ideas, that although a Sister at her profession gives up, as we have said, the use of any private purse, yet she is by no means bound to bestow her whole property on the Society, and is not even permitted to do so, if any prior claims exist. The case stands thus. The heads of the House are bound, in ordinary justice to their Community, to fix some small sum to be contributed to the common expenses by each member who has the power of doing so. But those who are entirely penniless are welcomed at least as warmly as women of fortune, provided they show signs of fitness for the Life; and those who have means are obliged to show in the first place, that their money is entirely at their own disposal, and is not necessary for the maintenance of any near relations, &c. And then, after deducting the sum to be yearly paid into the Sisterhood, they are at liberty, if they so please, to devote the remainder of their income to any purpose, or bestow it on any person, whatever. Only the arrangement should be

made before Profession, that the disposal may not remain in their hands after that time.

As the Community thus has all things in common, like the Church in its earliest days, it is the part of the Superior to see to it that her children are duly provided with things needful for their welfare; while the Sisters gladly endeavour to make their wants few and simple, and to avoid any needless inroads on the purse, which they consider as belonging rather to the poor than to themselves.

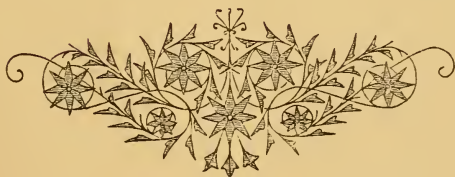
The Sisters attend their parish Church, if within reach; and in their own Oratory or Chapel have additional services, chiefly composed of Psalms and passages of Scripture. Certain times are set apart for private prayer and meditation. The various occupations of the day are exactly regulated by time-tables, so that each person knows what she has to do, and when to do it. The Sisters meet for rest and recreation once, and sometimes twice, in the day. During stated hours silence is kept, except so far as necessity may require; that is, no unnecessary conversation is permitted at those times; Sisters engaged in teaching, nursing, &c., of course do not observe that rule with regard to those whom they are tending. The rule of silence, though it sounds depressing, is of great advantage. It gives time for thought, and induces a habit of self-control; and is soon found to be, not harassing, but restful.

All the internal arrangements of the House are under the direction of the Superior. The more important points are fixed by the accepted Rule, which she administers; and the lesser details are left to her discretion. But parochial or district work is carried on in strict obedience to the clergy in charge, whose wishes the Sisters working for them are bound to carry out as faithfully as possible.

Episcopal recognition, tardily granted, is now cordially bestowed on, and as cordially welcomed by many of our Sisterhoods. It is most desirable, but could hardly have been expected, until results had proved the discretion and expediency of these new ventures. That time has happily now arrived, and English Sisters are encouraged and comforted by their Bishop's blessing.

One word in conclusion. Begun in obscurity, in much difficulty, with much ignorance of ways and means, and with entire absence of experience, these works were yet begun in faith and love, and they were built upon the old foundations. They have been the objects of distrust, of dread, of contempt, of calumny, of literal and cruel persecution ; looked on coldly by those who were otherwise friends of Church work, charged against by dignitaries ; and yet they have increased and grown, till the world is well-nigh girdled with their Houses, and they are acknowledged as occupying a most important and valuable place among the labourers of the Church.

Is it too much to say, "THIS IS THE LORD'S DOING, AND IT IS MARVELLOUS IN OUR EYES ?"



A True Story.

It was a winter's day, some years ago ; the weather was not bitterly cold, but misty ; rain and snow were falling together, chilling travellers to the very bone. The broad plain of North Germany presented a miserably dank appearance, and the horizon was lost in grey fog.

At a slight elevation across the plain ran a long straight line of railway. The eye could follow it till it was lost in the distance, and even then its direction might be traced by the position of certain small houses. From one of these huts, merely provided to afford shelter and warmth to those in charge of the line, emerged a man clothed in a sort of uniform cloak. He began to walk up and down the track which was under his supervision. Fine rain beating into his face compelled him to turn his coat collar over his ears, and wrap himself closer in his mantle. He went from one part of the track to another, examining each minutely.

Suddenly a hand was laid upon the signalman's shoulder ; he started, not having heard anyone approach ; but his countenance grew darker on recognizing the new comer. The vagabond looked loathsome enough with his swollen face and red eyelids, his dishevelled hair hanging below his fox-skin cap, (and the remainder of his clothing was no better than his shabby cap ;) while his breath smelt strong of brandy.

"Now, Hans," he said, in a gruff hoarse voice, "have you thought over my proposition ?"

"There is nothing to think over," replied the signalman seriously. "God preserve me from ever laying hands upon other people's property. But now, go your way, for you know it is strictly forbidden to walk upon the line."

"Nobody sees me. What do you mean by this abuse ? it is but a part of your property. Those placed over you receive salary, dividends, and shares, and sit at home in their warm rooms, while you have to go out in all weathers—sometimes when it is only fit for cats and dogs,—and you have only enough to keep body and soul together."

"I am quite satisfied with my work and payment, and should that not continue to be the case, I can easily make complaints."

"Now do not be a fool, for it will never come to light."

"God sees it," was the reply.

"Stupid fellow, you are a Catholic, and can get absolution, so that would be all right!"

"Oblige me, Fritz, by not speaking of things which are holy to my mind, and of which you have not the slightest knowledge or idea. It is unpardonable that people who might learn better, so as really to judge for themselves, neglect all matters of religion. You, who mock at the idea of forgiveness, endeavour to lay hands upon another's property; and I forbid you to do so, in spite of your jeers! The luggage-vans are under my care," added the signalman, pointing to them where they stood, a few steps below his hut on the shunting line, "I warn you, Fritz, not to touch them; for should a pound's weight be missing, I will charge you with the theft, summon you before the authorities, and inform them that you tried to induce me to steal."

A low oath crossed Fritz's lips. "It would be a fine thing that I should suffer for the sins of others. Will you help me or not? If you decline, then the matter must fall through."

"No, I will not; moreover, from this time forth, I will have nothing more to do with you. I have lately come to the conclusion that you are not only a loose, careless fellow—a card-sharper and a drunkard,—but that you are bad to the core into the bargain. Never dare to cross my threshold again; take yourself off the rails, or I will arrest you on the spot!"

"Oh! oh!" replied the other obstinately, "it takes two people to make a bargain or a quarrel. What I really wanted to find out was, whether you are as honest as you make yourself out to be, or as you seem to be, which I don't believe."

"Now you have proved it for yourself, so take to your heels as fast as you can."

Fritz ran down the slope, and crossed the fields. Hans, meantime, had arrived at the boundary mark, and looked round, as if he were watching for a spy.

II.

The face of Hans, which had been very over-cast, now brightened. Across the high road, lying a little to the left, was a lane leading to a village, whose ancient Church spire rose above a fir plantation. Along this lane a woman was coming quickly, wrapped up in a warm shawl, and carrying a basket on her arm. He knew it was his wife, bringing his frugal meal to the signal box as usual, so he pulled his cap closer to his head, and hurried towards the shelter, arriving at the same time.

"But where is Karl?" asked the man, while his wife was unpacking the basket.

"The boy wanted to come, but the weather being so bad, I left him at home; of course he has had his share of the dinner."

The man and wife ate their meal. Hans then filled a short pipe, and sat down near the comfortable stove; his wife, meantime, tidying up the little room in such a manner as no man could imitate. She next washed the crockery, packed it into the basket, and made ready to start for home.

"You are so very silent to-day, Hans," said she, holding out her hand, and bidding him good-bye.

"I am anxious about those vans," said he, accompanying her out of the house.

"What can be amiss with them?"

"They might be robbed."

"But they are locked up."

"The lock can be burst open."

"But what a terrible idea! they have been here three days already."

"It is not the proper place for them, and reflects blame on the managers; they should have sent another engine to take them away."

"I understand they are to be fetched to-morrow."

"Yes, and for that reason I will remain here to-night and keep watch."

"What do you mean? stay here?"

"Yes, for I should have no peace at home; if anything happened, suspicion would naturally fall upon me."

"But you have not received orders; they should send a watchman here."

"That would be all right and proper, but I shall remain, and if the vans are not removed to-morrow, I will go to the next station, and give information to the manager; he will then know how to act."

"You are too anxious, husband; what business is that of yours?"

"Send the boy here in the evening; he might bring a little coffee with my supper."

"But it will be dark."

"The boy won't be afraid: besides, what could happen to him? and as I shall not be at home to-day I should like to have him with me for a few minutes."

"Well then, good-bye till to-morrow," replied the wife sadly, "God guard you till that time."

"May He do so," returned the signalman, heaving a deep sigh.

III.

The woman, with her empty basket, set out on her way to the village. Her husband looked after her for a while, then pressing the tobacco firmer into his pipe, he returned to the hut engrossed in thought. He had scarcely got inside before he saw a disgusting-looking object, with fiery red hair, cowering under the wall of the signal-box. All of a sudden it sprang up, and with bent body stole along towards the slope, rushed down about a hundred yards, and then jumped from the track into the fir clump which the railroad intersected.

The short winter days seem shorter still when the weather is dull and rainy. Rain, it is true, had ceased to fall towards evening, but the clouds still hung very low. Night would long have closed in before the boy could arrive with his father's supper. There are few things more disagreeable than to be alone at night, burdened with forebodings, especially when they

regard yourself, and no friendly aid is at hand. Even the presence of a child to whom one can speak, is soothing; the thoughts are led in another direction, and the ear of the anxious listener does not detect every slight sound. Hans Martin found himself in this exceptionally painful situation. Fritz was known throughout the village as "Tippler Fritz," and had offered to assist him in lightening the carriages of their burden. Owing to the breaking down of the engine they had been left on the line, and, as the reader has already heard, were to be fetched away the next day. The theft would not be difficult to carry out, for Fritz had a man near at hand, Michael by name, an adept at picking locks and unfastening doors, whose match it would be difficult to find. This Martin knew; hence his anxiety. He would not have troubled himself much about Fritz alone, for his own vigilance might have sufficed to protect him; but this companion was not only an arrant knave, but a man of iron strength, and equal to any villainy. It was only a fortnight since he had been released from prison, brought back to his native village, and placed under police supervision. Nobody would have anything to do with him; had he even attempted to seek employment, he knew very well that it would have been in vain. As long as the little money lasted which he brought from prison with him, he hung about the public-houses, and even then Fritz was the only person who would have anything to say to him. Of course, his money could not last long, so the waiting vans offered a welcome opportunity for swelling his much shrunken purse. On the previous day he had made a minute inspection of the ground, and formed his plan. Should the signalman, however, assist him, the booty would be divided among them; in that case, they were certain not to be interrupted or surprised, and they could then commit their depredations effectually. Martin's determined refusal of assistance, and his threat of giving information, led Michael to fear that perhaps Fritz would retire from the whole affair; and his aid was necessary to prevent detection.

But one thing Fritz did say to his companion: at eight o'clock in the evening the express would pass, and immediately afterwards they would set to work; no other train was due that night. The

other, however, was of opinion that the whole affair had better be finished before the express passed. Fritz agreed to this, and left all arrangements to the ability and experience of his new acquaintance, whose company was soon to bear the sad result of making Fritz, not only a drunkard and a card-sharper, but a criminal.

IV.

Meantime, Hans Martin sat in his hut as long as light enough remained for him to see the vans. As we have already heard, they were not quite near the shelter, but about fifty yards lower down the line. At that spot was the junction, though the apparatus for moving the vans was placed close to the signal-box.

As soon as it grew dark, he went repeatedly to the vans, armed with a great stick. He was expecting his boy every minute, but he did not come; and now impatience was added to his increasing anxiety. At last he decided to hang up his lantern on the vans, so as to keep them in his eye from the distant sentry box. At half-past seven the signalman fancied he saw the shadow of a man in front of the lantern. Taking his stick in his hand, he gently opened the door, and crept towards the vans. Almost instantly he felt a rope thrown over him, and his arms bound tightly to his chest. He was then struck down from behind. A man with a blackened face, of which he could just see enough to make sure that it was not Fritz, threw himself upon him, and bound his hands and feet so tightly that he could not move. Meantime, Hans had made as good use of his lungs as was possible, crying out with all his might for help. This did not last long; quick as thought his assailant tore off his neckcloth, and stuffed it into the poor man's mouth.

While this was going on, he heard the other breaking open one of the vans, and, twisting and rolling about, could now and then discern a man employed in taking out the contents, and packing them rapidly into a wheelbarrow. His assailant did not utter a sound—he bound him down afresh with small fine cords, so that at last he was unable to move a limb or defend himself in any way. From the manner in which all this was done, it was

evidently not the work of a neophyte, for wonderful agility and skill were displayed.

When the signalman was bound fast, the man with the blackened face rushed on to help his companion. He seemed thoroughly to understand what to select from the goods at hand—appearance, fashion of packing, and weight, seemed to aid materially in the choice.

Both men then pushed the loaded barrow into the fir copse, where, unobserved, they had dug a hole, hidden by branches. Who would think of taking a walk at this time of year in a fir plantation? and the goods need only be secreted for a fortnight.

Fritz, of course, was one of the thieves. While he was returning the borrowed wheelbarrow to its rightful owner (who had not the slightest idea to what use it had been applied) Michael returned to the scene of the crime in order to destroy any traces that might chance to be left. He first closed the vans, then barred them with iron rods, and seizing hold of the helpless signalman, who by this time had grown quite stiff and numb, laid him across the rail close to the three plundered vans. He next bound his feet tightly to one sleeper, and his neck to the other.

Up to this time Hans Martin had fully retained his presence of mind. He knew who the culprits were—at any rate he recognized one, and could easily guess at the other. But one thing he could not understand, and that was, why they had bound him to the shunting rail?

If they had left him where he was placed at first, the train, due in a quarter of an hour, must have gone over him and killed him on the spot. His boy, whom he had been expecting every moment, had not come; and, even if he had, would certainly not have found him in front of the luggage vans, for the night was dark, and nobody would think of seeking him there. Michael had placed the lantern in the hut, and he would have to lie there the whole night through, if his mysterious disappearance did not give cause for a strict search. However, that seemed the worst that could happen, for he at least lay in a place of safety. The train could not reach him at this spot, and if he could only succeed in getting the handkerchief out of his mouth, his cry for

help might be heard ; he would then soon be released from his more than painful situation. Michael once more glanced at his work, and the poor signalman could see the large white teeth of his opponent, as he smiled with spiteful delight in his own villainy.

"God guard thee," he cried out mockingly to the fettered man ; and then stole along the line till he came to the signal-box.

"That the Almighty will," thought the victim, "and He did, when He induced you to carry me away from the main line."

V.

Suddenly Martin's heart seemed to fail him, although he knew not why ! It is true he had seen nothing in the darkness ; but he had heard a well-known sound which made his hair stand on end—Michael had misplaced the signal ! The lantern on the signal-post was not burning, for the signal seldom needed turning—in any case, not for ordinary trains. The engine-driver could not distinguish at night whether the disc was standing straight or slanting, and consequently had no idea that the signal had been turned.

A ray of hope, although very faint, remained to Martin. A lantern was burning on the telegraph pole, the coloured glass of which would have to be reversed when the train arrived. If that were not accomplished, the engine-driver might be astonished and anxious, or perhaps the dim light glimmering through the aperture in the outside case might show that the signal was set wrong. Again he feared that the velocity of an express train would prevent time for observation or thought, and that it would be on the spot before anything could be done. The train must already have run on to the side rail ; and just above his head the collision between the engine and three luggage-vans would take place. Among the wreckage of carriages and heaps of corpses, Michael hoped to bury his criminal deed.

The unfortunate man appeared to be doomed, and could now only commend to God his undying soul, his wife, and child. Minutes seemed to grow into years ; Martin's prayers mingled with dreams of escape ; the present moment seemed an eternity,

and yet he felt the time approaching so near when the hissing of the engine and the rolling of the cars would be distinctly heard. Then came a moment when he could see the red lanterns far, far away in the distance, like bright twinkling stars, coming nearer every moment, and about to glower over him like the eyes of a monstrous dragon—then in another moment his limbs would be crushed to atoms beneath the wheels—and then he heard his name called, not by his boy, but by his wife. He tried to reply, but in vain, his mouth being stuffed full ; yet a spark of hope rose in his breast. Why had she not come a quarter of an hour sooner ? During the afternoon the boy had complained of weariness in his limbs, scarcely touched his food, and towards evening was feverish. Therefore his mother would not expose him to the night air, but put him to bed early, and watched by his bedside. At first he was very restless, and his head was hot. Soon after seven o'clock, however, he fell asleep ; the quick breathing became regular and slow, and the fever abated as rapidly as it had arisen. The mother put the food in the basket, and ran off at full speed with her husband's supper.

To her astonishment she could not find him. The lantern was burning in the hut, so he must have been there a short time before, and could not be far away.

She called him by name, and received no answer, so felt somewhat anxious, and the more so as she heard the dull rumble of the approaching engine. She looked down the line, first to the right, then to the left, but saw nothing except in the far distance two bright spots—the lights on the engine.

The thought struck her that her husband had possibly neglected his duty, and this might probably cost him his place ; and she instantly determined to go and replace him as far as possible. She looked round once more—the red spots had become visibly larger. A thought quick as lightning flashed through her brain ; the lantern was burning on the telegraph pole, but the glasses were not turned. She knew it required the pulling of a rope to accomplish this, but did not know what the signal showed or meant. She, however, ventured to pull it, so that, if possible, the guard conducting the train should not remark that her husband was absent.

She had scarcely done so before the train slackened its pace, the sparks flew from the wheels, and forty paces from the signal-box the train halted. The break had been used with terrific force. The engine-driver jumped down, and hurried towards the speechless woman.

"What is the matter?" he enquired, as soon as he could make himself understood amidst the rushing, spouting clouds of steam.

"The matter!" said the confused woman, "I know of nothing, do you?"

"Stupid fellow," cried the engine-driver, "why has the signalman drawn up the halt signal? Where is the donkey? I cannot see him—he has done a nice piece of work by stopping the express."

"Driver," cried a voice from the tender, "we are on the wrong rail, close to the shunted vans; the turn signal is set wrong."

VI.

At the unexpected stoppage of the train, numbers of passengers let down the windows and leant out to ascertain what was the matter. Of course the information that the signal was wrong called forth exclamations of horror on all sides. The engine-driver was summoned; the passengers demanding that the rails should be examined. He, however, declined to undertake that responsibility alone, under such very strange circumstances. The signal being set right, two guards with lanterns in their hands set out on the line towards the hut.

They had not gone far before they found the poor signalman bound to the rails. When the cords were untied, Martin fainted; the guards dragged him while still unconscious to the shelter, where a group of travellers already stood: the latter, anxious to hear what had happened. There is scarcely ever dearth of provisions in a passenger train. The temples of the unhappy man were bathed with spirits, wine was poured down his throat, and in a very short time he was able to report what had taken place. "God guard thee," his wife had said on leaving him at

mid-day ; "God guard thee," the criminals had repeated in mockery. They had heard his wife's farewell greeting, and by repeating it, betrayed themselves ! In the woman's mouth it was a pious prayer, but in that of the murderers it was blasphemy. How wonderful and yet how simple are the means Almighty God uses to destroy the plans of evil doers ! All had been well thought out ; the only person who could possibly give evidence would be lying dead amongst the wreckage, and who would be able to find out in that chaos whether anything had been stolen or not ? The boy was not well, so the mother went instead ; his indisposition required her attendance until the plunderers were gone, and the train was not yet arrived. The mother came ; she knew just enough of her husband's business to be sure a string must be pulled ; and then the only signal that could cause confusion would lead to discovery.

Whoever in pride of spirit would call this chance, may do so ; but we must discern in it the finger of God, Who orders everything for the well-being of His servants.

Both criminals were handed over to justice. Fritz escaped with a short imprisonment, but Michael, who had planned the attempted murder and endeavoured to carry it out, was sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. The signalman was suitably rewarded, and remained at his post ; continuing his services honestly and trustily. His hair had turned grey in a quarter of an hour, but the experience of that short time had taught him that in all dangers and difficulties of this life we have but to trust in God, and in Him must be safe.

The above is perfectly true, and happened between Hamburg and Paris three or four years ago.

L. M. F.

For Present Distress.

SELECTIONS FROM BISHOP WORDSWORTH.

IN this day of rebuke and blasphemy, many devout and honest souls are troubled by the easy scoffs and light gibes so frequently flung against their most cherished beliefs. And also by the apparently earnest and learned writings of those whose acknowledged aim is to bring in a New Reformation, and fling to the winds belief in Christianity and in an inspired Bible.

These awful subjects are now handled by novelists, and discussed in society: not by philosophical men only, but by women in whose education religion found little or no place, and who fall an easy prey to the temptation of belonging to an advanced school and moving with the times. Yet one of the ablest of those women, while denying all belief in a future state, cried, the other day, "I *can't* believe! I would if I could!"

Some of us are compelled to listen, while our souls wholly shrink in horror from our companions' supercilious and presumptuous treatment of most holy topics. Our hearts, indeed, are stung into keener love and loyalty to our own Lord; but our minds do sometimes feel chilled and uneasy. We know that all these cavils which distress us are vain, and have been a thousand times refuted; but while the cavil rings in our ears it is difficult to give its due value to a half-forgotten refutation.

The Introduction to Bishop Wordsworth's Commentary on the Old Testament is most comfortable reading under such circumstances. But the book is large and costly, and somewhat difficult of access. We have therefore selected some of the most important passages, with the kind permission of the Bishop's representatives, and offer them here for the comfort of sorry souls: but not, O not in order to enlarge the arsenal of controversy.

"If we would demonstrate the Divine Inspiration of the Old Testament, we must first show that JESUS CHRIST is the SON of GOD.

"In order to show this we must prove that the Gospels are true histories.

"That the Gospels are true histories is clear, not only from the fact that, in the first and second centuries, many Christians, who were fully qualified to judge of their truth, died as martyrs in their defence ; but also that Heathen Rome, the Imperial Mistress of the World, which put them to death for their testimony to the Gospels, was herself at length convinced of the truth of the Gospels, and publicly avowed her conviction of their truth, although that avowal involved the surrender of her own religion, which was associated with the most glorious events of her history, and was closely interwoven with her literature, her manners, and her laws, and flowed, as it were, in all the veins and arteries of her public and private life.

"That acknowledgment was a recantation of her own ancient religion in favour of the religion of Jesus of Nazareth—an obscure village in a conquered and despised province—who had been put to death by Pontius Pilate, one of her own Procurators. Great, therefore, was the sacrifice on her part. It is not too much to say, that never was a more illustrious tribute paid to Truth than when Rome, the Conqueror and Queen of the World, who had made the nations of the earth to pass beneath her military yoke, meekly bowed her own head beneath the yoke of the Cross, and owned the sway of the Prince of Peace, and changed her magnificent heathen Temples and Basilicas into Christian Churches, in which the Four Gospels, which recorded the sayings, actions, and sufferings of Jesus of Nazareth, were henceforth read as true and divine histories ; and when she placed those Gospels themselves on royal thrones in her council-chambers, and dislodged the Roman Eagle from her standards, and surmounted them with the Cross of Christ, and set it on the diadems of her kings.

These are facts, and in the face of these facts it cannot be denied that the Gospels are *true*." . . .

"The Old Testament existed in the days of Christ's Ministry, in the same condition as it does now. It has been carefully guarded ever since that time, by the twofold independent custody of Jews and Christians, diffused throughout the world.

In our Lord's age the Old Testament was publicly read in the Jewish Synagogues, and our Lord was a constant attendant at the

worship of the Synagogue, and not only took part in its ritual as a Hearer and a Worshipper, but He officiated in it as a Minister.

The Jews, as is well known, regard the Old Testament as divinely inspired. The holy Apostle, St. Paul, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, brought up at Jerusalem at the feet of Gamaliel, declared the commonly-received opinion of his own nation when he said, referring specially to the Old Testament, '*All Scripture is given by inspiration of God,*' and when he avowed that he '*believed all things which are written in the Law and in the Prophets,*' and that the Scriptures are '*the writings which are able to make wise unto salvation.*' And the Jewish historian, Josephus, expressed the universal sentiment of the Hebrew nation when he affirmed that '*it is a principle innate in every Jew to regard these Writings as oracles of God, and to cleave to them, yea, and to die gladly for them.*'

This testimony of the Jewish nation is a very strong argument in behalf of the Truth and Inspiration of the Old Testament.

For let it be borne in mind that the Old Testament does not give a favourable account of the Jewish nation. On the contrary, it is a history of their ingratitude, unfaithfulness, idolatry, and rebellion against God; and it is not only a record of their sins, but it denounces God's anger against them, and displays them as the objects of His displeasure.

The Old Testament, being such as it is, would never have been received and publicly read by the Jews in their Synagogues as divinely inspired if they had not been convinced, by infallible proofs, of its Truth and Inspiration." . . .

"The question which now arises is—

Did Jesus Christ allow and sanction this opinion of the Hebrew nation concerning the Old Testament?

Undoubtedly He did.

At the Temptation He used the Old Testament as His own chosen weapon against Satan. He resorted to that weapon and to no other, and with it He defeated the Tempter. He affirmed the genuineness of the Books of the Old Testament: '*They have Moses and the Prophets,* let them hear them;' and, '*If they hear not Moses and the Prophets,* neither will they be persuaded, though

one rose from the dead.' He grounded His own claims on the testimony of the Old Testament: 'Had ye believed *Moses*, ye would have believed Me, for he *wrote of Me*;' 'These are the words which I spake unto you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the *Law of Moses*, and in the *Prophets*, and in the *Psalms*, concerning Me.' He affirmed the divine truth and power of the Old Testament in one short but most emphatic sentence: 'The Scripture cannot be *broken*.'

Not only did our Lord quote numerous passages of the Old and New Testament as the Word of God, but what is more, He *communicated with the Jews* in receiving the *whole* of the New Testament as the Word of God. By joining in the worship of the Synagogue, in which *the whole* was received as such, and by officiating in that worship, Jesus Christ publicly gave His assent to the judgment of those who venerated *the whole* as given by inspiration of God. This testimony of Christ covers the whole Volume. The Incarnate Word of God sets His own seal on the Written Word, and avouches it to be Divine.

It has, indeed, been alleged by some that in so doing Christ only *accommodated* Himself to the popular views of the Jews on this subject. But surely such a supposition as this is a very unwarrantable one. It is an irreverent affront to the Holy One of God.

What does He Himself say? 'For this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness to the Truth; and every one that is of the Truth heareth My voice;' 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' So far was He from conniving at popular errors, that He encountered scorn, and even death, for exposing and refuting them. Because He would *not accommodate* Himself to the popular views of the Jews, who looked for a *temporal* Messiah, and because He denounced woe against them, therefore they cried, 'Crucify Him,' and He consented to die." . . .

"We receive the Old Testament as the divinely inspired Word of God from the hands of Jesus Christ Himself, sitting in glorious majesty at God's right hand in Heaven. To believe in the inspiration of the Old Testament is to believe in Christ, and *not* to believe in its inspiration is to reject Christ." . . .

It is a question which deserves attentive consideration, whether the alleged contradictions between Nature and Scripture *are* contradictions at all ; and whether they are not rather contradictions between *our interpretations* of Scripture and *our interpretations* of Nature ; and whether one or both of these interpretations may not be erroneous ?

“It is quite as possible to read Nature wrong as it is to read Scripture amiss. For many hundred years, as all modern Science admits, Nature was wrongly read. The history of Physical Science is a history of recantations.

“They who condemned Galileo were bad interpreters, both of Nature and Scripture, as Galileo himself told them, and as is now generally allowed. Surely it would be well if the interpreters of God's Two Volumes—Nature and Scripture—instead of spending their time in fruitless conflicts with one another, and of claiming infallibility for themselves, would look back upon the past, and learn modesty and humility from it, and would endeavour to help one another by mutual concert and friendly co-operation. Theology has use of Science, and Science has need of Theology. As the father of the Inductive Philosophy has observed, ‘In saying to the Sadducees, “Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God,” our Saviour lays before us two books or volumes to study ; first, the Scriptures, revealing the will of God, and then the Creatures, expressing His power ; whereof the latter is a key unto the former, not only opening our understanding to conceive the true sense of Scripture, but chiefly opening our belief, in drawing us into a due meditation of His Omnipotence.’” . . .

“Faith, Patience, Humility, are wise readers of the Bible, and Time is an excellent interpreter.” . . .

“Let us resolve our ignorance into the knowledge of Christ. Modern discoveries are no discoveries to Christ, Who has existed from Eternity, and Whose creature Time is. There is nothing new to Him, Who is from everlasting to everlasting, and Who foreknows all things, and enables men to discover things which to Him are old, but are new to us who are of yesterday. Let us be content to read the Old Testament by the light of His intelligence. All the difficulties in it are mere dust in the balance when

set against the difficulty of rejecting the testimony of Him Who is Omniscient, Who made the world, and Who is God. And these difficulties have a spiritual value for us. They are part of our moral probation. They are appointed for a providential purpose, that our faith, being tried, might triumph. They prove whether we rely on ourselves or on Him. We need not, therefore, repine at them ; rather we may rejoice in them. They are the leaves and flowers of which our crown of heavenly glory is to be woven. If we stand the trial, we shall gain the victory. ‘This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our Faith ;’ and in God’s own time all the doubts and mists will be dispersed which now obscure our spiritual vision ; and we, who now see through a glass darkly, shall see face to face, and shall know even as we are known.”

Bishop Wordsworth's Commentary on the Bible, Vol. 1, Introduction.



Christmas at St. Margaret's.

DOES it seem strange to our readers that, in the full blaze of this glorious old-fashioned summer, we should wish to turn their thoughts back to the season of frost and snow? It has occurred to us that our friends may like to hear in what various ways their kind help has been the means of giving pleasure to those of all ages who congregate at St. Margaret's in Christmas week. And surely our child friends will hail the record with delight, for what child does not gladly welcome any form of Christmas tale? We have no tale to offer, but simply a faithful chronicle of the very happiest treats possible.

And now to begin at the very beginning, which dates from a certain Monday morning towards the end of the term, when the St. Agnes' girls are reminded that the examination is fast approaching, that the day is fixed, and that the Examiner has written to announce his arrival. Now more than ever, therefore, must the members of each form put their shoulders to the wheel, and do their very best to show what good use they have made of the work of the whole year.

The Examination is a very important event in St. Agnes'. As in other schools, so here, there is much sinking of heart when the first day arrives, and the girls sit anxiously waiting in the big schoolroom for the papers to be given out. But in spite of the fears beforehand, our children generally allow after each paper, when time is up and silence has given place to a chorus of excited voices, "That it was not nearly so bad after all."

The Oral Examination, which follows at the end of the week, is to most of the girls an unmixed pleasure. "Dr. A. is so kind, he has such a nice way of putting things." "He draws you out, and you don't feel a bit shy about answering" . . . "and then he is so interesting; he seems to know everything, and to have been everywhere. I am quite sorry it is all over." But to most of us, that "it is all over" is a matter of intense relief, and the rest to mind and body is a great boon; while the intervening days between

the Examination and Prize Night are devoted by the girls to the finishing of needlework and drawings.

Prize Night, with its hopes and fears, is looked forward to eagerly. At 7 p.m. the bell rings, and the girls as they file into the schoolroom try to get a glimpse of the lovely books arranged on the table, behind which sit the Mother, the Chaplain, and many of the Sisters, and a few visitors. Then Father Alison reads the Prize List, after which the girls give vent to their feelings in many congratulations and much clapping of hands.

The Conduct Prizes, three in number, are given first of all, and the distribution of the others follows very quickly. Surely no delight is equal to that of taking home a Prize, and the girls own that it is worth all the labour, at times perhaps grudgingly given, to read in those dear home-faces what intense gratification these signs of success afford.

We need not linger over the last few hours. Who cannot picture them? The excitement, the bustle, and then the glad, glad good-byes, and finally the gradual dispersion—North, South, East, and West—of the little cluster that had so lately been gathered under one roof.

But there are a few girls who, though at the Station on this particularly joyful morning, are still left with us on the platform to witness the last departure. These are our Indian children, who generally spend Christmas with us. Does this sound sad or un-Christmas-like for them? Come with us and take a look into their sitting-room a few hours after; every sign of school work already swept away, and decked, as girls know so well how, with their own special possessions of photographs and knickknacks. Or see them helping us to prepare for our treats in the most exuberant spirits, their faces already kindled with the glow of Christmas brightness in store for them at St. Margaret's. It will scarcely occur to you to pity them.

We now wish to bring before our readers what is to most a very attractive feature in the work of St. Margaret's.

The scene in the Orphanage on Christmas Eve is a busy one. It is the first day of the short week's holiday, which is all a School under Government can allow at Christmas-time; but both teachers

and children make the most of that week. First of all, there are the decorations of their own schoolroom, over which a great deal of ingenuity is expended. Then there are Christmas cards to address, various little bits of work to finish, and through all and above all a perfectly unceasing chatter of expectation. It must be so delightful to conjecture what is contained in the many packages they see carried about.

After tea, the "quite babies" go to bed, whilst the rest don clean pinafores in preparation for the first Festival Service at eight p.m. A great many happy little ones appear then who are usually fast asleep at that time. When they come out of Chapel, the children assemble in the hall, and join in the carols sung by the men and boys of the Night School. Forty or fifty of these come down each year, and are refreshed after their exertions with tea, coffee, and cake.

The tinies have a joy peculiarly their own; those who go to bed before Vespers—some twenty in number—hang up their stockings, and a Sister goes round during the hours of darkness with a basketful of treasures, pictures, oranges, and goodies, to gladden the little folks in their first waking moments.

A few of the elder children think it their greatest privilege to be allowed to stay up for the beautiful Midnight Service.

On Christmas Day, after the Children's Choral Celebration, a distribution takes place in the schoolroom of all letters and parcels which for days past have been accumulating. Most of the children have some relation or friend who does not forget them at Christmas, and it is not the value of the present, but the being remembered and having something addressed all to oneself which gives the pleasure. Perhaps the ladies who send them here will write kind letters; very often the old girls now out in service remember their special small friends; but a few disappointed faces are always to be seen, who listen in vain for their names to be called, and these have to be consoled with parcels hastily made up by the Sisters. (If this is read by some of the children we know, who have parents and homes and very many presents on Christmas Day, perhaps we shall have a few gifts sent us next year for the children who have no friends.) Dinner-time comes

next; and eager faces, eyes and mouths wide open, watch the Sisters carrying in the flaming puddings. As they pass the little ones' table, a whispered chorus of "Oh! Ah!" greets the procession; there are always some who have never seen the wonderful sight before. The rest of the Day is busy merriment, the general topic of conversation being

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

This was "planted" last year in the Refectory, and must have been about fifteen feet in height; and here I must stop just to say a word or two about our Refectory for the benefit of those who do not know it. It has stone walls, a very lofty raftered roof, a dais at one end, two doors at the other, and two large fire-places, in which logs were blazing on this festive occasion. The Tree stood below the dais, and the hundreds of tapers and coloured glass lanterns with which it was decorated, indeed made a most beautiful sight. The size of the hall will be better understood if we say that it will seat 280 people. In a recess formed by an oriel window at the upper end, a Crèche was arranged. On St. John's Day, some 200 guests arrived at six o'clock, and the children having formed a circle round the Tree, began proceedings by singing carols. Several gentlemen kindly undertook the task of cutting down the pretty toys with which the branches were laden. Then came what may be called the serious part of the evening's entertainment—as all in turn went up to receive from the Mother Superior the present specially marked for each individual child. These presents had all been arranged upon tables on the dais. Weeks before Christmas, lists had been made of what each would like. If you only expect one present during the year, it makes a great difference if that one is just what you most want. So from the tiny who asks for a baa-lamb, up through a succession of toys, dolls, books, work-boxes, desks, albums, Bibles, to the industrials soon going off to service, and whose wants are principally umbrellas, bee-clocks, and such like useful articles, every one has her heart's desire. The guests and the Sisters are not forgotten, and when at last the tables are cleared empty, and arms are full, it is time for all the young people—

both orphans and visitors—to take their places for the supper prepared for them that night in the large kitchen. It is quite a “party” supper, and much appreciated. Sandwiches, a generally unknown luxury, are usually asked for as “Savages.” “I want some more of that stuff with spikes,” expresses a wish for blanc-mange covered with almonds, and one small boy who diligently worked his way through every dish—at least tasting everything—put each aside when he had had enough with the remark, “I don’t love that now,” and transferred his affections to something else. They all eat what they like, and it never does them any harm.

Our next treat, which is a most happy one, is the Christmas Tree for the Members of the Mothers’ Meeting and Girls’ Guild. The Tree is removed to the work-room the following evening for this, and re-decorated. Besides the many little toys, &c., which the mothers take home to their children, they receive presents of warm clothing, furnished principally by the St. Margaret’s Work Society, by the Knitting Club, and by those of our associates and friends, who always remember us at this time of the year, and whose numerous little parcels come in most usefully. The bundles have to be carefully ticketed with the name of each recipient and the number of her attendances, either at the Mothers’ or Guild Meetings. The present varies in quantity and quality with the cipher upon the ticket attached.

The Tea, to which about 200 are admitted, is in the rooms underneath the work-room, which have a just claim to the appellation of school-room and class-room, by reason of the Night School which is held in them during the winter months. There is much merriment at this meal; the women discussing freely their chance of getting that upon which their hearts are set, be it a petticoat, material for a dress, a pair of sheets, or, it may be, “Something that my old man would like.”

The Tree is lighted during tea-time, and when the signal for the move upstairs is made there is a hush of expectation.

Our work-room is peculiarly adapted for these festivities. There is a dais at one end, and one of the deep-seated windows shows off a venerable Father Christmas to advantage; then, again,

beams cross the ceiling, from which we suspend Chinese lanterns of all shapes and sizes, which make the effect of the whole most imposing. And the brilliantly-lighted Tree once more affords enjoyment untold to all who are fortunate enough to witness it. The people are all provided with seats, and are a very orderly assembly : the Mothers at one end, the Guild girls at the other, with the Tree between them.

Carols are sung by the Guild, the women joining in at any verses they may remember, for some of the mothers have been Guild girls in their time, and have been present at this Christmas treat for many years past.

And now comes our "Night School" Evening.

The chief feature in this Treat is decidedly the hot dinner at seven o'clock. Imagine what the transformation scene in that long schoolroom is to those fifty men who have, on the whole, been attending more or less regularly three nights in each week since October, sitting down as they do then to those same tables to conquer the difficulties, not only of the three R's, but, in the higher standards, Geography, Composition, and even French ; and now they see those tables, before fruitful only in pen, ink, and paper, groaning under the weight of huge joints of roast beef, mutton, and pork, to be followed, as they know, in time, by the well-known Christmas plum-pudding. One rather mischievous lad, who had given his teacher some little trouble by his want of regularity in attendance, looked up at her as she was filling his mug with ale, and said quaintly, "Ah, Sister, we would come to Night School every night in the week if it was always like this."

Dinner over, as on the previous night, the whole party troop upstairs, and once more the friendly old Tree shines down upon them, and the same brightness and cheer speaks of its being indeed a Christmas night, and in the distribution of gifts again Old Father Christmas seems to have found out what each likes and what each deserves. Songs and recitations enliven the later part of the evening, followed by speeches. But the enthusiasm reaches its height in the response to the proposal of three cheers for Mother and the Sisters who teach them.

The younger members of St. John's Guild for men and boys have an entertainment to themselves in the week after Christmas. About thirty boys come to tea, and the favourite dish is jam tarts. Having consumed four or five of these apiece, they then begin on cake and bread and butter.

Their prizes, or rather presents, for none are left out, are distributed in a most exciting manner. Shirts, socks, neckties, paint-boxes, pen-knives, are all displayed on a table, and the boys, in order as they have obtained marks for attendance at the Guild services and classes, choose what they like best. Some find it so hard to decide between a warm Cardigan jacket, for instance, and a large pen-knife, that the Sister has to count ten at last, and so limit the time for choice. A Magic Lantern is shown after this, the story last year being "Robinson Crusoe." Instead of reading the account to them, as the slides were changed the boys were invited to say what they represented, which they did with much eagerness. Whether Defoe would have recognized the narrative is doubtful!

There is still one more tea party for the Saturday bairns. Nearly a hundred little girls come down every Saturday afternoon for a lesson in needlework, followed by a short catechizing and a few hymns, and very thankful their mothers are to have them out of the way at such a busy time. At Christmas they usually have a Bran Pie after tea—a reward for their attendance during the year.

So now you have a glimpse of the way we spend Christmas at St. Margaret's, and can share with us the pleasure of knowing how much enjoyment is given to all.

The Half-Yearly Chronicle

FOR OUR ASSOCIATES.

THERE is the title, dear friends, written at last ; but not till after wonderful difficulty in collecting materials sufficient to make this letter a real Chronicle. Not that there has not been plenty to do and to think about, but our Sisters do not like to talk about their doings, and it is difficult to persuade them that anybody can take an interest in what seems to themselves so commonplace. So, if (as this chronicler supposes) you really do wish to know what our Sisters are about, do pray take some means to make that wish quite clear to them, and then perhaps we shall be able to give you a fuller record next time.

Perhaps Ceylon excites more general interest just now than our other works, on account of the CEYLON.
startling sorrow which has befallen the Church there, in the death of Archdeacon Matthew, struck down so suddenly by fever, in the midst of a life so energetic and apparently so indispensable. Our Sisters had gone out under his especial care, and the blow to them, as indeed to the whole diocese, was overwhelming. But the Bishop who had been from the first a warm and faithful friend, has now given them the great comfort of undertaking in his own person the chaplaincy left vacant by the Archdeacon's death. The Sisters' works are going on well, and their health on the whole suffers from the climate as little as could be expected. One Sister has been sent back on account of it, but the long homeward voyage has set her up wonderfully, and she is apparently but little of an invalid now. We have not much to give you just now from the Sisters' own letters, but here is part of one newly received from the Sister in charge, written while resting among the mountains with the Bishop's family.

Newara Elliya, Mahagastotte, May 28th.

"Holiday time always suggests to me, write letters—now I am diligently trying to make up some of my arrears . . . I came to this Ceylon paradise a week ago, and feel much revived by its



SKETCH OF DESIGN BY J. MEDLAND, ESQ., FOR FRONTAL, WORKED FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
 BY THE EAST GRINSTEAD SISTERS, AT ST. KATHERINE'S, QUEEN SQUARE.

coolness ; it is in the mountain region, 7,600 feet above sea level, and close under Pedrotallagallo, one of the highest mountain peaks. It is a pleasant feeling to be cool again ! the hot season has been exhausting and unusually hot. I was not ill, only tired, and very glad to get away for a little from the rain of Colombo which obliges me to keep 'taking care' for fear of fever. Here, the weather is delightful, a fresh, rather chilly, feeling in the air like an English autumn, but a clear brightness altogether un-English : the scenery is very beautiful, more beautiful than anything I have ever seen. Mrs. Copleston says it is something like the Austrian Tyrol. The vegetation is quite different, of course, to that of the low country, and I have been to see some beautiful specimens of tree ferns ; a lovely one, growing at the end of a small pool which reflected it, was about seven feet high. The flowers are most beautiful ; all sorts of English ones grow well, but in a luxuriant way quite different from England, and with almost a continual bloom. One beautiful yellow rose has kept on always in flower for eight years ; it is confusing to one's ideas when flowers have no particular seasons, but keep 'even on' all the time. . . .

We were delighted to get the money from the children's Lent pennies again this year. . . .

There is nothing to tell you very new about work ; we are all very busy, and the districts are very wide ones. Mr. Boyd, the Chaplain to the Regiment, is to be Vicar of St. Michael's ; he has been made a Priest-Associate lately." . . .

From Cardiff and Roath, we have a short notice of the Mission mentioned in our last number.

"The Ten Days' Mission held last November in the parishes of Cardiff and Roath has had good results, in an increased number of communicants at Christmas and Easter, and in stirring up greater spiritual life throughout the different parishes of Cardiff where the Mission was held.

THE CARDIFF
TEN DAYS'
MISSION.

The chief of the twelve Missioners were : at St. Mary's, Cardiff, the Revs. E. Steele, J. Wakeford, E. Stallard, and J. Birkmyre.

In St. Margaret's Parish, Roath, the Rev. V. S. S. Coles, with his six Missioners for the district Churches of St. Ann's, St. Agnes, and St. Martin's. In the Parish of St. German's, the Rev. — Chase, with two Missioners, and the Rev. Canon Mason and another Priest for the large and rapidly-increasing district of St. Saviour's, on the East Moors.

The services were frequent and well-attended. At St. Mary's, perhaps one of the most striking features was the procession from the Church, with the Rev. J. Wakeford preceded by a red cross. He gave short telling addresses in Bute Street, one of the most crowded places in the neighbourhood, and then, from the steps of a monument near the Station, recited the Commandments, the bystanders, without exception, taking off their hats and joining most reverently in the Kyrie after each. The addresses to the young women, given in the afternoons in St. Mary's Church, will never be forgotten.

During the Mission the first definite attempts at Rescue work were made in connection with the St. Margaret's House of Mercy (under the charge of our Sisters), which has now entered on its seventh year of work, and where young women and girls of South Wales are received free, enabled to regain their character, and, after at least two years' training, sent out to earn an honest living in service.

Each evening during the Mission teas were held at two centres—Agate Street, Roath, and St. Martin's Schoolroom, Cathays. At St. Mary's centre tea was dispensed with, but the rooms were thrown open, brightly lighted, and music went on the whole evening till 11 p.m. The Missioners came in and out, and gave short stirring addresses to the various groups of girls whom they found there at the different times. The Sisters feel, in speaking of this part of the Mission, that great thanks are due to the six ladies who devoted themselves so kindly each afternoon and evening to the work; all of whom, with one exception, were living in the neighbourhood. Without their help the Sisters could not have carried this out. At Roath girls were invited by tickets, distributed by ladies experienced in rescue work, who came mostly from a distance, and for whose accommodation a house and furniture

were lent by several kind friends. A short address was given by one of the Missioners each evening after the tea, and was listened to with great attention.

'St. Margaret's Refuge,' an unpretending little house in Cecil Street, opened temporarily to receive any poor girls who wished to give up their bad life, was found so useful that it will, if funds are forthcoming, be established permanently, to supply a permanent need. For in the four months ending March 25th, over forty girls have been admitted, of whom nearly two-thirds are doing well in homes, hospitals, or service.

A working under-matron, who understands and is willing to do rescue work, will be wanted for this Refuge about the middle of August. Funds only admit of a small salary being offered at present. But in such a neighbourhood the work must grow, and a hearty worker will find great encouragement.

The Sister in-Charge of St. Margaret's House of Mercy, Roath, Cardiff, will gladly answer any suitable application for this post."

Our Sisters at Manchester send a slight sketch of their work and needs, as follows :—"The work here is in a sort of transition state, on account of an exchange of Rectors which has recently taken place ; but the Sisters are trying to help the poor to *live* during these hard times, when work seems scarce and money more scarce.

ST. MARGARET'S
MISSION,
MANCHESTER.

The Parish of St. Alban's has difficulty in supporting its Church, Sunday Schools, Missions, and Poor, as the congregation is composed mostly of those who are working for their own livelihood.

The Sisters visit in the Parish, and dispense charity, by ticket, when necessary. They have charge of the Guilds for married women, young women, and children ; also a younger class on Saturday afternoons for boys and girls of from four to eight years, for religious instruction and singing ; which is well attended.

They have a large class for young lads for games and amusement once a week, where the elder boys are taught carpentering. Most of these boys are passed on to the Sunday Schools, and some into the Choir and Guild.

The Sisters are beginning a Boot Club, which seems a great

necessity. There is a Sewing Party at the Mission House every fortnight, for making and mending clothes to be sold to the poor at a low rate. The Sisters will be very grateful for any parcels forwarded to them for this purpose ; also for old *linen*.

A Bible Class for women is held on Sunday afternoon, followed by tea ; and these women are led on to the Church and Sacraments. There is a great need of a Home for the poor aged women of Manchester and the neighbourhood, under the superintendence of the Sisters. A scheme for this Home has been drawn out and published, and the Sisters are only waiting for means to carry it on. It cannot be begun without a generous offer to meet the first outlay, and to secure rent and funds for the first year at least ; but it is hoped that it will become at least partly self-supporting. Treasurer, W. E. Husband, Esq., 56, Bury New Road, Manchester.

The Sisters have many kind thoughtful friends, who supply them with Sunday dinners, coals, wine, groceries, &c., and at Festival times with extra luxuries ; all which things are a great help in housekeeping.

There is a Maintenance Committee, composed of gentlemen desirous to relieve the Sisters from the anxiety connected with house rent, taxes, gas, and maintenance. They will gladly receive cheques or postal orders. Address : J. Crossley, Esq., 56, Smedley Road, Cheetham, Manchester, or, The Sister-in-Charge, 66a, Waterloo Road, Manchester."

You may be interested in hearing of the new work in Staffordshire, to which St. Margaret's has lent two Sisters. Hoar Cross, near Burton-on-Trent, where they are working, is a singularly beautiful spot, in a district once covered by the Forest of Needwood.

HOME OF THE
GOOD SHEPHERD.

"A religious building existed at Hoar Cross in days long gone by, for, on or near the site of the Old Hall where our Sisters dwell, was a Chapel dedicated to our Lady, some remains of which can be traced in St. Marie's Croft, known also as the Chapel Croft. In those days, the site of the present Old Hall was occupied by a large old moated manor house, built by John

Welles, in the reign of Henry VI. A description of this old house and of its Chapel may be found in Shaw's History of Staffordshire. When in 1740 it was pulled down by its then owner, an inscription was found in the Chapel, asking the prayers of the faithful for the repose of the soul of Thomas Welles. In 1748, the estate was sold to the family of Talbot, from whom it was bought in 1794, by Mr. Hugo Meynell, of Bradley and Quorndon, and the present house was built by him as a hunting-box for the use of his family.

One wing of this building has been adapted by the Hon. Mrs. Meynell Ingram, the present owner, as a Home for Orphan Boys, and named 'The Home of the Good Shepherd.' The Vicar of the parish, the Rev. W. J. Knox Little, Canon of Worcester, superintends the management of the Home, and the training and care of the boys. The Foundress of the Home has furnished it for twelve or fourteen little lads, who are received between the ages of four and nine years, and are trained as working boys. They must have lost both parents, and it is her intention that the Home shall shelter them not only until they are placed out in the world, but that it shall continue to be their 'Home' in times of holiday, or rest, or return from sea.

The boys attend the National School which is at a convenient distance, and they have a corner of the park behind the Home for a playground and cricket field. Several are in the Choir of the Church, and one or two have learned to act as servers at the Altar. Hoar Cross is a thoroughly healthy and bracing spot, singularly fitted in every way for carrying on this work. The Sisters also visit and nurse the poor of the parish, and in connection with this nursing a Dispensary is being fitted up in the Home.

There are many little outlying hamlets at some distance from the Church, in two of which are Mission Chapels with occasional services.

The Parish Church is a building of remarkable dignity and beauty. It was built by Mrs. Meynell Ingram as a memorial to her husband, and was opened in 1876 by Bishop Selwyn; Messrs. Bodley and Garner being the architects. It is quite difficult to believe that it can be of such recent date; one could much more

readily imagine oneself to be in a Church dating back to the Middle Ages. We hope in some future number to give a view of it, but readers of 'The Broken Vow' know it already, from Canon Knox Little's description ; the Church of the Holy Angels and the Old Hall being faithfully sketched in that tale ; but for 'Ravensthorpe' read 'Hoar Cross.'

By Canon Knox Little's invitation, two Sisters took up their abode at the Home in March of this year. They received from him, and from all the parishioners, a most kind and encouraging welcome ; and never will they forget their first sight of the Church, when the wintry sun was setting red behind its grand minster-like tower, nor the beauty of the deer forest, through which they drove, the naked oaks and bright cheerful hollies, all lit up with the evening glow. At this present time of writing the forest is enriched by a delicious tangled undergrowth of bracken, wild roses, and honeysuckle.

Do you not wish to see this lovely corner of your country ? Let us then mention that the best Station (Barton and Walton) is distant seven miles, but that as the Sisters are to be the happy possessors of a donkey carriage, they could, in summer weather, send a boy-driver to that or another Station to meet visitors, and they hope that some of their friends and associates will give them the happy occasion of doing so. Lichfield is distant 10 miles, Burton-on-Trent 8, Sudbury 5, Rugeley 7, and Armitage $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The spires of Lichfield Cathedral and the hills of Cannock Chase are visible from many points round the Home."

We are allowed to reprint the following extract from the Hoar Cross Magazine :—

"It has been a great joy to everybody in the parish that the first anniversary of this good work has been kept with so much success. The Home, as every one knows, was opened on St. Alban's Day, 1888, but this year, as the Vicar could not possibly leave Worcester either on Monday or Tuesday, the anniversary was postponed till the 19th of June, the Eve of the Feast of Corpus Christi. The occasion was made doubly interesting by the Chapel being opened for service for the first time. The room set apart is most

admirably adapted for the purposes of a Chapel, the bay window forming an apse, in which the Altar is placed. The effect of the hangings round the apse, and also of the Altar, vested in white and beautifully decorated with choice flowers, was very good. A small recess on the north side makes an excellent sacristy.

Invitations had been sent to every house in the parish, a great many of which were accepted. Tea was served in the large play-room at six o'clock, and the orphan boys were immensely pleased by being allowed to assist in handing round the cake, &c. After tea the guests went over the Home, all the rooms of which were thrown open, and everybody agreed in their perfect admiration of the arrangements for the comfort and happiness of the boys.

Evensong was at six o'clock, the Vicar taking the office. The sermon was preached by the Vicar in the courtyard in front of the Home, where a large number of persons who had not been able to obtain admission to the Chapel were waiting. The hymn, 'The Heavenly Word proceeding forth,' was sung by the choir on their way to the courtyard; all the boys of the Home, and the two Sisters of St. Margaret's, East Grinstead, who have been working in the Home and parish since Lady Day, being in the procession. Then followed the Vicar's address, which, as we are sure many will be glad to possess it, we give below. After the address the hymn, 'Sun of my soul,' was sung. The Vicar said a few more words and some prayers, and then gave the Benediction.

The principal service, however, was the first Celebration of Holy Communion in the Chapel, which took place at 9 a.m. on the morning of the Feast of Corpus Christi. The Vicar was celebrant; the service was fully choral (Macdonald's) and was very beautifully rendered. Two of the boys of the Home, George Woodward and Trew Poole, acted as servers. The Chapel was crowded with people, many of whom communicated.

We think the occasion will long be remembered as one of the brightest and happiest in connection with our little parish. Many kind friends gave valuable assistance in helping with the arrangements for the tea, and all seemed to show a most kindly interest in the little lads for whom the Home has been founded."

“I wish to speak to you to-night upon those words
of our Blessed Lord, ‘Suffer little children to come
unto Me.’

CANON
KNOX-LITTLE'S
ADDRESS.

You know the occasion on which we are met together is a remarkable occasion. Last year, on St. Alban's Day—the day of the great Saint of the English Church, the great soldier who died for Christ first in England—we opened this Home. It was the intention of the Foundress to try to shelter some little lads who had no home of their own, and it so happened that on the Festival of the great Saint Alban—a Saint always memorable to me because I served so many years at a church named after him, because my eldest son was born on his day, because he was one of the greatest of characters—on that day we first opened our Home. A great many friends were with us on that bright Sunday afternoon, and a great many who could not come (one, certainly) were with us in spirit. It was a great regret to us that the Foundress, owing to absence from England, could not be with us then.

We have felt all along that the Home could not be complete for these children without a place for Prayer and Communion—a place where they might be taught the Word of God. So the intention from the first was that a little Chapel should be added, where the lads might learn to say their prayers, to be taught to be soldiers of Christ, and loyal members of the Church of England. It took some time to fit up the Chapel, and to make arrangements for the Home, and so, on another remarkable day, we are met together for a kind of second Founding. It seems to be a special ordering of God's providence that, on a day not less remarkable, on the very eve of the great Feast of Corpus Christi, the commemoration of the most Holy Sacrament of the Body and Blood of the Lord, we are met here again. And we shall have our first Communion in the Chapel to-morrow, on the great Feast of Corpus Christi, as it has always been called. So you must always remember about your Home, that the opening is connected with two great thoughts. I think those two great thoughts may help the boys to rise up to imitation of the Great Soldier, to rise up to high faith in the Great Sacrament—that, first of all, the Home was opened on St. Alban's Day, and that next the Chapel was

opened on the Festival of Corpus Christi. Remember those two things. I hope they will be borne in mind long after I am under the sod, long after your Foundress has passed away, and I hope that many trained in this place will 'rise up and call her blessed,' for founding this Home (perhaps then grown to a work of much greater extent), a memorial of high faith in the work of the Lord Jesus. And now I want you to consider to-night the verse, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me.'

1. It means, they ought to be *baptized*. No one can enter the Church unless he is baptized. The words of the Lord Jesus are quite clear, 'Except a man be born again he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven'—as much as to say, Unless you open the door of the house you cannot get into it. So when our Lord said this, He meant 'Baptize them; they cannot come in without that.' You cannot come in unless 'baptized with water and the Spirit.' Now *we* have done that, we are all baptized. Our parents obeyed the Lord Jesus; and these little lads have come into the Christian Church, and are sworn in as His soldiers.

2. He means when He said, 'Suffer them to come to Me,' 'Suffer them to come to Me by a training like Mine.' It is a wonderful thing to think of the Son of God, that He was *trained*. He *grew* in wisdom and stature; He was trained in a quiet, simple home; so when He said, 'Suffer them to come,' He meant that they should be trained like Himself, and as these little lads, and others who may come, have no home, are left fatherless, or motherless, or both, with no one to train them, they come here to be trained like the Son of Man.

3. When our Lord says 'Suffer them to come to Me,' He means that they may come to be trained *to work*. You remember that our Lord was trained in the workshop of the humble carpenter. He was a carpenter's apprentice, He learned a trade, He worked away at a carpenter's table, and so He seems to say to us, Suffer them to come where you can put them out to work as Christians.

4. When our Lord says, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me,' He means, Suffer them to come to My life. What was His life? 'He went about doing good.' So what we specially want to train them in, is in the highest work of all. There are

men who have been great thinkers, great workers, great discoverers, great musicians, great poets, great politicians, but there is one order higher than all. We cannot all be great thinkers, or workers, or musicians, or poets, or discoverers, or politicians, but there is one order of merit we can all attain to—the *greatness of goodness*. And what these little lads are brought to this home for is to learn this : to learn, to know and practise goodness. First, by Christian teaching, secondly by example, thirdly by the influence of a home like His ; and so learn to love goodness.

And now I ask you all, my dear friends, to pray for the Home, pray for those who have the care of it, pray for the Foundress, and thank God, Who has placed these dear Sisters here. Ah ! what a word that is, 'Sister' ! Everybody's sister, a sister to each, ready to help, to guide, to pray with you. What a blessing for these orphan lads, brought perhaps from some great town where they have had little or no Church privileges, to come to be trained according to the teaching of Jesus ! What a blessing this Home should be to all in the parish ! When a good work is going on in a place, God sends His blessing upon the whole place. So do remember your responsibility. In many parishes, I am sorry to say, the people are absolutely neglected, with no Church services ; the people not thought of or cared for in the least. So when, day by day, and hour by hour, any new blessing comes to us, O let us say, 'Thank God !' Each of us has got his own troubles, anxieties, cares, sorrows ; but let us remember, and thank God, that some work for Him is going on here ! Always think of this Home as a place where work is being done for Jesus Christ. Then pray for the Home, pray for the lads, pray for the Sisters, and so get to love it more and more, as, from what I hear, some of you are doing already.

And next, remember yourselves. There is only one thing worth living for, and that is goodness. It is of no use *talking* about sacraments and prayers, unless you are *growing* in the image, the likeness, the stature of Christ, and you *can* do that if, being in the Church of Christ, you use the Church of Christ ; if, being Christians, you try to follow His example ; and you know you can copy Him well in one way, for you are, many of you, poor, and He was poor.

And next remember Corpus Christi, the Festival of the Body and Blood of the Lord. You and I can never grow, or get on, without the Divine Grace of Jesus. O let it be, 'Jesus only, Jesus always, all for Jesus.' And the Body and Blood of the Lord given to us are the witness to us of His love, and of the power of His Name. Remember how the Apostle says we are 'predestinated to be conformed to the image of His Son.' Remember to try to be made a little bit like Jesus. Love much, pray to Him, be with Him in His House, hold communion with Him, feed upon His Body and Blood, rejoice when a good work like this is done, and remember, if you will be His disciples, you must, like Him, do good—*love goodness*. There is one *bad* thing—vileness; one *good* thing—goodness.

'Be good, [dear friends,] and let who will be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever,
One grand, sweet song.'

I must say I do think, though I say it in her presence, that the Foundress of this Home, the Lady of the Manor, has been trying to *do* a noble thing, and not dreaming it. We all know that she has not been at all in good health, but she has made a great exertion to be with us to-night. I think I may say that she has for a long time planned, and thought, and prayed, that there might be a Home for these children, and we can all help her by trying to make this parish to be a centre—a family—of faith, of goodness, of honesty, of uprightness, and I know you *will* try. May God guide you, direct you, bless you! So may we all be united at the last great Day, and receive the 'Well done, good and faithful servant!' So may the small talent be accounted large, if, whatever talent you have, you try to use it for Him! So may you 'enter into the joy of the Lord!' May He unite us all in that day! And He will, if, by His grace, we *try* our best!

You and I are not great; we are poor; but we can do this, we can *try*, and do our best for the advance of His Kingdom.

Remember this, if you have a dark day, a care, or an anxiety—

'Who loves the light, for him the dawn shall break anew,
Who does his best, leaves naught undone that man can do.' "

Concerning the work at Worcester, we extract from the printed Report:—

“ST. ALBAN'S HOME AND ORPHANAGE FOR GIRLS, WORCESTER,

Under the sanction of the Lord Bishop of Worcester.

Council—The Very Rev. the Dean of Worcester, Rev. Canon Claughton, Rev. Hon. H. Douglas, Rev. Canon W. W. Douglas, A. Baldwin, Esq., Rev. A. E. Seymour, and Rev. E. R. Dowdeswell, *Chaplain*.

The work was first taken in hand by Miss C. Stillingfleet, in 1859, under the auspices of Rev. H. Wilding, Rector of St. Helen's and St. Alban's, Worcester, and remained in connection with St. Alban's Church till his death. There were at first only a few girls, who were lodged in one of the houses in the Palace Yard. In 1868 that house was sold, and the Home was transferred to the premises now occupied in Severn Street. These premises were originally used as a bowling green and assembly room, and comprise, besides the buildings, a large open green, and a good piece of garden ground.

Miss C. Stillingfleet, feeling the need of support, in her appeal to the public for assistance in her work, naturally applied to the Bishop of the Diocese, who kindly assured her of his sanction and patronage, and further advised her to call to her aid a Council of Clergy and Laity, who might help her with advice, and recommend her work to the Church people of the Diocese. From that time to the present there has been constant growth in the Institution, and large sums have been spent upon it. First, an entirely new wing was added to the old house, for laundry and wash-house. Then, in 1870, a very handsome Chapel was built, forming a third side to the courtyard. A few years later the house was attached to the Chapel by a covered way or cloister, which added greatly to the comfort of the Home. Then a new laundry was built by the help of friends, setting the old one free to be turned into a dormitory, giving accommodation for an increase in the number of children; and, only last year, two cottages attached to the Home were converted into bedrooms for ten more, so that, instead

of 25 in 1883, we can now, in 1888, put up no less than 55 girls, and, in fact, our average during the past year has been 50.

The Home is certified for the reception of girls from the Work-house, and is inspected annually by a Government Official, which is an advantage to us. Girls from the poorest classes are received, and none refused admission except convicted criminals, or girls of known bad character. They are received at all ages, from a baby of two years old to quite big girls, for it has been Miss C. Stillingfleet's desire, so far as possible, to open her doors to all poor girls who need the protection of a Home.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to know how many of Miss C. Stillingfleet's girls are filling good situations in the world, and also owe all that they are to the timely protection and careful training of St. Alban's Home.

In the short Report issued in July, 1888, it was announced that Miss C. S. Stillingfleet had finally conveyed St. Alban's Home to the Sisters of St. Margaret, East Grinstead, and that the Sisters had come into residence.

Sister Jane Frances, who is in charge, entered upon her duties on July 26th. She has with her one other Sister, and a competent staff of workers.

The Lord Bishop of the Diocese has assured the Sister-in-Charge of his sanction and patronage of the Home, as in the past.

To maintain this Home for nearly 50 children—to feed, educate, and clothe them—this can only be done by appealing to the generosity and charity of those who love Christ's little ones.

The Sisters have taken up the work, so nobly founded by Miss C. S. Stillingfleet, in full expectation of receiving the same support that was afforded to the Home when under her management. The Council feel sure that this expectation will not be disappointed, and that subscriptions and contributions will be given in such measure as will enable the good work to be carried on with undiminished vigour.

There are 47 girls now in the Home, an increase of four since Aug. 1st, 1888, some of whom are very young—one a baby in arms. Six have gone out ready for service, after having been in

the Home their full two years, and four younger ones have gone back to friends willing and able to maintain them.

This Home has a special claim upon the Church people of the Diocese, being, it is believed, the only Orphanage for Girls in the county of Worcester that is conducted on Church principles."

Now, to return home again. The Refectory, which, as you may remember, used to do duty as our Chapel, has been enriched by a stained window of quite unusual beauty and interest, the legacy of our good friend, the Rev. C. Walker. It is the tall oriel; the form of which lends itself very well to the artist's design. This is founded on the last chapter of the Revelation. In the lower part of the window, St. John kneels before an Angel very radiant and glorious, and strikingly ethereal in contrast with the mortal Saint. "I John saw these things and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the Angel which shewed me these things. Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow servant . . . worship God." And as we look, we, too, seem to see something of "these things;" the Tree of Life has its roots in the ground on which the Angel and the Saint are placed, and rises majestically, filling the window with its spreading branches, its healing leaves, and twelve-fold fruit, and we are aware of living waters sparkling in the sunshine, running down and rippling in and out everywhere (for the artist has cunningly called Venetian glass to his assistance) till, at the very top of the window we see the Lamb as it had been slain lying on the Altar, and the River of Life issuing forth from beneath it. Scrolls hang here and there on the branches of the tree, opening out the mystic meaning of the vision. "He shewed me a pure river of Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the Tree of Life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

The scrolls are: "Erunt fructus ejus in cibum: et folia ejus ad medicinam." *Ezek. xlvii. 12.* (And the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine.)

ST. MARGARET'S,
EAST GRINSTEAD

“Sub umbra illius quem desideravi sedi : et fructus ejus dulcis gutturi meo.” *Cant. ii. 3.* (I sat down under His shadow with great delight : and His fruit was sweet to my taste.)

“Ego sum vitis, vos palmites.” *St. John xv. 5.* (I am the Vine, ye are the branches.)

“Volucres cœli veniant and habitent in ramis ejus.” *St. Matt. xiii. 32.* (The birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.)

“Et erit in die illa: Exibunt aquæ vivæ de Jerusalem.” *Zech. xiv. 8.* (And it shall be in that day that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem.)

“Da mihi hanc aquam ut non sitiam.” *St. John iv. 15.* (Give me this water, that I thirst not.)

“Torrente voluptatis tuæ potabis eos.” *Ps. xxxvi. 8.* (Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures.)

“Vivent omnia, ad quæ venerit torrens.” *Ezek. xlvii. 9.* (And everything shall live whither the river cometh.)

Messrs. Bell and Beckham, 98, Great Russell Street, W.C., designed and executed this window. Words can give no adequate idea of the beauty and religiousness of design or execution. Come and see it for yourselves.

The Nursing Sisters have been employed as diligently as usual, and in some places almost continuously. Would that we had many more to send out, not only to nurse, but to undertake the many works which must needs be refused for want of more Sisters !

NURSINGS.

During the past year they have nursed at

Ardingly	Clevedon	Fletching
Bodmin	Crawley Down	Framfield
Buxted	Dinden	Grange Road
Bournemouth	Dorman's Land	Henfield
Cobham	East Grinstead	Horsham
Crawley	Edinburgh	Haverford West
Castle Hedingham	Edenbridge	Horley
Coleford	Findon	Hawkhurst
Clapham	Frome	Hambridge

Leamington	Ryde	Temple Ewell
London	Reigate	Tiverton
Long Aston	Slough	Ventnor
Lingfield	Surbiton	Upper Warlingham
Llandaff	Sedbergh	Woolverstone
St. Leonard's	Turner's Hill	Worth
Maldon	Thames Ditton	Whitwell, I. W.
Otterbourne		

"Our many kind friends who have collected for this will like to know that, at the end of June, we ^{THE MARGARET'S} have £200 of the £250 required. ^{COT.} There are still about three hundred cards out, some of which we hope to welcome home before St. Margaret's Day, or Dolly's bag will not be as heavy as usual. That people are always willing to give to children is proved by the fact that about one-third of the cards returned bring in more than the amount asked for on each."

"The Foundation Stone of the last wing of the Neale Memorial will be laid after High Celebration, at 11.30 a.m., by Francis Barchard, Esq., Visitor." (We are quoting your card of invitation for Tuesday, July 23rd.) "The offertories will be devoted to the completion of the Neale Memorial. Your contributions are earnestly requested." You know, dear friends, that the whole of our buildings at East Grinstead have been erected as a Memorial to our Founder, and we now most earnestly ask you to assist us in completing that Memorial. Certain monies have unexpectedly become available for beginning the last wing, and we hope that the offertories on St. Margaret's Day, this year and next, will suffice to finish it. Do then give us what help you can—by prayer, by influence, by money.

For all our works, for all our needs, for all our Sisters, we would most strenuously ask your dear prayers. Accept our cordial thanks for all you have hitherto done for us, and let us trust, and indeed we do, that time is but strengthening the bond between us and yourselves.

*St. Margaret's Convent,
East Grinstead,*

St. Margaret's Day, 1889.

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